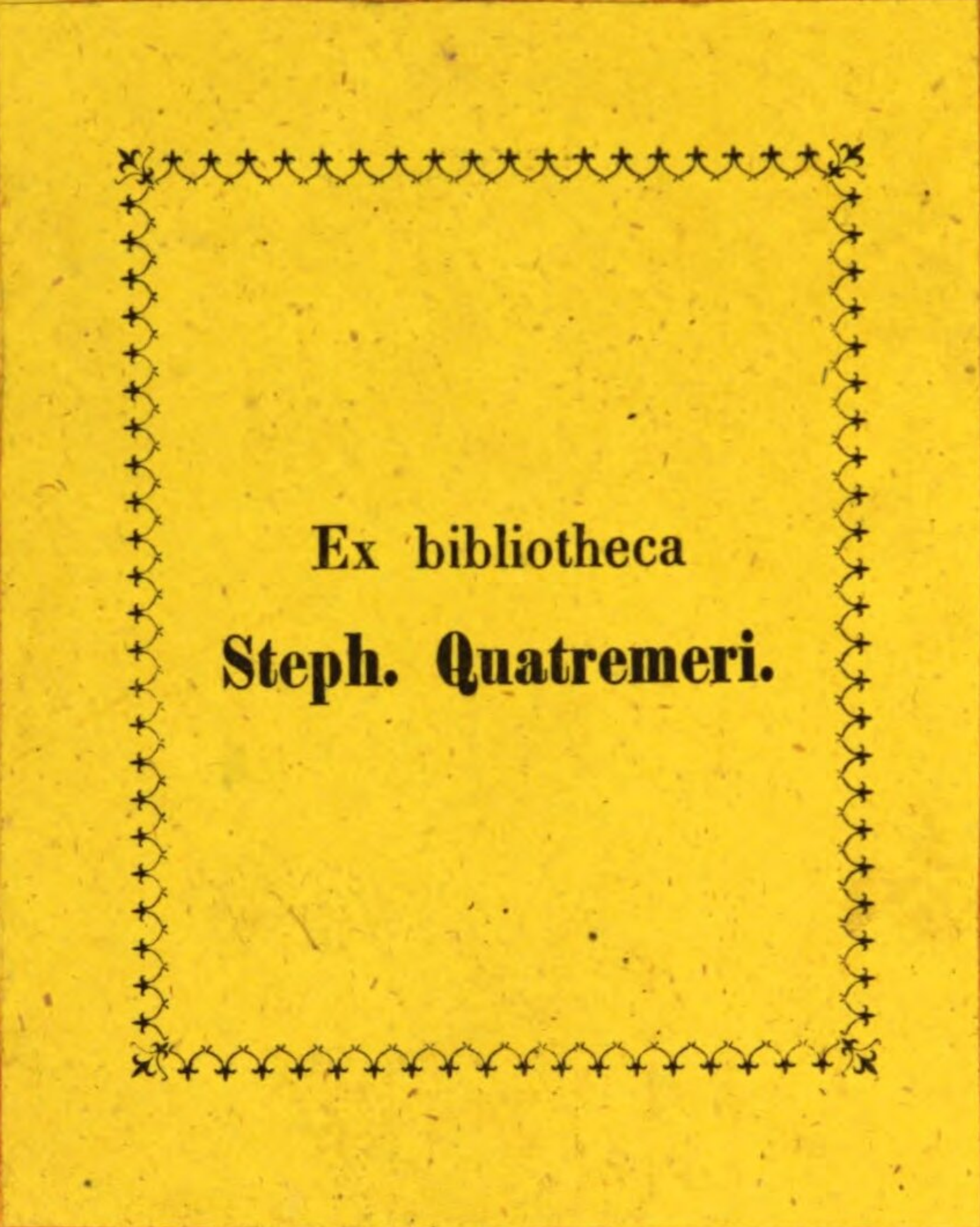






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Homer

ILLIAD

H O M E R.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

ILIAD
HOMER
THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME V.

LONDON:

Printed by C. Dutton;

W. T. LONDON, W. LAM, J. TOWNSEND, C. DILLY, W. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
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AND W. PATE.

M DCC XCVI.

THE

ILLIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

SANCTOS AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES.

VIRG.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

VOLUME V.

LONDON:

Printed by H. Baldwin:

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
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AND M. POTE.

M DCC XCVI.

ILIAD

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION,



VOLUME V.

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AND T. WHITE, J. EDWARDS, CASSELL AND DAVIES, C. AND C. READING,
AND H. FRYE.

M DCC XCVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

INTERMEDIATE

THE SEVENTH BATTLE FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS. THE
ACTS OF MENELAUS.

*M*ENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends
his body from the **THE** Egyptians who attempt
to slay him. Hector advancing, Menelaus retreats, and
then returns to the battle.

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

The scene is the evening of the sixth and seventh days.
The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE ARGUMENT

OF THE

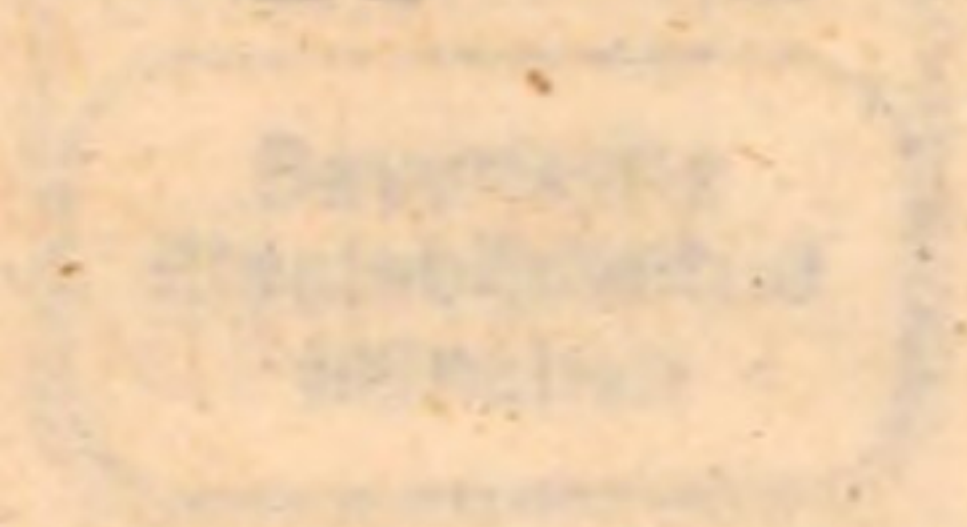
SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.



THE ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS: THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day.
The scene lies in the fields before Troy. P.

THE ARGUMENT.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued description of a battle, without any digression or episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever length he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my hands; that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the version consists but of sixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents in this battle, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the Greeks and Trojans were upon equal terms, before the return of Achilles: and besides, all this serves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity. P.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the
vulgar dead.

Great Menelaüs, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:

Ver. 1.] This is finely poetical. The following couplet is literal :

Nor, slain by Trojans in the martial field,
Patroclus lay from Sparta's king conceal'd.

Ver. 3. *Great Menelaüs,—*] The poet here takes occasion to clear Menelaus from the imputations of idle and effeminate, cast on him in some parts of the poem ; he sets him in the front of the army, exposing himself to dangers in defending the body of Patroclus, and gives him the conquest of Euphorbus, who had the first hand in his death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with Patroclus, a kind and generous friend ; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cause. Eustathius. See the note on ver. 271. of the third book. P.

Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer
moves,

Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves ;

Ver. 5. *Thus round her new fall'n young, &c.*] In this comparison, as Eustathius has very well observed, the poet accommodating himself to the occasion, means only to describe the affection Menelaus had for Patroclus, and the manner in which he presented himself to defend his body : and this comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as Menelaus was a prince full of goodness and mildness. He must have little sense or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppressed. It is true, we should not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low ideas we have of the animals, from which it is derived ; but those not being the ideas of Homer's time, they could not hinder him from making a proper use of such a comparison. Dacier. P.

Ver. id. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] It seems to me remarkable, that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for Patroclus are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature. Achilles, in the beginning of the sixteenth book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of Menelaus is here described as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are designed to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of Patroclus, which is expressed in that fine eulogy of him in this book, ver. 671 : Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίταλ' οὐ μείλιχος εἶναι, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men.* This gave all mankind these sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body.

The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, Achilles and Patroclus, is very observable : such friendships are not uncommon, and I have often assigned this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves. That is still better if applied to Providence, which associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, Homer had a good poetical reason for it ; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly ; and is what they call a contrast in painting. P.

And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)
 Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
 Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
 His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
 The son of Panthus skill'd the dart to send, 11
 Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
 This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
 Warriour! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:

Ver. 7.] This couplet is a superfluous appendage, and might be rescinded without any detriment to the passage.

Ver. 10.] A fine verse, but as the warriors had but one *lance*, though not unfrequently several missive weapons of smaller size, the *plural* number is employed merely to accommodate the connected *verb* to the rhyme of the foregoing verse. Thus ?

His threatening javelin, and his buckler's flame.

Ver. 11. *The son of Panthus.*] The conduct of Homer is admirable, in bringing Euphorbus and Menelaus together upon this occasion; for hardly any thing but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made Euphorbus stand the encounter. Menelaus putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the finest answers in all Homer; in which the insolence of Menelaus is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after such a speech, that would not wish Euphorbus had the better of Menelaus: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given Euphorbus the victory. But however, it was fitter to make Menelaus, who had received the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions. P.

Ver. 12.] The latter clause is a mere expletive of convenience. Ogilby is rude, but exactly gives the spirit of his author's sense:

Nor by the body stood old Panthus son
 A mere spectator, idly looking on,

To me the spoils my prowess won, resign; 15
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojanthus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd.
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superiour
throne,

When mortals boast of prowess not their own? 20
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (those terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineft of the boastful kind 25
These fons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.

Ver. 20.] So Denham, *Æn.* ii:

Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, *not his own*:

see the note on book ii. verse 159.

Ver. 22.] If we can rely on the authority of Juvenal, xv. 163, these ferocious animals observe a league of perpetual amity with each other, and men are the only animals so besotted as to fight and murder their species: our poet, therefore, must not be indulged in this slander on the brute creation without any warrant from his author. Thus?

Nor spotted panther *vents his rage* in fight.

Ver. 23.] The following couplet as fully expresses the original:

Nor thus the boar, whose terrors fiercest glow,
Such fury as these fons of Panthus shew.

Ogilby seems good to me, with trivial correction:

Whose brutish nature *no soft arts* reclaim,
Compar'd to Panthus' haughty fons, are tame.

Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel
 This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell:
 Against our arm which rashly he defy'd,
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride. 30
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
 Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
 Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
 Or while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late. 36
 Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed. 40

Ver. 27.] The rhyme is scarcely satisfactory, but the couplet may be rendered more expressive of it's model thus:

Late, *in his prime*, beneath my conquering steel —.

Ver. 29.] Fidelity may be consulted without difficulty here:

Against our arm, which rashly he *decry'd* —.

Ver. 36.] A happy representation of the proverbial sentiment of his author! Thus Chapman, with no less dexterity:

A foole fees nought, before tis done; *and still too late is wise.*

Ver. 37.] The concluding clause of this verse is impertinent and unauthorised. I would propose this substitution, with due deference to the merits of our translator:

Euphorbus thus, unmov'd: Thy life, this day,
 My brother's blood, proud boaster! shall repay.

Ver. 39.] What could induce him to disregard his author on this occasion? The return, I suppose, of the word *parent* in ver. 42. Thus?

On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
 To soothe a comfort's, and a parent's woe.
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,
 Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings, 45
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
 But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
 On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
 Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain; 50
 Wide thro' the neck appears the grisly wound,
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,
 Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,

His weeping parents claim thy destin'd head.
 On these thy conquer'd spoils should I bestow,
 I soothe a father's, mother's, comfort's woe.

Ver. 43.] Our poet had his eye on Ogilby :

————— Soon we'll decide this strife,
 And one by th' other's prowess lose his life.

Ver. 45.] Our translator, after Ogilby, mistakes his author.
 The Greek word, as I have had occasion to remark before, means
 "to strike hand to hand," without dismissing the weapon. Thus?

Swift as the word he smote the convex shield;
 Nor made his lance the plate well-temper'd yield.

Ver. 49.] The same error, as that just noticed, may be thus
 removed :

Nor *drive* his forceful arm the lance in vain.

Ver. 51.] So Dryden, *Æn.* xi. 54:

But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound —.

Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore. 56

As the young olive, in some filvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air; 60

Ver. 55. *Instarr'd with gems of gold.*] We have seen here a Trojan who used gold and silver to adorn his hair; which made Pliny say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that used those ornaments. *Est quidem apud eundem [Homerum] virorum crinibus aurum inplexum, ideo nescio an prior usus à fœminis cœperit.* lib. xxxiii. cap. i. He might likewise have strengthened his doubt by the custom of the Athenians, who put into their hair little grasshoppers of gold. Dacier. P.

Instarr'd is a happy word of our translator's own coinage, to which I can have no objection; but it suits the *gems* best, and they are an unauthorised ornament in this place: not to mention, that the word *shore* is a mere expletive. Thus?

With gold *entwin'd* and *silver*, bright no more!
Defil'd and *clotted* lie with dust and gore.

Ver. 57. *As the young olive, &c.*] This exquisite simile finely illustrates the beauty and sudden fall of Euphorbus, in which the allusion to that circumstance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. Porphyry and Jamblicus acquaint us of the particular affection Pythagoras had for these verses, which he set to the harp, and used to repeat as his own Epicedion. Perhaps it was his fondness of them, which put it into his head to say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of Pythagoras is famous in antiquity, and has given occasion to a dialogue in Lucian entitled *The Cock*, which is, I think, the finest piece of that author. P.

Ver. 60.] More agreeably to the purport of his author, thus:

And waves it's verdure to the fostering air.

But our poet has profited by Chapman:

When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
 It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
 A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
 Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay, 65
 While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.

And all his fresh and lovely *head*, growne curld with *snowy*
flowres,

That *dance*, and flourish with the *winds*, that are of *gentlest*
powres.

And so Ogilby, at Virgil's Georg. ii. in an elegant verse:

The wild ash silvers with a *snowie flow'r*.

A writer in Dryden's miscellanies says very prettily:

And those bright flames, that in carnations glow,

Ere long will blanch the lily with a *snow*.

This part of the beautiful *simile* before us, is executed with great delicacy by Mr. Cowper; and for the gratification of the reader (if I can promise myself this effect from my labours) I shall attempt a literal translation myself:

As in a lone recess, well fed with streams,

The spreading olive, nurtur'd by some swain,

Grows fair and verdant, waving to the breeze

Of every wind, and teems with flowers of snow:

When sudden springs a whirlwind's furious blast;

Tears from it's bed, and lays the plant in dust.

Ver. 64.] Young, perhaps, had in memory this delicious passage, when he penn'd those pathetic verses of his Narcissa.

Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay.

A writer in Dryden's Miscellanies, vol. vi:

Quick as the flow'rs are mown, he yields his breath,

But shews like them awhile, *ev'n beautiful in death.*

Ver. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only Trojan whose death the poet laments, that he might do the

Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
 Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:
 Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
 The village curs, and trembling swains retire; 70
 When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
 And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound. 74

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
 And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize,
 (In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial care
 The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)

more honour to Patroclus, his hero's friend. The comparison here used is very proper, for the olive always preserves its beauty. But where the poet speaks of the Lapithæ, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *oaks*, that stand unmoved in storms and tempests; and where Hector falls by Ajax, he likens him to an *oak* struck down by Jove's thunder. Just after this soft comparison upon the beauty of Euphorbus, he passes to another full of strength and terrour, that of the lion. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 69.] Thus, more exactly to the words and arrangement of the original:

As a fierce mountain lion, in the meads,
 Springs on the tallest heifer as she feeds,
 Breaks her strong neck with unresisted jaws,
 Quaffs the warm blood, and reeking entrails draws:
 Hounds bark at distance; and, all pale with fear,
 At distance shout the swains, nor venture near:
 Thus in their breast the hearts of Trojans fail,
 Nor dares one warrior Sparta's prince assail.

Ver. 75.] These are the rhymes of Chapman, who yet is not worthy of quotation in this place.

Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace
Achilles' courfers, of æthereal race; 80

They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.

Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,

Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!

By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress'd 85

The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,

And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:

His words infix'd unutterable care

Deep in great Hector's soul: thro' all the war 90

He darts his anxious eye; and instant, view'd

The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,

Ver. 81.] Thus Chapman:

_____ by any mortals hand:

The great grand child of Æacus, hath onely their command.

Ogilby is exact; and, with correction, tolerable:

No hands can manage that cœlestial pair,

But great Achilles, whom a goddess bare.

Ver. 85.] Thus, with fidelity:

O'er their Patroclus, Sparta's king suppress'd —.

Ver. 89.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus? with a view to preserve the *metaphorical* language of his original:

Deep sinks the God's address; and, crouding, roll

A train of sorrows on the warrior's soul.

He darts —.

(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks
 he flies,
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies: 96
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.

Ver. 93.] So Dryden, *Æn.* x. 1184:

Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that *well'd from out the wound*.

Ogilby has a beautiful verse of correspondent purport, at the end of *Æneid* iv:

To raise her heavy eyes in vain she try'd,
 The crimson fountain *bubbling* in her side.

Ver. 94.] His original prescribes a more lively view of the action:

The victor, *tearing off* his shining prey.

Ver. 95.] Ogilby's version is truly comical, and furnishes a fine occasion for the various glosses of future *scholiasts*:

Up through the ranks in glittering steel he came,
 Roaring like a loud *breach*, or bellowing flame:

so that some commentators, no doubt, will shrink from their author with the decent caution of the great Roman rhetorician: "*Ogilvium in quibusdam nolim interpretari.*" And it is not unusual for Chapman to speak, in similar phraseology, of a hero *letting fly*, instead of *making an assault*. In this view, nothing can be more happily hit off and more truly humorous, than the travestie of our author at the conclusion of the twelfth Iliad; which is accurately faithful at the same time:

Whilst thro' the *breach* the Greeks *let fly*,
 And ran to wipe their b——s dry.

Ver. 98.] Rather,

Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.
 Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain, 101
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
 Desert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
 Or singly, Hector and his troops attend?
 Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd,
 To brave the hero were to brave the God : 106
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
 'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
 Yet, nor the God, nor heav'n, should give me
 fear,
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear: 110
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give Achilles all that yet remains

He flew, and fir'd the squadrons as he went :

but this line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 100.] I would propose, for the sake of more fidelity,
 And thus, *with sighs, bespoke his mighty mind.*

Ver. 102.] Thus Ogilby :

And leave Patroclus *in my quarrel slain?*

Ver. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How observable is Homer's art of illustrating the valour and glory of his heroes? Menelaus, who sees Hector and all the Trojans rushing upon him, would not retire if Apollo did not support them; and though Apollo does support them, he would oppose even Apollo, were Ajax but near him. This is glorious for Menelaus, and yet more glorious for Ajax, and very suitable to his character; for Ajax was the bravest of the Greeks, next to Achilles. Dacier. Eustathius. P.

Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A fable scene! The terrours Hector led. 115

Slow he recedes, and fighting, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant, and retorted eyes. 120

Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And thro' the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;

Ver. 113.] Thus, more faithfully:

Of his and our Patroclus: *this the least*
Of present evils. Thus revol'd his breast,
When Troy's collecting squadrons Hector led:

for the word *shore*, so often introduced, is scarcely proper, when the battle is conducted so near the walls of the city, with nothing but rhyming convenience to recommend it. Compare verse 465, below.

Ver. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of Menelaus is worthy notice. Homer is a great observer of natural imagery, that brings the thing represented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tygers, and beasts of prey are the only objects that can properly represent warriors; and therefore it is no wonder they are so often introduced: the inanimate things, as floods, fires, and storms, are the best, and only images of battles. P.

This *simile* is complete in our poet's version, and affords a fine specimen of his admirable powers.

Where lab'ring on the left the warriour stood, 125
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 There breathing courage, where the God of day
 Had sunk each heart with terroure and dismay.

To him the king. O Ajax, oh my friend!
 Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend: 130
 The body to Achilles to restore,
 Demands our care; alas! we can no more!
 For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;
 And Hector glories in the dazzling prize. 134
 He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
 Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
 Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
 And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;

Ver. 126.] A line suggested by the fancy of our translator.

Ver. 131.] This verse is degraded by the same *two* trivial words, and the gaping vowel. Thus?

'Tis our's, at least his body to restore:

Achilles *this* demands; *nor* can we more.

Ver. 135.] I would venture the following couplet, to get rid of an imperfect rhyme:

He spake, and rous'd the warriour's generous rage:

They pierce the van, where thickest ranks engage.

Ver. 137. *Already had stern Hector, &c.*] Homer takes care, so long before hand, to lessen in his reader's mind the horroure he may conceive from the cruelty that Achilles will exercise upon the body of Hector. That cruelty will be only the punishment of this which Hector here exercises upon the body of Patroclus; he drags him, he designs to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, exposed to dogs and birds of prey. Eustathius. P.

But soon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like shield,
 Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field. 140
 His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
 To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)

Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
 And now before, and now behind he stood: 145
 Thus in the center of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lioness furrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow
 low'rs. 150

Fast by his side, the gen'rous Spartan glows
 With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
 On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids.

Ver. 150.] Chapman renders thus:

And lets his rough browes downe so low, they cover all his
 eyes.

But our incomparable translator is very correct and spirited throughout the passage. Ogilby, gently chastised, may furnish an agreeable variation to the reader:

As guards *the lioness* her savage brood,
 Beset with huntsmen in a sheltering wood;
 Turns round and round, her enemy defies,
 And draws her frowning forehead o'er her eyes:
 So Ajax stood.

Where now in Hector shall we Hector find? 155
 A manly form, without a manly mind.
 Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
 How vain, without the merit, is the name?
 Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
 What other methods may preserve thy Troy: 160
 'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
 By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
 Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
 Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
 What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
 Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect: 166
 Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
 While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
 Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
 A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170

Ver. 155.] This most beautiful turn might ultimately originate in Ogilby:

If thus thou shrink'st, *thou art not what thou wert:*
 for the original may be simply represented thus:

Hector, fair-form'd, but all unfit for war!

Ver. 163.] More accurately, I do not say more elegantly, thus:

*In ceaseless combat shall my Lycians stake
 Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
 What from thine arm can meaner worth expect,
 While lov'd Sarpedon proves thy base neglect?*

Ver. 169. *You left him there A feast for dogs.*] It was highly dishonourable in Hector to forsake the body of a friend and guest,

On my command if any Lycian wait,
 Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
 Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
 Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart; 174
 (Such, as should burn in ev'ry soul, that draws
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
 Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
 And drag yon' carcase to the walls of Troy.
 Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
 Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again! 180
 Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.

and against the laws of Jupiter Xenius, or Hospitalis. For Glaucus knew nothing of Sarpedon's being honoured with burial by the Gods, and sent embalmed into Lycia. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 170.] So the older French translator: "En proie aux
 " *vantours* et aux *chiens*." Homer speaks of *dogs* only.

Ver. 173.] This idea of *divine impulse* is unauthorised by his model, which is properly taken off by Chapman:

Did such a spirit breath
 In all you Trojans, as becomes, all men that fight beneath
 Their countries standard.

Ver. 179.] Our translator is too hasty and concise. His original may be literally rendered as follows; to verse 183:

Should that dead chief to Priam's city come,
 Drag'd from the battle's tumult; then the Greeks
 Might soon for ransom give Sarpedon's arms,
 And we to Ilium his lost relics bring:
 So great a hero serv'd Patroclus! first
 Of chiefs in Greece, and first of troops his men.

But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrours of his eye;
 And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly. 186

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
 The Lycian leader, and sedate reply'd,

Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind, 191
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.

I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, 195
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.

Ver. 186.] An insipid and unauthorised line. Thus? very accurately :

Too conscious of a nobler champion nigh.

Ver. 187.] More correctly thus :

With aspect stern Troy's noble warrior ey'd —.

Ver. 191.] This mode of expression leads to a misunderstanding of his author. Thus?

Thy fame at home for wisdom ill accords
 With the weak tenour of these haughty words.

Ver. 193. *I shun great Ajax?*] Hector takes no notice of the affronts that Glaucus had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some respect a just cause to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had said of his fearing Ajax, to which part he only replies; this is very agreeable to his heroick character. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 196.] Somewhat better, perhaps,
 And *brave* the thunder — :

But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and

now

Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon' squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day; 202
If yet a Greek the fight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies! 206
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.

but it may appear frivolous to censure; and presumptuous to correct
such an elegant and vigorous translation of this excellent speech, so
characteristic of the dignity of Hector.

Ver. 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine.*] The
ancients have observed that Homer causes the arms of Achilles to
fall into Hector's power, to equal in some sort those two heroes, in
the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might
be urged, that Achilles could not have killed Hector without the
advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God,
whereas Hector's was only of the hand of a mortal; but since both
were clad in armour made by Vulcan, Achilles's victory will
be compleat, and in its full lustre. Besides this reason (which
is for necessity and probability) there is also another, for orna-
ment; for Homer here prepares to introduce that beautiful
episode of the divine armour, which Vulcan makes for Achilles.
Eustathius. P.

He strode along the field, as thus he said: 211
 (The fable plumage nodded o'er his head)
 Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;
 One instant saw, one instant overtook
 The distant band, that on the sandy shore 215
 The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
 There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
 His train to 'Troy convey'd the massy load.
 Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
 The work and present of celestial hands; 220

Ver. 215.] This *shore* might be truly stiled in vulgar language by the name of it's associate in the succeeding verse: see the note on verse 113. Thus?

The distant band, *the radiant spoils* that bore;
Those radiant spoils, which e'rst Achilles wore.

Ver. 216. *The radiant arms to sacred Ilion bore.*] A difficulty may arise here, and the question may be asked why Hector sent these arms to Troy? Why did not he take them at first? There are three answers, which I think are all plausible. The first, that Hector having killed Patroclus, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take those arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to Priam and Andromache those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some temple. Glaucus's speech makes him change his resolution, he runs after those arms to fight against Ajax, and to win Patroclus's body from him. Dacier.

Homer (says Eustathius) does not suffer the arms to be carried into 'Troy for these reasons. That Hector by wearing them might the more encourage the Trojans, and be the more formidable to the Greeks: that Achilles may recover them again when he kills Hector: and that he may conquer him, even when strengthened with that divine armour.

By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
 As first to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
 His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
 Forbid by Fate to reach his father's years. 224

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
 The God whose thunder rends the troubled air,
 Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
 And conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.
 He shook the sacred honours of his head;
 Olympus trembl'd, and the Godhead said. 230

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
 A moment's glory! and what Fates attend?

Ver. 224.] As the mention of *Fate* is arbitrary, and needless, perhaps the following adjustment of this couplet may not be disapproved:

Not long *the son* his father's *armour* wears:
The son attain'd not to his father's years.

Ver. 225.] The accuracy of rhyme may be consulted by this substitution:

Him, in *triumphant pride exulting there* —:

and our poet is very diffuse in his translation of this preamble, making *six* verses of that, which Ogilby, with a brevity equally expressive, has concentrated in little more than one. The original is commensurate with the following plain version:

Him when apart saw cloud-collecting Jove
 Stalk proudly in divine Achilles' arms,
 He shook his head, and thus address'd his mind.

Ver. 231. *Jupiter's speech to Hector.*] The poet prepares us for the death of Hector, perhaps to please the Greek readers, who might be troubled to see him shining in their hero's arms. Therefore Jupiter expresses his sorrow at the approaching fate of this

In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy fight,
 As at Achilles self! beneath thy dart 235
 Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
 A blaze of glory, e'er thou fad'st away. 240

unfortunate prince, promises to repay his loss of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He says, Achilles is the bravest Greek, as Glaucus had just said before; the poet thus giving him the greatest commendations, by putting his praise in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. Eustathius.

How beautiful is that sentiment upon the miserable state of mankind, introduced here so artfully, and so strongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the Supreme Being! And how pathetick the denunciation of Hector's death, by that circumstance of Andromache's disappointment, when she shall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy! P.

Ver. 233.] From Milton probably, Par. Lost. vi. 760:

He in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended:

and the passage before us may be accommodated to the sense of it's original by these corrections:

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
 Of that unrivall'd hero, at whose sight
 All warriors, trembling, fly. Beneath thy dart —.

Ver. 237.] More accurately,

Now of that gentle chief by thee are worn
 Those arms, so rudely from his shoulders torn.

Ver. 240.] He took a hint from Chapman:

For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
 With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
 No more officious, with endearing charms,
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his fable brow he gave the nod, 245
 That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
 The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;

in glory of thy acts: thou shalt have that fraile
blaze
 Of excellence, that neighbours death.

Ver. 242.] It may appear unreasonably fastidious; but I should prefer,

With tears of joy to welcome Hector home.

Our translator has acquitted himself here beyond all praise; and the English reader will be pleased to see the simple and slender materials, whence these *four* concluding verses were wrought:

for thy wife will ne'er receive
 From thee return'd Pelides' noble arms.

Ver. 247. *The stubborn arms, &c.*] The words are,

ἦ, καὶ κυανέχσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
 Ἐκλῶρι δ' ἤρμωσε τεύχε' ἐπὶ χροῖ.

If we give ἤρμωσε a passive signification, it will be, the arms fitted Hector; but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater difference between Hector and Achilles) then it belongs to Jupiter; and the sense will be, Jupiter made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have chose the last as the more poetical sense.

P.

I approve this acceptation of the passage, heretofore adopted by the two French translators, and by Chapman, whose version is this, and might assist our poet:

To this, *his fable browes* did bow; and he made fit his lim
 To those great armes; to fill which up, the warre god entred
 him.

Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
 Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew, 250
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
 Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
 Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires, 255
 Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
 The great Therfilochus like fury found,
 Afteropæus kindled at the found,
 And Ennomus, in augury renown'd. }
 Hear all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands! 261

But the epithet *stubborn* is, I think, both ungraceful and improper.
 Perhaps, we may substitute, with improvement to the passage,

Those ample arms —.

Ver. 251.] An additional couplet from the enthusiasm of the
 translator, not without some obligation to his English master. Thus
 Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 78:

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
 And all the god came rushing on her soul.

Ver. 254.] The mention of *a God* seems superfluous, and is at
 least without the sanction of his author. Thus, exactly:

He went, loud-shouting: wide his armour gleam'd;
 Nor less the chief than brave Achilles seem'd.

Ver. 260. *Unnumber'd bands of neighb'ring nations.*] Eustathius
 has very well explained the artifice of this speech of Hector, who
 indirectly answers all Glaucus's invectives, and humbles his vanity.
 Glaucus had just spoken as if the Lycians were the only allies of
 Troy; and Hector here speaks of the numerous troops of different
 nations, which he expressly designs by calling them borderers upon

'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
 Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
 To save our present, and our future race. 265
 For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
 And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy.
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain, 270
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

his kingdom, thereby in some manner to exclude the Lycians, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what Glaucus said, "That if the Lycians would take his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them to understand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. Dacier. P.

Ver. 262.] This agreeable notion of *state*, which is not in Homer, our poet derived from Chapman:

We have not call'd you from our townes, *to fill our idle eye*
 With number of so many men.

Ver. 265.] Or thus, more precisely,
 To save our *wives*, and *shield* our *infant* race.

Ver. 272.] Ogilby renders,
The spoils betwixt us shall divided be,
 And *equal honour* shar'd 'twixt him and me.

And I cannot dismiss this speech, without expressing my admiration at the consummate ingenuity displayed by our poet in the translation of it; a translation executed with freedom, but without the loss of a single thought, or the least evaporation of it's spirit.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
 They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array, 276
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
 Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'er-
 spread,

What victims perish round the mighty dead?

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from
 far, 280

And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)

And all our wars and glories at an end!

'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,

Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain; 285

We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall

On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.

Ver. 278.] Two elegant couplets, constructed from these plain lines of his author:

Fools! o'er the corse from numbers life he took.

Then Ajax Sparta's warlike king bespake.

Ver. 282.] There is a languor in this couplet, unusual to our translator, when a natural and pathetic sentiment comes before him: but he followed Chapman, without trusting to his own powers:

O my friend!

O Menelaus! nere more hope, to get off; here's the end

Of all our labours.

Ver. 285.] His original dictates,

From dogs and vultures on the Trojan plain.

See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call, 290
 The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.
 The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.
 Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is giv'n
 The rule of men; whose glory is from heav'n! 295
 Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!

Ver. 288.] Our poet took Ogilby's version, and improved it:

Hector o'er all an iron *tempest spreads*,
 Th' impending storm will break *upon our heads*.

Ver. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] Eustathius gives three reasons why Ajax bids Menelaus call the Greeks to their assistance; instead of calling them himself. He might be ashamed to do it, lest it should look like fear, and turn to his dishonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey Menelaus: or he had too much business of the war upon his hands, and wanted leisure more than the other. P.

These rhymes return too soon. Thus?

Come, send thy voice thro' all the Græcian bands:
 This hour of danger claims our bravest hands.

Ver. 292.] Thus, more closely to the original:

He spake, the chief complied; and all around
 His echoing voice dispers'd the piercing sound.

And this passage, we may observe as we go, countenances a literal acceptation in it's primitive sense of the *epithet* usually attached to Menelaus; *βον ἀγυαθόν*, *powerful in voice*, or *cry*.

Ver. 296.] Thus, more expressive of the original:

Whom *in their banquets* both Atrides grace.

All, whom this well-known voice shall reach
from far,

All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war;
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy. 301

Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage. 305

The long-succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,

Ver. 302. *Oïlean Ajax first.*] Ajax Oïleus (says Eustathius) is the first that comes, being brought by his love to the other Ajax, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the assistance of another: to which we may add, he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the heroes. P.

Ver. 304.] The latter clause is an addition of the translator, and not unseasonable. The whole passage is happily executed by him.

Ver. 306.] A tolerable couplet may be made from Ogilby:

*The rest, what skill, what diligence could name?
What crouding princes to the battle came?*

Ver. 310.] Our poet in this comparison has doubled the number of his author's verses, which may be represented thus:

As at the mouth of some impetuous stream
A huge swell'd wave against the current roars;
Loud bellow round the shores, the spray belch'd out:
Such clamour rais'd the Trojans.

Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
 With brazen shields in horrid circles stand:
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warrior's shining helms in Night:
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend: 321
 Dead he protects him with superiour care,
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

Ver. 314.] Chapman renders:

————— and all the *utter shore*
Rebellowes (in her angry shocks) the seas repulsive *roar*.

Ver. 316.] Thus, accurately:

Nor less, *around the corse*, the Græcian band ———.

Ver. 318. *Jove pouring darkness.*] Homer, who in all his former descriptions of battles is so fond of mentioning the lustre of the arms, here shades them in darkness; perhaps alluding to the clouds of dust that were raised; or to the throng of combatants; or else to denote the loss of Greece in Patroclus; or lastly, that as the heavens had mourned Sarpedon in showers of blood, so they might Patroclus in clouds of darkness. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 321.] This couplet is not altogether satisfactory. Thus?

Not hateful liv'd, *while yet Pelides* friend:

the original runs thus:

Nor erst Patroclus did the god dislike,
 While yet he liv'd, and serv'd Æacides.

Ver. 322.] Ogilby more fully expresses his author in this place, though without elegance:

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
 Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on 326
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
 (Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;
 So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain boar, 331
 And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frightened hunter and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase thro' the war;

Who lov'd Patroclus living, and now sends,
 To save his corps from dogs, so many friends.

Ver. 325.] More closely,
 They, *trembling*, yield —.

And here our translator omits the following portion of his author :

nor yet one Greek
 Fell by the spears of their fierce, eager foes.

Ver. 328.] Thus Ogilby ;

Ajax, for form, and deeds of greatest fame
 Next to Achilles.

Ver. 333.] After this line, *four* verses of his original follow,
 which our poet has partly condensed in verse 330, to this purport :

Thus Ajax, son of noble Telamon,
 Invades, and scatters quick the Trojan bands
 Around Patroclus crouding, eager all
 To drag him to their walls, and reap renown.

Ver. 334.] The rhymes are bad, and the sense is mistaken. I
 find no better substitution than the following, with which to present
 the reader :

The finewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound 336
 With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound:
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain; 340
 The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain:
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
 The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound:
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies a sad companion of the dead: 345
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.
 Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies; 350
 The Grecian marking, as it cuts the skies,

Then thy bold son, Pelasgian Lethus, came
 And drag'd the corse; Hippothous was his name.

Ver. 338.] Thus, more fully and correctly:

Fate, *which no comrade wards*, o'ertook *his* deed:

for the *participle* of the next line, *doom'd*, may now refer, according to the practice of the best writers, to the *pronoun* comprehended in *his*: but stood improperly without reference before.

Ver. 349.] The rhyming word is odious in heathen poetry. I should prefer:

The conquering lance of Ajax bade him go,
 A ghost untimely! to the shades below.

Shun'd the descending death; which hissing on
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind: 355
 In little Panope for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing, thro' the shoulder stood;

Ver. 352.] His author prescribes,
Just shun'd descending death —.

Ver. 353.] He got his vicious accent from Hobbes or Ogilby:
 Chapman is right. Thus?

Stretcht in the dust, great Iphitus! *thy* son.

Ver. 356. *Panope renown'd.*] Panope was a small town twenty *stadia* from Chæronea, on the side of mount Parnassus, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the residence of Schedius, King of the Phocians; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in short that ought to have been in a town which is the residence of a king. Pausanias (in Phocic.) gives the reason of it; he says, that as Phocis was expos'd on that side to the inroads of the Bæotians, Schedius made use of Panope as a sort of citadel, or place of arms. Dacier. P.

This epithet of *little*, was brought from Dacier's note: but surely it is as incongruous to the spirit of the passage as it is unauthorised by his author. I would propose the following substitution, which avoids also the ambiguity of the present reading:

In Panopeus he dwelt, a prince renown'd;
 And rul'd with ample sway the regions round;

Ver. 359.] Thus Ogilby:

———— the point *transpierc'd* his throat:

In clanging arms the hero fell, and all 360
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke.
In strong convulsions panting on the sands 366
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the fight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field; 371
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight: 375

And his next couplet, with correction, is good:

*The brass a passage through his shoulder found:
He falls with dying groans; his arms resound.*

Ver. 362.] This *suspended nominative*, as grammarians stile it, of classical antiquity, our translator has employed on other occasions, and, I think, very pardonably. It is a privilege, with which our poetry should be indulged. For instance, Ethic Epist. iii. 357:

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,

The reader, who is inclined, may see more to this purpose in my Commentary on St. Matthew, p. 92.

Ver. 375. *He seem'd like aged Periphas.*] The speech of Periphas to Æneas hints at the double fate, and the necessity of

(A herald in Anchifes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold.)

Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! re-
main,

To save your Troy, tho' heav'n it's fall ordain?

There have been heroes, who by virtuous care, 380

By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,

Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,

And gain'd at length the glorious odds of Fate.

But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove declares

His partial favour, and assists your wars, 385

Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,

And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.

Æneas thro' the form assum'd descries

The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.

means. It is much like that of St. Paul, after he was promised that no body should perish; he says, *Except these abide, ye cannot be saved.* P.

Ver. 377.] The word *bold* is without authority, and for convenience only. Thus?

Anchifes' herald, old in service grown;
Well for the wisdom of his counsels known.

Ver. 380.] The rhymes of this couplet are faulty, and recur too soon with equal imperfection. Thus? more exactly:

*Some have I seen, your worth excelling far,
Whose valour, numbers, strength, and arts of war —.*

Ver. 384.] I would thus correct, with the rhymes of Ogilby:

But ye, when Jove a conquest would bestow
With partial favour, tremble at the foe.

Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey, 390
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
 A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
 The bold example all his hosts pursue. 395
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomedes;
 Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:

Ver. 390.] Our poet much curtails his author, whom, therefore, it will be proper to exhibit, in a version simple and commensurate:

Hector! ye chiefs of Troy, and our allies!
 What shame, that, conquer'd by the martial Greeks,
 Troy's towers we scale again in coward flight!
 E'en now some god stood by my side, and said,
 That Jove supreme enjoins and helps our war.
 Then rush we on the Greeks, nor let them bear
 In peace the dead Patroclus' to their ships.

Ver. 394.] Thus Chapman:

This said, before them all he *flew*:

and, in the next line, Ogilby:

Th' example takes, all follow his command.

Ver. 398.] The word *chance* is a mere convenient expletive. Thus, more exactly:

His friend, by pity mov'd, and rushing near,
 Launcht from his vengeful arm the glittering spear.

But our poet followed Ogilby:

Who, pitying this his friend's untimely *chance*,
 At Amythaon threw his vengefull *launce*.

The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest,
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast: 401
 From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
 Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead, 406
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians
 stood;
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
 Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care, 410
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:

Ver. 406.] These *four* noble verses were created from the following sense and compass of his original:

————— for they with shields were fenc'd around,
 Circling Patroclus, with protended spears;
 but he owes some obligations to Chapman:

————— he could not breake
 That *bulwarke* made of Grecian shields; and *bristl'd wood of*
speares
 Combin'd about the body slaine.

Dacier has also: "Tout couverts de leurs boucliers et *hérissés* de
 "leurs piques." Through all this passage our translator rises with
 the fire and impetuosity of his author, and has attained the true
 sublimity.

Ver. 409.] Thus Ogilby, at *Æn.* x:

So thick the bodies, such an *iron grove*.

Fixt on the spot they war; and wounded, wound:
 A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground; 415
 On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
 And thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
 Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns, 420
 And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
 The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host

Ver. 416.] The phrase *on heaps* seems rendered superfluous by the subsequent expression: I would therefore adhere to the original by this amendment, if it be an amendment:

The Greeks, the Trojans, *and auxiliars* bled.

Ver. 418.] More correctly, with this trivial alteration:

Yet, *from her* order and collected might,
 Greece suffers least —.

Ver. 421.] A supplemental line from our translator, not correspondent, I think, in vigour and elevation to it's associates, and made tautologous by verse 419. Thus?

Both hosts, in vigour and in soul the same,
 Fought with the fury of conflicting flame.

This and the *two* following couplets are wrought from the following compass of his original; of which we must regret, that our poet did not preserve the full vivacity:

Thus fought both hosts, a globe of fire! nor then
 Hadst thou the sun deem'd safe, nor safe the moon.

Ver. 422. *In one thick darkness, &c.*] The darkness spread over the body of Patroclus is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of Jupiter's love to a righteous man: but the chief design is to protract the action; which, if the Trojans had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other

Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's splendours blotted from the
skies. 425

Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the Night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,

in a very short time. Besides, the Trojans having the better in the action, must have seized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in Homer. P.

Ver. 426.] I would render thus the distich of Homer, which is represented in this verse:

Such gloom, where round the dead Patroclus stood
The flower of warriors, had involv'd the strife.

Ogilby has a conceit here, not unlike Cowley himself:

So black a cloud enveloped the fight,
Where shining weapons were their onely light.

Ver. 427.] It is but an act of justice to our translator, that the reader should see the plain materials, from which his fine taste and fertile fancy have wrought this magnificent and splendid fabric:

Elsewhere the Greeks and Trojans fought at ease
In open sky: there blaz'd the piercing sun
In full expansion; nor one cloud appear'd
On plain, or mountain-top.

Chapman, I think, deserves quotation:

But all the field beside
Fought underneath a lightsome heaven: the Sun was in his
pride,
And such expansure of his beames, he thrust out of his throne,
That not a vapour durst appeare, in all that region:
No, not upon the highest hill.

The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear, 436
 ('Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
 And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
 When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, 440
 Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy,
 But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death: 445

Ver. 431.] Thus Ogilby:

Th' expansion cloudless.

Ver. 436. *Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear, &c.*] It is not without reason Homer in this place makes particular mention of the sons of Nestor. It is to prepare us against he sends one of them to Achilles, to tell him the death of his friend. P.

Ver. 444.] Our poet indulges his invention in the version of this passage. The following exhibition is literal:

The rest all day contention huge employ'd
 In toilsome struggle: with laborious sweat,
 Incessant, ankles, knees, and feet below,
 And hands, and eyes of each, were foil'd in fight,
 Round the brave friend of Peleus' nimble son.

O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
 Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
 Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
 And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills
 their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide, 450
 Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to
 side,

The brawny carriers stretch; and labour o'er,
 Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore;
 So tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
 The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood: 455
 While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
 Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.

Ver. 447.] This termination of a verse *cover'd o'er*, is universally displeasing, justly or not, to my fancy. The word *o'er* appears a low and insignificant expletive. Our poet found it in Ogilby:

Their feet, knees, ankles dy'd in blood all *o're*,
 Their hands and faces too besmear'd with *gore*.

Ver. 450. *As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a most lively description of their drawing the body on all sides, and instructs in the ancient manner of stretching hides, being first made soft and supple with oil. And though this comparison be one of those mean and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the imagination the most strong and exact idea of the subject in hand. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 452.] *Ecce! iterum Crispinus.* Thus?

The brawny carriers stretch *with painful toil*
 Th' extended surface, drunk with *searching oil*.

Ver. 455.] This verse is added by the translator.

Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
 Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,
 Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror
 reign'd; 460

Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;

Ver. 458. *Not Pallas' self.*] Homer says in the original,
 "Minerva could not have found fault, though she were angry."
 Upon which Eustathius ingeniously observes, how common and
 natural it is for persons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults
 where there are none. P.

Thus, with the former couplet from Ogilby, this passage may be
 represented with simplicity and faithfulness:

Had Mars and Pallas this dire conflict seen,
 He had not blam'd them, nor she angry been:
 Jove o'er the relics of Patroclus then
 Such evils spread for coursers and for men:

or in the precise language of Homer:

Such baleful labour o'er Pelides' friend
 For man and steed did Jove that day extend:

and it may be questioned, whether it be not rather a symptom of a
 sickly taste than a sound judgement, that requires more embellish-
 ment of conceptions so simple in themselves.

Ver. 463.] An excellent couplet! yet a transposition of the
 words would be more acceptable to my ears:

Nor knew the fortune of the fatal day.

Ogilby is pretty also, his age considered: and our poet had his eye
 upon him:

But all this while Achilles nothing heard
 Of this misfortune, and as little fear'd.
 They so far off fought near the Trojan wall,
 He dream'd not of his friend's untimely fall.

He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
 In dust extended under Ilion's wall, 465
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
 Tho' well he knew to make proud Ilion bend,
 Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend:
 Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd; 470
 The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Ver. 467.] An interpolated verse, which might make room for the following, with advantage to fidelity, and the spirit of the context:

Within their towers the foe compell'd again.

Ver. 468. ————— *To make proud Ilion bend,
 Was more than heav'n had promis'd to his friend:
 Perhaps to him: ————]*

In these words the poet artfully hints at Achilles's death; he makes him not absolutely to flatter himself with the hopes of ever taking Troy, in his own person; however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over as an ungrateful subject. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 470.] This is too concise. I wish I were able to supply the deficiency with any tolerable spirit:

Tho' well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
 E'en with his aid, not destin'd to his friend:
 In secret oft his mother had reveal'd
 This will of sovereign Jove; the rest conceal'd:
 Conceal'd the sorrows of this baleful day,
 That the most lov'd of men a lifeless ruin lay.

Ver. 471. *The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.*] Here (says the same author) we have two rules laid down for common use. One, not to tell our friends all their mischances at once, it being often necessary to hide part of them, as Thetis does from Achilles: the other, not to push men of courage upon all that is possible for them to do. Thus Achilles, though he thought Patroclus able to drive the Trojans back to their gates, yet he does not order him to

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
 And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
 Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
 Who dares desert this well-disputed day! 475
 First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
 Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
 First perish all, e'er haughty Troy shall boast
 We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost.

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
 said, 480
 Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!

do so much; but only to save the ships, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admonishing the reader that Achilles's mother had concealed the circumstance of the death of his friend when she instructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that Troy could not be taken at that time; this is a great instance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the poem at once in his head. For upon the supposition that Achilles was instructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impossibility of Troy's being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whose valour he had so good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with. P.

Ver. 477.] This, I think, is not to be approved, and bears no resemblance to his original. Thus?

First may this earth her gaping bosom rend,
 And we to shades of endless night descend:—

but, in truth, our poet took what Chapman had provided for him;

Which let the blacke earth gaspe and *drinke, our blood for*
sacrifice,
 Before we suffer.

Ver. 481.] His author is but little considered here. Literally thus:

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors
rise,

And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood; 485

Friends! tho' our doom should lay us slaughter'd all
Close by the corse, let none the combat flee.

Ver. 482.] Our poet has an omission here, which may be supplied and connected in this manner:

Thus each, as both their hosts with zeal contend,
Excites the flagging spirits of his friend.
From clashing arms, in air loud clangors rise —.

Ver. 484. *At distance from the scene of blood.*] If the horses had not gone aside out of the war, Homer could not have introduced so well what he designed to their honour. So he makes them weep in secret (as their master Achilles used to do) and afterwards come into the battle, where they are taken notice of and pursued by Hector. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 485. *The pensive steeds of great Achilles, &c.*] It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at Jupiter's nod, the sea parts itself to receive Neptune, the groves of Ida shake beneath Juno's feet, &c. As also to find animate or brute creatures address'd to, as if rational: so Hector encourages his horses; and one of Achilles's is not only endued with speech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here they weep for Patroclus, and stand fixed and immoveable with grief: thus is this hero universally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loss. Eustathius.

As to the particular fiction of the horses weeping, it is countenanced both by naturalists and historians. Aristotle and Pliny write, that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battle, and even shed tears for them. So Solinus, cap. 47. Ælian relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, De Animal. lib. x, cap. 17. Suetonius in the life of Cæsar, tells us, that several horses which at the passage of the Rubicon had been consecrated to Mars, and turned loose on the

Their god-like master slain before their eyes,
 They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
 In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
 Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;
 Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go, 490
 Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
 Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
 On some good man, or woman unprov'd

banks, were observed for some days after to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti consecrârat, ac sine custode vagos dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissimè abstinere, ubertimque flere,* cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumstance in those fine lines on the horse of Pallas :

“ Post bellator equus, positus insignibus, Æthon

“ It lacrymans, guttisq̃ue humectat grandibus ora.” P.

Ver. 487.] This contradicts alike verse 485, and his original. Thus more exactly :

*Soon as their god-like master slain they know,
 They weep, and share the pains of human woe.*

Ver. 490.] Or, more faithfully :

*To mix in conflict they consent no more,
 Nor turn to seek the navy on the shore.*

Ver. 492.] This fanciful translation is spun from *two* verses only, which compose the *simile* in the original, and run thus :

*But as a column keeps it's place unmov'd,
 Fix'd on the tomb of man or woman dead.*

But our poet derived his familiar and undignified language on this occasion from Chapman :

*But still as any tombe-stone layes, his never-stirred weight
 On some good man or womans grave.*

Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
 A marble courser by the sculptor's hands, 495
 Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
 The big round drops cours'd down with silent
 pace,
 Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
 Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state, 499

Ver. 494. *Or fix'd, as stands A marble courser, &c.*] Homer alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horses. This furnished Homer with this beautiful image, as if these horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to Patroclus. Dacier.

I believe M. Dacier refines too much in this note. Homer says, — *ἢ ἐ γυναικός*, and seems to turn the thought only on the firmness of the column, and not on the imagery of it: which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of Shakespear, *She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief*. Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the attitude in which those statues on monuments were usually represented: there are *bas-reliefs* that favour this conjecture. P.

Ver. 497.] These expressions are borrowed from Shakspeare, As you like it: act ii. scene 1:

————— and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase.

Our poet makes use also of Dryden in the parallel passage of Virgil, Æn. xi. 133:

Stripp'd of his trappings, with a fullen *pace*
 He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his *face*.

Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
 And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
 Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.

Unhappy courfers of immortal strain!
 Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain; 505
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
 Only alas! to share in mortal woe?
 For ah! what is there, of inferiour birth,
 That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;

Ver. 503.] The rhyme is imperfect, the sense erroneous, and the *verb* improperly formed. The following attempt obviates these inconveniences:

Jove saw them weep; compassion toucht his breast:
 He shook his head, and thus his mind addrest.

Ver. 504.] Our poet must have *strained* for a rhyme, I think, before he could content himself with the present obsolete, inelegant, and awkward term. The sense of Homer may be as well comprised in a single couplet:

Unhappy deathless *steeds*! did we bestow
 This gift on man, *that ye might share his woe?*

Ogilby employs the word to the same sense in no contemptible couplet, at *Æn. vi*:

Hence men, and beasts, and birds derive their *strain*,
 And monsters floating in the marble main.

Ver. 508.] Our poet amplifies his author from *two* verses into more than *four*. The following attempt is full and accurate:

For sure than man more wretched none exists
 Of creatures all, that breathe, and creep the earth,

What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind? 511
 A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
 For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
 High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
 He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies. 515
 Ourself will swiftneſs to your nerves impart,
 Ourself with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
 Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
 Safe to the navy thro' the ſtorm of war.
 For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er 520
 The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
 The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, 'till his fall
 With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.

Ver. 510.] Here he treads in the ſteps of Chapman :

Of all *the miſerabl'ſt things*, that breathe and creepe on earth,
 No one more wretched is than man.

Ver. 512.] Ogilby is more accurate, and, corrected, ſtands thus :

But *Priam's ſon my will ſhall not permit*
To guide your courſe, nor in that chariot fit.

Ver. 518.] The rhyme is vicious. Thus ?

Automedon ſhall *urge* your rapid flight
 Safe to the navy thro' the *ſtorms* of fight.

Ver. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee Troy conquer.*] It is worth obſerving
 with what art and œconomy Homer conducts his fable, to bring on
 the catastrophe. Achilles muſt hear Patroclus's death; Hector muſt
 fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting
 about the body of Patroclus under the walls of Troy. Therefore,
 to change the face of affairs, Jupiter is going to raiſe the courage

He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse
 Excessive spirit, urg'd 'em to the course; 525
 From their high manes they shake the dust, and
 bear

The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:
 So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
 Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
 From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
 And now to conquest with like speed pursue; 531

of the Trojans, and make them repulse and chase the Greeks again
 as far as their fleet; this obliges Achilles to go forth though
 without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an issue.
 Dacier. P.

Ver. 524.] This couplet is unusually ignoble for our translator,
 who had his eye on Chapman, and wanted on this occasion a part
 of that quality, which was imparted to the horses of his original:

————— Thus in the steeds he blowes
Excessive spirit.

May I be allowed an attempt at improvement on our poet?

Thus spake the God; and bade celestial fire
 Recruits of vigour to the steeds inspire.

Ver. 526.] The rhyme is bad. Thus?

From their high manes the dust they shake; the *car*
Cleaves a swift passage through the ranks of war.

Ogilby, with a little chastisement, is very tolerable:

He said: by Jove recruited, from their manes
They shake the dust, and scour along the plains.

Ver. 527.] More than a verse of Homer is here passed over by
 Pope:

Still urg'd the steeds, still fought Automedon,
 Though for his friend distress'd,

Sole in the feat the charioteer remains,
 Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
 Him brave Alcimedon beheld distressed,
 Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addrest. 535

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
 Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
 Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
 Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies) 540
 The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
 No Greek like him, the heav'nly steeds restrains,
 Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
 Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
 But now Patroclus is an empty name! 545
 To thee I yield the feat, to thee resign
 The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

Ver. 533.] This turn to the passage totally misrepresents his author, whose intention may be sufficiently seen in a correction of Ogilby:

But none he flew,—*nor* could in full career
 At once direct the steeds, and launch his spear.

Ver. 436.] I have had frequent occasions to notice the defect of these rhymes, nor is the sense fully exhibited. Thus?

What God thy mind infatuates, thus to go
 With fruitless rashness on the thickest foe?

Ver. 546.] Why this attempt to heighten and exaggerate in pompous language, what appears with as much advantage in the simple terms?

_____ to thee resign

The *whip and reins*.

This studied elevation of the composition, in passages of mere colloquial familiarity, argues, I think, a deficiency of taste, and a desire

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
 Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
 His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
 And call'd Æneas fighting near his side. 551
 Lo, to my fight beyond our hope restor'd,
 Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
 The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
 Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the
 fight: 555
 Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
 Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

of stifling under the folds of ornamental phraseology the characteristic diversities of sentiment and manners. To an instance like the present, we may apply the question of our poet himself:

Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?

Ver. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver, since Alcimedon was alone upon the chariot, and Automedon was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. Hector sees Alcimedon mount the chariot, before Automedon was descended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to Æneas. He terms them both drivers in mockery, because he saw them take the reins one after the other; as if he said, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one single *moment* that makes this image. In reading the poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the point of time in which they speak. Dacier.

The art of Homer, in this whole passage concerning Automedon, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occasion, for so renowned a person as the charioteer of Achilles to signalize his valour.

P

The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
 Then o'er their backs they spread their solid
 shields; 559
 With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
 And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
 Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
 Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;
 In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
 In vain advance! not fated to return. 565

Ver. 559.] Thus Chapman:

————— He granted, and both cast
 Drie *solid* hides upon their neckes.

Ver. 562.] The wrong accent of the latter name is from himself: all his predecessors are correct in this instance. Thus, more exactly:

With them both Chromius and Aretus go,
 In hope to gain the steeds, and slay the foe.

Ver. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
 In vain advance! not fated to return.*]

These beautiful anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus Virgil to Turnus,

“Nescia mens hominum fati.—Turno tempus erit, &c.”

So Tasso, Cant. xii. when Argante had vowed the destruction of Tancred;

“O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
 “Seguir tosto gli effetti a l’alta speme:
 “E cader questi in teneon pari estinto
 “Sotto colui, ch’ei farà già preso, e vinto.”

And Milton makes the like apostrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam before she met the serpent;

————— She to him engag’d
 To be return’d by noon amid the bower,

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
 Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
 Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
 Oh keep the foaming courfers close behind!
 Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow, 570
 For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
 'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
 War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.

Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,
 And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud, 575
 With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
 Turn where distress demands immediate aid;

And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
 Thou never from that hour, in paradise,
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose. P.

Ver. 569.] The sense and spirit of the speech are concentrated by our poet, without a scrupulous attention to the words, with astonishing dexterity.

Ver. 576.] To prevent a misunderstanding, he should have written,

With *Sparta's king*.

Ver. 576.] The general sense is sufficiently preserved in this translation; but as no editor or translator, that I have seen, perceived, in my opinion, the true construction of the passage, I shall subjoin a literal version.

Ajaces! Menelaüs, Græcian chiefs,
 And prime of warriors! leave the vulgar ranks
 To compass dead Patroclus, and defend
 And ward from us, who live, the day of fate.

The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
 And save the living, from a fiercer foe.
 Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage 580
 The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
 Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
 Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the founding javelin flung;
 Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
 It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art; 586
 Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
 As when a pond'rous ax descending full,
 Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
 Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many
 a bound, 590

Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:

Ver. 586.] These words *the young*, are a mere botching interpolation for the sake of the rhyme. I will venture to propose a substitution:

He spake: his arm the well-pois'd javelin sent:
 Straight to Aretus' shield his weapon went.

Ver. 387.] The conclusion of this line is equally gratuitous, and for the same convenience of the rhyme. Thus?

The point, thro' shield and baldric forc'd it's way:
 Deep in the lower belly sunk it lay.

Ver. 589.] A deficiency and two inaccuracies in the version of this *simile*, may be thus adjusted:

As when a pond'rous ax, descending full
 From a youth's sturdy arm, some brawny bull
 Strikes 'twixt the horns, he springs with sudden bound —.

Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow, 595
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd; 601
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice. 605
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;

Ver. 598.] This couplet is eminently beautiful and happy.

Ver. 601.] More accurately,
But, *at his call*, each Ajax interpos'd.

Ver. 608.] A literal translation will shew the licentious innovations of our poet in his version of this passage; innovations, to which the inducement is too obvious:

He spake; and, lifting, in his chariot lays
The blood-stain'd spoils: ascends, smear'd hand and foot,
Like a grim lion from a slaughter'd bull.

Thus Chapman, with fidelity:

— hands and feet, of bloudie staines so full,
That lion-like he lookt, new turn'd, from tearing up a bull.

High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, 610
And o'er his feat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe, 616
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies, 620
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In such a form the Goddess round her drew,
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls. 625

Ver. 612.] Or thus, on account of the faulty rhyme, more closely :

Now Pallas, gliding from th' Olympian height,
O'er dead Patroclus spreads, anew, the fight,
Fierce, toilsome, bloody : come at Jove's command,
His mind now turn'd, to rouse the Græcian band.

Ver. 617.] Thus, in one couplet ?

As when his purple bow the Thunderer forms
In air, sad sign of wars, or shivering storms !

Ver. 625.] With no propriety whatever can *Sparta* singly be allowed to stand for *Menelaus* : and the latter part of the preceding verse is interpolated merely to accommodate the rhyme. 'Thus ?

Approaching, first, in Phœnix' shape confes'd,
With his known voice she Sparta's king address.

And lies Achilles' friend belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!

O chief, oh father! (Atreus' son replies) 630
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear 634
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast, 639
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;

Ver. 628.] More exactly thus:

What shame for thee, what source of future woe?
Be bold, and urge thy squadron on the foe.

Ver. 634.] I would propose the following substitution:

Ah! would Minerva now fresh vigour send,
And from the storm of darts my head defend!

Ver. 636.] Or thus?

But Hector slaughters with a lance of fire;
For Jove's own ardours the bold chief inspire.

Ver. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet, &c.*] It is literally in the Greek, *She inspir'd the hero with the boldness of a fly.* There is

(Bold son of Air and Heat) on angry wings 644
 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
 Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
 And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
 Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name;

no impropriety in the comparison, this animal being of all others the most persevering in its attacks, and the most difficult to be beaten off: the occasion also of the comparison being the resolute persistence of Menelaus about the dead body, renders it still the more just. But our present idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleness and insignificance of this creature. However, since there is really no meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and I have done my best in the translation to keep up the dignity of my author. P.

Our translator, from a taste viciously fastidious, has made a substitution, which destroys the whole effect of the comparison, by attributing the properties of one animal to another not partaking them. I shall give a literal translation of the passage:

He spake: the blue-ey'd goddesses heard well-pleas'd
 His prayer, address'd to her alone; and gave
 Strength to his knees and shoulders: in his breast
 Sent of a fly the perseverance bold,
 Which, from the skin of man repell'd, again
 Assails to bite, from love of human blood:
 Such forward boldness fill'd his manly mind.

In our poet's note, compared with his translation, there is an obscurity and apparent inconsistency, which I cannot unveil or reconcile. It is not unlikely that a *simile* in the Samson Agonistes might lead our translator to this variation; ver. 19:

Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of *hornets* arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging.

With riches honour'd, and with courage blest, 650
 By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
 Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,
 And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
 Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
 Like Phænops, Afius' son, appear'd the God; 655
 (Afius the great, who held his wealthy reign
 In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)

Oh prince (he cry'd) oh foremost once in fame!
 What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
 Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield, 660
 A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
 Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
 He bears victorious, while our army flies.

Ver. 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest.*] Podes the favourite and companion of Hector, being killed on this occasion, seems a parallel circumstance to the death of Achilles's favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage Hector on the like occasion with Achilles. P.

Ver. 652.] Thus Ogilby:

Through's arms and breast the point *a passage found.*

Ver. 653.] After this verse, the following portion of the original is omitted:

but Atreus' son
 Dragg'd from the foes the carcase to his friends.

Ver. 654.] I should prefer, to these rhymes, a couplet with the rhymes of Ogilby:

At Hector's side, like Phænops, Afius' son,
 Phœbus appear'd, and urg'd the warrior on.

Ver. 662.] This is a mistake: Homer says only,

By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
 The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead! 665
 This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
 Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his fable shield.
 That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
 Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670
 Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
 Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
 And blaze beneath the light'nings of the God:
 At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly. 675

Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led:
 For as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head

and now he bears alone
 A carcase from the Trojans:
 meaning that of Podes. But our translator was deceived by Hobbes:
 And vainly now he thinks alone he can
 Bring off *Patroclus' body* from the field:
 or by Dacier: "*Il se retire tranquillement avec le corps de Patrocle:*"
 who seems to have been guided by her predecessor Barbin: "*Pou-*
vez-vous le craindre, et permettre qu'il vous enleve le corps de
Patrocle?"

Ver. 668.] Our translator adds, amplifies, and exaggerates in this passage with luxuriant licentiousness. The subsequent effort exhibits a plain, but full and commensurate, resemblance of the original:

Then Jove his bright fring'd ægis lifts, and shrouds
 The tops of Ida with a veil of clouds:
 The mountain shakes: flash lightnings, thunder rolls;
 Troy triumphs wait; fear chills the Græcian souls.

Ver. 676.] The translation of this passage is inaccurate, as a plain version will best demonstrate:

To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
 And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
 By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain, 680
 Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and raging with the pain,
 Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
 The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
 The brittle point before his corselet yields; 685
 Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
 High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
 The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
 But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
 Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer 690
 Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
 Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
 On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
 Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe; 694
 But the brave 'squire the ready courfers brought,
 And with his life his master's safety bought.

Bœotian Peneleus began the flight;
 A spear had pierc'd his shoulder, as he turn'd
 Incessant, gently grazing to the bone,
 Urg'd by Polydamas approaching near.
 Then Hector, on the wrist smote Leitus,
 Alectryon's son, close smiting; and made cease
 From battle: trembling, round he casts his eyes,
 Nor hopes to wield his lance in fight again.

Ver. 696.] Something better, perhaps, with these slight alterations:

Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
 Prone from the feat he tumbles to the plain;
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein: 700
 This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
 And urges to desert the hopeless war;
 Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heav'n descry'd, 705
 And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
 Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
 To Atreus' feed, the god-like Telamon.

And his *own* life *the* master's safety bought :
 and in verse 693, all misconception of the passage, in which indeed
 there is not the smallest difficulty, might be counteracted by cor-
 recting thus :

On foot fought Merion, and *e'er* now laid low —.

Ver. 700.] Homer says, "*pour'd down* the reins : " I would
 alter, therefore,

His dying hand *lets slip* the falling rein.

Ver. 701.] Our translator is very compendious, with his author
 here : of whom accept this plain resemblance :

These from the ground the hands of Merion take ;
 Who thus his prince Idomeneus bespake :
 Haste, scourge thy steeds, and drive them to the shore ;
 Thou see'st, that Conquest waits on Greece no more :
 The king, appall'd, consents —.

Ver. 707.] No less than *three* improprieties, in so small a com-
 pass, may be superseded by the following substitution :

Then thus began
 To Sparta's warrior prince the god-like man.

Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
 Transfers the glory to the Trojan band? 710
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
 He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
 Not so our spears: incessant tho' they rain,
 He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
 Deserted of the God, yet let us try 715
 What human strength and prudence can supply;
 If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph born,
 May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
 Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
 And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates. 720
 Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear
 The mournful message to Pelides' ear;

Ver. 715.] A languid verse. Better, perhaps, with this trivial substitution,

E'en thus, by heaven deserted, let us try —.

Ver. 717.] The rhyme is imperfect. Thus?

If we returning, while our friends despair,
 May glad their hearts, and off Patroclus bear;
 Our trembling friends, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
 Who still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
 This instant too should some associate go,
 To great Pelides with this tale of woe.

Ver. 721. *Some hero too must be dispatch'd, &c.*] It seems odd that they did not sooner send this message to Achilles; but there is some apology for it from the darkness, and the difficulty of finding a proper person. It was not every body that was proper to send, but one who was a particular friend to Achilles, who might condole

For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
 His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
 But such a chief I spy not thro' the host: 725
 The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
 In gen'ral darkness—Lord of Earth and Air!
 Oh king! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
 Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;
 Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more: 730
 If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
 But let us perish in the face of day!

with him. Such was Antilochus who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary qualification of being *πάδας ὤκυς*. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 731. *If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
 But let us perish in the face of day!]*

This thought has been looked upon as one of the sublimest in Homer. Longinus represents it in this manner: “The thickest darkness had
 “on a sudden covered the Grecian army, and hindered them from
 “fighting: when Ajax not knowing what course to take, cries out,
 “*Oh Jove! disperse this darkness which covers the Greeks, and if we*
 “*must perish, let us perish in the light!* This is a sentiment truly
 “worthy of Ajax, he does not pray for life; that had been
 “unworthy a hero: but because in that darkness he could not
 “employ his valour to any glorious purpose, and vexed to stand
 “idle in the field of battle, he only prays that the day may appear,
 “as being assured of putting an end to it worthy his great heart,
 “though Jupiter himself should happen to oppose his efforts.”

M. l'Abbè Teraſſon (in his dissertation on the Iliad) endeavours to prove that Longinus has misrepresented the whole context and sense of this passage of Homer. The fact (says he) is, that Ajax is in a very different situation in Homer from that wherein Longinus describes him. He has not the least intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out some fit person to send to Achilles; and this

With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
The God relenting; clear'd the clouded air;

darkness hindering him from seeing such a one, is the occasion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as soon as Jupiter had dispersed the cloud, Ajax never falls upon the enemy, but in consequence of his former thought orders Menelaus to look for Antilochus, to dispatch him to Achilles with the news of the death of his friend. Longinus (continues this author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the first citation from Homer which the ancients have quoted wrong. Thus Aristotle attributes to Calypso, the words of Ulysses in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*; and confounds together two passages, one of the second, the other of the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*. [Ethic. ad Nicom. l. ii. c. 9. and l. iii. c. 11.] And thus Cicero ascribed to Agamemnon a long discourse of Ulysses in the second *Iliad*; [De divinatione, l. ii.] and cited as Ajax's, the speech of Hector in the seventh. [See Aul. Gellius, l. xv. c. 6.] One has no cause to wonder at this, since the ancients having Homer almost by heart, were for that very reason the more subject to mistake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may answer, that granting it was partly the occasion of Ajax's prayer to obtain light, in order to send to Achilles, (which he afterwards does) yet the thought which Longinus attributes to him, is very consistent with it; and the last line expresses nothing else but an heroick desire rather to die in the light, than escape with safety in the darkness.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὐαδεν ἔταος.

But indeed the whole speech is only meant to paint the concern and distress of a brave general; the thought of sending a messenger is only a result from that concern and distress, and so but a small circumstance, which cannot be said to occasion the prayer.

Monf. Boileau has translated this passage in two lines;

“Grand Dieu! chasse la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
“Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux.”

And Mr. la Motte yet better in one,

“Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!”

Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray ; 735
 The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
 Now, now, Atrides ! cast around thy fight,
 If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
 Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
 The fatal news ——— Atrides hastes away. 740

But both these (as Dacier very justly observes) are contrary to Homer's sense. He is far from representing Ajax of such a daring impiety, as to bid Jupiter combat against him ; but only makes him asks for light, that if it be his will the Greeks shall perish, they may perish in open day, *Καὶ ὁλίσσον* ——— (says he) that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your assistance* ; for those who are deserted by Jove must perish infallibly. This decorum of Homer ought to have been preserved. P.

Ver. 732.] Our translator, led astray by Dacier, much misrepresents his original, and weakens his force, both in his version of the text and of the passage from Longinus. I would presume to offer this substitution :

Give me to see, and I thy will obey :
 Thy hand may crush me in the face of day.

Hobbes might contribute to mislead him :

O Jove, give us once more a sky serene ;
 Remove this mist that we may see to fight
 Or if to kill the Argives all you mean,
 O Father Jove, yet kill us in the light :

Or Ogilby :

O Jove, these fogs disperse and fable night,
 And (*must we perish*) kill us in the light.

Ver. 735.] A noble couplet, representative of the following verse in his author :

The sun shone forth, and all the war appear'd.

It is possible, that his fancy might improve on a hint in Ogilby :

Jove grants his prayer, and clears the gloomy sphere ;
 The sun breaks forth, the glittering ranks appear.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
 Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,
 Long gall'd by herds-men, and long vex'd by
 hounds,
 Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
 The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
 And the red terrours of the blazing brands: 746
 'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
 Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
 So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place
 With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace; 750
 The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
 And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard these relicks to your charge confign'd,
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
 How skill'd he was in each obliging art; 755
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
 He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
 In death a hero, as in life a friend!

Ver. 756. *The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.*] This is a fine elogium of Patroclus: Homer dwells upon it on purpose, lest Achilles's character should be mistaken; and shews by the praises he bestows here upon goodness, that Achilles's character is not commendable for morality. Achilles's manners, entirely opposite to those of Patroclus, are not morally good; they are only poetically so, that is to say, they are well marked; and discover before-hand what resolutions that hero will take: as hath been at large explained upon Aristotle's Poeticks. Dacier. P.

Ver. 757.] For this couplet his original has only,

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view. 760
 As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
 Then stoops, and fousing on the quiv'ring hare,
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air. 766
 Not with less quickness, his exerted fight
 Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
 'Till on the left the chief he fought, he found;
 Chearing his men, and spreading deaths around.

— now Death and Fate have seiz'd.
 Our translator might receive a hint from Hobbes:
 And how in our defence his blood he shed.

Ver. 764.] This is very lively and ingenious, but destroys in a great measure the propriety and force of the comparison. I shall give a literal translation of it:

Thus spake the prince with auburn locks, and went
 On all sides glancing with an eagle's eye,
 Sharpest of wing'd inhabitants of air,
 Whom from on high the swift hare not escapes,
 Squat in the leafy shrub; but down the bird
 Soufes immediate, grasps, and kills his prey.

Ver. 769.] This close repetition of the *pronoun* with two *monosyllabic verbs* appears inelegant to my taste. I would propose these alterations:

Pierc'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
 'Till on *his* left the *wisb'd-for* chief he found.

Thus Ogilby:

When on the left wing him he quickly *found*
Chearing his squadrons to maintain their ground.

To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw
 near, 771
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear,
 Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
 How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;
 This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore 775
 Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
 Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
 The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
 He too may haste the naked corpse to gain; 779
 The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
 The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;

Ver. 771.] Ogilby renders,

Then to the prince he said: draw nigh and hear
 News I could wish should never pierce thy ear:

After whom I wish Pope had written,

For sadder tidings never *pierc'd* thine ear.

Ver. 780.] Better, perhaps, with a repetition:

The naked corpse, for Hector spoil'd the slain.

Ver. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with silent woe.*] Homer ever represents an excess of grief by a deep horror, silence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of the friend's death: nor could Antilochus have expressed his sorrow in any manner so moving as silence. Eustathius. P.

The *second* epithet in this line is rendered totally superfluous by the following couplet. We might substitute,

The youthful warrior heard with *piercing* woe.

Ver. 782.] Thus Chapman:

His faire eyes standing full of teares:

Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
 What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
 To brave Laodocus his arms he flung, 785
 Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
 Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
 With tear-full eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
 (Tho' fore distressed) to aid the Pylian bands; 790
 But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
 Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

and Dryden, in his *St. Cæcilia* :

And now and then a sigh he stole
 And tears began to flow.

Ver. 784.] A line of Homer is here omitted, to this purport :
 Nor yet neglects the Spartan chief's request :
 which indeed may be easily inferred.

Ver. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung.*] Antilochus leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies; and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight. Eustathius. P.

I would thus correct, more faithful to Homer, *grammar*, and *rhyme* :

To brave Laodocus his arms he gave,
 Who, near him wheeling, his *swift coursers* drove.

Ver. 790.] The ambiguity of this verse may be removed thus, and the form of Homer's phraseology be preserved :

Nor didst thou, Spartan chief! to succour stand
 The wearied struggles of the Pylian band.

Ogilby is tolerable :

Nor couldst thou stay, bold Spartan, to assist
 Thy streightned friends, Antilochus dismiss.

Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
 But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
 Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe, 795
 Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
 'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
 'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain;
 And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
 Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate. 800
 'Tis well (said Ajax) be it then thy care
 With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
 Myself, and my bold brother will sustain
 The shock of Hector and his charging train:
 Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side; 805
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.
 High from the ground the warriors heave the
 dead.

A gen'ral clamour rises at the fight:
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight. 810

Ver. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:*

Unarm'd. ———] This is an ingenious way of making the valour of Achilles appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of Ajax and Menelaus. Dacier. P.

Ver. 797.] More exactly to his author,

In our own counsels all our hopes remain.

Ver. 807.] I should like better,

Have try'd, and stood. Th' undaunted hero said —.

Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
 Voracious hounds, that many a length before
 Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
 But if the savage turns his glaring eye, 815
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins
 show'r:

But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field. 820

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
 To whelm some city under waves of fire; 826

Ver. 819.] More accurately thus:

But, when th' Ajaces turn, their colour goes;
 They stand, and leave the carcase to their foes.

Ver. 822.] Thus? to escape an imperfect rhyme:

The storm of *battle* rages *in the rear*.

Ver. 825, &c.] The heap of images which Homer throws together at the end of this book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning of a city is short, but very lively. That of Ajax alone bringing up the rear-guard, and shielding those that bore the body of Patroclus from the whole Trojan host, gives a prodigious idea of Ajax, and a Homer has often hinted, makes him just second to Achilles.

Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
 The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls, 829
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountains with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;

The image of the beam paints the great stature of Patroclus: that of the hill dividing the stream is noble and natural.

He compares the Ajaces to a boar, for their fierceness and boldness; to a long bank that keeps off the course of the waters, for their standing firm and immoveable in the battle: those that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vast beam through rugged paths, for their laboriousness: the body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: the Trojans to dogs, for their boldness; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: the Greeks to a flight of starlings and jays, for their timorousness and swiftmess. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 827.] We might improve the rhymes by this expedient:

Now sinks the mansion, now the column nods:
 but these are fanciful unauthorized additions; and the luxuriant invention of our translator will appear from a verbal exhibition of the comparison:

Wild as a rushing fire, which on some town
 Bursts instantaneous; from the mighty blaze,
 Rous'd by loud blasts, whole mansions disappear.

He copied Dryden, at Virg. Æn. iv. 964.

Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire;
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their Gods.

Ver. 834.] So Chapman: A beame or mast: for the original is,
 Or beam, or huge ship-timber.

Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill, 835
 Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
 So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains, 840
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
 Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,

Ver. 836.] This significant term was suggested, I presume, by Chapman's conclusion of the preceding *simile*:

———— all the while, a boisterous gust of wind
Lumbring amongst it.

Ver. 838.] This verse is a most happy introduction, in my opinion, to the following comparison: to which purpose the reader may consult a fine observation of Warburton's, on our poet's *second Ethic Epistle*, verse 253. Homer had said only,

———— but behind

Th' Ajaces check the foe.

Ver. 839.] The *plural number* should have been preserved throughout the *simile*, in conformity to his author:

Thus, when *swift rivers*, *swoll'n* with sudden rains —:
 but thus his *three* poetical predecessors, so often mentioned before.

Ver. 841.] Rather,

Some interposing *mound* —.

Ver. 844.] An animated noble verse! His author simply says,
 Illustrious Hector and Anchises' son.

Ver. 845.] Our poet adds, amplifies, and alters. Thus his master:

That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threatens their callow
young.

So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry: 850
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour
lay;

Such horror Jove imprest! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

They, as a cloud of stares or pies rush on
With clamour shrill, a falcon's flight observ'd,
Destructive to the lesser feather'd tribe —.

That thick incessant while the falcon hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow

young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,

Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,

Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour
lay:

Such horrors love impiety! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and fill the battle bleeds.

They, as a cloud of flares or fire rush on
With clamour shrill, a falcon's flight obtrude
Distinctive to the latter's fierce ride —

And, as a cloud of flares or fire rush on
With clamour shrill, a falcon's flight obtrude
Distinctive to the latter's fierce ride —

And, as a cloud of flares or fire rush on
With clamour shrill, a falcon's flight obtrude
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THE ARGUMENT

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY
VULCAN.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to
Achilles by Antichorus, who is bearing his lamentations,
comes with all his companions to comfort him.

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

THE sight of him turns off by the Greeks. The
body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The
Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydorus
discuss the matter, but the advice of the former
prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the grief of
Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Patroclus goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms
for his son. The description of the wonderful works of
Vulcan, and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.
The latter part of the same and interesting day, and the
whole evening, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's
tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace
of Vulcan.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY
VULCAN.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

P.

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Three of a Town in Peace.

1. *A Marriage.*
2. *An Assembly of the People.*
3. *A Senate.*

Three of a Town in War.

4. *Besieged making a Sally.*
5. *Shepherds and their Flocks falling into*
6. *A Combat.*

T H E

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

O F T H E

I L I A D.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:

Ver. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire, &c.*] This phrase is usual in our author, to signify a sharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; such an engagement like a flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns. Eustathius. P.

So Chapman :

They fought still, *like the rage of fire.*

But I would comprise this exordium in an equal compass with the original :

Whilst, like a globe of fire, both armies fought,
Swift Nestor's son the doleful message brought.

And, on the whole, in the simplicity of narrative I should like as well a correction of Ogilby :

Whilst thus both parties fought like raging flame,
Swift Nestor's son to great Achilles came :
Him at his fleet he found, perplex'd in thought,
Presaging *those* events, which *heaven* had wrought.

There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails, 5
 On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
 Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
 Thus to his soul he said. Ah! what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
 Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago 11
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
 (So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
 The bravest of the Myrmidonian band

Ver. 6. *On hoisted yards.*] The epithet ὀρθοεργάων in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail-yards were hoisted up, and Achilles's ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the Greeks; he meant to leave them as soon as Patroclus returned; he still remembered what he told the ambassadors in the ninth book; ver. 360 of the original. *To-morrow you shall see my fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his resolution: this circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character. P.

Ver. 7. *Pensive he sat.*] Homer in this artful manner prepares Achilles for the fatal message, and gives him these forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no less than he expected.

His expressions are suitable to his concern, and delivered confusedly. "I bad him (says he) after he had saved the ships, and
 "repulsed the Trojans, to return back, and not engage himself too
 "far." Here he breaks off, when he should have added; "But
 "he was so unfortunate as to forget my advice." As he is reasoning with himself, Antilochus comes in, which makes him leave the sense imperfect. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 9.] The rhyming word of this verse seems forced. I prefer Ogilby, with a little polish:

*Thus to his soul he said: Ah! why, again
 Flies Greece confus'd, and scatter'd o'er the plain?*

Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree; 15
 Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!
 In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
 And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears. 20
 Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!

Ver. 15. ——— *Fulfill'd is that decree;
 Slain is the warrior, and Patroclus he!*

It may be objected that Achilles seems to contradict what had been said in the foregoing book, that Thetis concealed from her son the death of Patroclus in her prediction. Whereas here he says, that she had foretold he should lose the bravest of the Thessalians. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: and it is still more agreeable to the hasty and inconsiderate temper of Achilles, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine prescience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they must hinder their own accomplishment. P.

Ver. 17.] Thus, more exactly, with Chapman's rhymes:

Tho' warn'd, the fleet once sav'd from hostile fire,
 To shun great Hector, and with speed retire.

Ver. 19.] Somewhat more gracefully, perhaps,

Thus while he *mus'd* —:

but he treads closely in the steps of Chapman:

As thus his troubl'd mind discourst, *Antilochus appear'd*,
And told with teares the sad newes thus.

Ver. 21. *Sad tidings, son of Peleus!*] This speech of Antilochus ought to serve as a model for the brevity with which so dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verses it comprehends the whole affair of the death of Patroclus, the person that killed him, the contest for his body, and his arms in the possession

Dead is Patroclus! For his corse they fight;
His naked corse: his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot thro' all the chief, ²⁵
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;

of his enemy. Besides, it should be observed that grief has so crowded his words, that in these two verses he leaves the verb *ἀμφιμάχονται*, *they fight*, without its nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. Homer observes this brevity upon all the like occasions. The Greek tragick poets have not always imitated this discretion. In great distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a messenger who begins a long story with pathetick descriptions; he speaks without being heard; for the person to whom he addresses himself has no time to attend to him: the first word, which discovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the rest. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 22.] These rhymes too much approximate to the preceding: and, otherwise, that of this verse is inadmissible. Thus?

And wretched I th' *unwelcome* message bear.

Ver. 25. *A sudden horror, &c.*] A modern French writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of Homer and Virgil, in relation to the deaths of Patroclus and of Pallas. The latter is killed by Turnus, as the former by Hector; Turnus triumphs in the spoils of the one, as Hector is clad in the arms of the other; Æneas revenges the death of Pallas by that of Turnus, as Achilles the death of Patroclus by that of Hector. The grief of Achilles in Homer, on the score of Patroclus, is much greater than that of Æneas in Virgil for the sake of Pallas. Achilles gives himself up to despair, with a weakness which Plato could not pardon in him, and which can only be excused on account of the long and close friendship between them: that of Æneas is more discreet, and seems more worthy of a hero. It was not possible that Æneas could be so deeply interested for any man, as Achilles was interested for Patroclus: for Virgil had no colour to kill Ascanius, who was little more than a child; besides that, his hero's interest in the war of Italy was great enough of itself, not to need to be animated by so touching a concern as the fear of losing his son. On the other hand, Achilles having but very little personal concern in the war of Troy (as he had told Agamemnon in the beginning of the poem) and knowing, besides, that he was to perish there; required some very

Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears: 30
 On the hard foil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.

pressing motive to engage him to persist in it, after such disgusts and insults as he had received. It was this which made it necessary for these two great poets to treat a subject so much in its own nature alike, in a manner so different. But as Virgil found it admirable in Homer, he was willing to approach it, as near as the œconomy of his work would permit. P.

Ver. 27. *Cast on the ground, &c.*] This is a fine picture of the grief of Achilles. We see on the one hand, the posture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he snatches the ashes and casts them on his head, according to the manner of those times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his sprinkling embers, instead of ashes, in the violence of his passion.) On the other side, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themselves about him, and answering to his groans: beside him stands Antilochus, fetching deep sighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his despair and rage should cause some desperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image. P.

Ver. 28.] Our poet's epithet *scorching* is very injudicious. The original word *αιθαλοεσσαν*, *fiery*, or *fire-colour'd*, means only to distinguish *the ashes of the hearth* from the common dust of the ground: but Dacier was his guide: "Il prend avec ses deux mains de la cendre encore brûlante:" whom he follows also in his note.

Ver. 29.] Homer styles it "his *nectareous* coat;" that is *rich*, or *odoriferous*: but Dacier renders: "La pourpre de ses habits en est couverte."

Ver. 31.] This couplet is not happily expressive of it's model, which runs literally thus:

The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
 (Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
 Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring
 round, 35
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
 While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
 Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantick woe,
 And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
 With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
 The mother Goddeſs from her crystal throne
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.

Himself in dust lay huge, and spread at length.
 I have nothing better to propose, than the following attempt:
 In the deep sand the wretched mourner lies,
 At large extended, and of largest size.

Ver. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their lord, or in gratitude to the memory of Patroclus, who was remarkable for his goodness and affability; or under these pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and slavery. Eustathius, P.

Ver. 37.] There is but small resemblance of the original in the version here. The reader must excuse the humble efforts of the editor:

Nor mourns not Nestor's son, but copious flow
 His sorrows: yet, while frantic in his woe
 Pelides rag'd, his desperate hand repress,
 And kept the steel from plunging in his breast.

Ver. 41.] Thus Ogilby:
 His mother heard him 'midst her virgin-train,
 In Nereus palace, built beneath *the main*.

The circling Nereids with their mistrefs weep,
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep. 46
 Thalia, Glauce, (ev'ry wat'ry name)
 Nefæa mild, and silver Spio came:
 Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye. 50
 Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
 Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
 Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
 Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
 Next Callianira, Callianassa show 55
 Their sister looks; Dexamene the flow,
 And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
 Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
 Nemertes with Apfeudes lifts the head,
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed; 60
 These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
 Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
 And Amatheia with her amber hair.

Ver. 47.] Most of these names are found in the original without epithet or characteristic circumstance; and the additions which our poet has invented for the purposes of rhyme, are little less than ludicrously burlesque; and much more those of Dryden at Georg. iv. 477.

Ver. 57.] So Chapman:

Thalia, Thoa, Panope, and *swift* Dynamene.

Ver. 63.] Chapman again:

All these, and all that deep in ocean held 65
 Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
 Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,
 'Till Thetis sorrows thus began to flow:

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
 How just a cause has Thetis to complain? 70
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
 Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
 The bravest far that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand 75
 He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him; but the Fates ordain
 He never, never must return again.

Thalia *the faire*,
 Fam'd for the beautie of her eyes; Amathia for her *haire*.

Ver. 65.] The rhymes of this couplet are unpardonably inaccurate. The rhymes recur too soon, or we might substitute,
 These and the rest, that hold the deep domain,
 Croud the bright grotto with their glimmering train.

Ver. 71.] Our poet indulges his fancy in this couplet, for which his author has only,

Ah! wretched me! a hapless parent I!

Ver. 75. *Like some fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This passage, where the mother compares her son to a tender plant, raised and preserved with care; has a most remarkable resemblance to that in the psalms, *Thy children like branches of olive-trees round thy table.* Psalm cxxvii. P.

Ver. 78.] His original says,
 He ne'er must visit *Peleus' dome* again.

So short a space the light of heaven to view,
 So short alas! and fill'd with anguish too. 80
 Hear how his sorrows echo thro' the shore!
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
 I go at least to bear a tender part,
 And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main. 85
 All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
 Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
 While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
 Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. 90
 Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;

Ver. 81.] A line of noble animation and fine fancy, due to the translator only.

Ver. 86.] I have restored the punctuation of the *first* edition, which connects, conformably to the original, the clause at the beginning of this verse with the subsequent *substantive*, instead of the preceding.

Ver. 88.] The *pomp* can scarcely be said with propriety to *divide* what was already *parted* and *open*. Thus?

All bath'd in tears, attends the *sister-train*
In long array. Th' obedient sea divides,
And smooths a passage through his yielding tides.

Ver. 90.] More accurately to his author,
 Where the chief's ships stood rang'd along the strand:
 but our translator was led by Chapman in this circumstance:

They all *ascended, two and two.*

Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began. 94

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The God has granted, and the Greeks distrest:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning—To this cureless grief
Not e'en the Thund'rer's favour brings relief. 100
Patroclus—Ah!—say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load. 106
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:

Ver. 93.] This verse also is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 101.] The rhymes are inaccurate, and the concluding clause of the next verse is unauthorised and unseasonable. I should prefer a correction of Ogilby, as more closely expressive of their original:

*'Tis sadness all! Him lov'd and honour'd most,
Another self, Patroclus have I lost!*

Ver. 105.] Better, perhaps, and with some advantage to fidelity,

Lost are those *radiant* arms the Gods bestow'd—.

Ver. 107.] This, in my opinion, is much too vehement and furious for such excess of sorrow. I should substitute "*Alas!* that day—:" or some mollified equivalent, as more in the spirit of his author.

Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
 Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign; 110
 And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
 E'er the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
 For soon alas! that wretched offspring slain, 115
 New woes, new sorrows shall create again.
 'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
 Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
 Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
 Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart; 120
 On these conditions will I breathe: 'till then,
 I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
 When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die,
 And let me fall! (Achilles made reply) 126

Ver. 100, 125. *The two speeches of Achilles to Thetis.*] It is not possible to imagine more lively and beautiful strokes of nature and passion, than those which our author ascribes to Achilles throughout these admirable speeches. They contain all, that the truest friend, the most tender son, and the most generous hero, could think or express in this delicate and affecting circumstance. He shews his excess of love to his mother, by wishing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than she should have endured so many sufferings on his account: he shews no less love for his friend, in resolving to revenge his death upon Hector, though his own would immediately follow. We see him here ready to meet his fate for the sake of his friend, and in the Odyssey we find him

Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then, since from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away, 130
 Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
 The fate of Hector from Achilles hand;
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
 I live an idle burden to the ground,
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill, 135
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill)

wishing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour against his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encrease of his glory.

After having calmly considered the present state of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himself under it, by a reflection on those great men, whom neither their illustrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could save from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whose business it was in peace to sing their praises, and in war to imitate their actions. Achilles, like a man passionate of glory, takes none but the finest models; he thinks of Hercules, who was the son of Jupiter, and who had filled the universe with the noise of his immortal actions: these are the sentiments of a real hero. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 133.] This disparaging language is altogether injudicious, and beside the purpose and spirit of his author. Rather,

Since here, for *martial prowess* far renown'd—.

Ver. 136.] This verse is a most frigid and unseasonable interpolation of our translator. I would thus adjust and rectify the passage, in compliance with his original:

Since here an idle burden to the ground

I live, for *martial prowess* far renown'd

Above all heroes of the Græcian name,

(*Superiour praise in council others claim*)—.

Let me—but oh! ye gracious Pow'rs above!
 Wrath and revenge from men and Gods re-
 move:

Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste; 140
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
 'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.

Ver. 137. *Let me—but oh! ye gracious pow'rs, &c.*] Achilles's words are these; “Now since I am never to return home, and
 “since I lie here an useless person, losing my best friend, and
 “exposing the Greeks to so many dangers by my own folly; I who
 “am superiour to them all in battle”—Here he breaks off, and
 says—“May contention perish everlastingly, &c.” Achilles leaves
 the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot
 what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end
 it; for he should have said,—“Since I have done all this, I will
 “perish to revenge him:” Nothing can be finer than this sudden
 execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero
 in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superiour to others in
 battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But he is so
 ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation than what he
 undoubtedly merited; confessing at the same time, that many
 exceeded him in speaking: unless one may take this as said in
 contempt of oratory, not unlike that of Virgil,

“Orabunt causas melius,—&c.”

P.

Ver. 139.] The rhymes are insufferable. Thus? more exactly:

Whose pleasing influence human bosoms fills,
 Than honey sweeter that the comb distills.

Ver. 141.] Thus Ogilby:

Sending foul vapours from th' obstructed spleen.

Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend; 145
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
 To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death. 150
 So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear 155
 With frantick hands her long dishevell'd hair?

Ver. 146.] More closely,

Then let the Gods and Jove ordain my end.

Ver. 147.] A portion of vigour, perhaps, will accrue from a trivial alteration:

The stroke of fate *not e'en* the bravest shun.

Ver. 150.] Thus Ogilby:

And so must I fall by *all-conqu'ring* Fate.

Ver. 152.] A flat verse, in my judgement, nor agreeable to his author. I should prefer some regulation of the passage, like the following, with a view to accuracy:

So let Achilles fall, a willing prey!

But first let Glory crown my transient day;

First let me force—.

A verse in Chapman very happily represents his author:

And if such fate expect my life, where death strikes, I will lie.

Ver. 153. *Let me, this instant.*] I shall have time enough for inglorious rest when I am in the grave, but now I must act like a living hero: I shall indeed lie down in death, but at the same time rise higher in glory. Eustathius. P.

Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes!

Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful
charms—

In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my
arms! 160

Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.

My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh)

The host to succour, and thy friends to save, 165
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.

But can'st thou, naked, issue to the plains?

Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.

Ver. 159.] I cannot admire this couplet. Thus?

In vain these fond endearments from the field
Dissuade thy son:—in this he cannot yield:
which, I since observe, are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 162. *That all shall know, Achilles.*] There is a great stress on *ὄντων* and *ἔγω*. They shall soon find that their victories have been owing to the *long absence* of a hero, and that hero Achilles. Upon which the ancients have observed, that since Achilles's anger there past in reality but a few days: to which it may be replied, that so short a time as this might well seem long to Achilles, who thought all unactive hours tedious and insupportable; and if the poet himself had said that Achilles was long absent, he had not said it because a great many days had past, but because so great a variety of incidents had happened in that time. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 164.] A line interpolated by the translator.

Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170
 Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
 Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main, 175
 The Goddesses thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
 I go to find the architect divine,
 Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine: 180

Ver. 169.] The words *on high* for *on his shoulders* are a miserable botch of convenience only. Thus?

Insulting Hector; *doom'd not long to wear,*
He vainly boasts: his hour of fate is near.

Ver. 171.— This promise of Thetis to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he must have done: therefore the interposition of Thetis here was absolutely necessary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*. P.

Ver. 173.] The rhyme fails, and *the glorious load* is an expletive of no great elegance: but, as I have before observed, the disease is more easily detected, than the remedy ascertained.

With glorious arms, thy parent now demands
 From Vulcan, wrought by his immortal hands.

Ver. 178.] I would propose,
 Haste, *with this news* our hoary fire attend:
 and then below, at verse 181.

To gain these arms. This charge the goddess gave.

So tell our hoary fire—This charge she gave:
 The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
 Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
 And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's
 force, 185

Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
 Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
 Safe thro' the tempest to the tented shore.
 The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
 Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind; 190
 And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
 The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.

Ver. 183.] Thus? more exactly:

Bent on her charge, the silver-footed dame
 To high Olympus' star-crown'd summit came.

Ver. 189.] The rhyme may be thus improved:

The horse, the foot, in equal *rage combin'd*—.

Ver. 191.] This *simile* is from Ovid in Sappho's epistle to
 Phaon: where our poet has thus translated:

I burn, I burn, as when *thro' ripen'd corn*
 By driving winds the spreading *flames* are *borne*.

Homer says only,

And Hector, Priam's son, like flame in force.

Besides, if we wish our poetry and language to attain a proper
 discrimination, *born*, or produced, is a good rhyme in this
 connection, but not *borne*, or carried. Thus?

With them great Hector, like a spreading flame,
 Swift thro' the van with strength impetuous came.

Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;
 Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew :
 As oft' th' Ajaces his assault sustain ; 195
 But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again.
 With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
 Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires ;
 So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
 The hungry lion from a carcase slain. 200
 Ev'n yet, Patroclus had he borne away,
 And all the glories of th' extended day ;
 Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
 Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
 The various Goddesses of the show'ry bow, 205
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;

Ver. 194.] More closely,

Thrice through the ranks his chearing clamours threw :
 and for this *metaphor* the learned may consult my note on the
 Philoctetes of Sophocles, ver. 1445.

Ver. 200.] Here *two* verses of his master, as of course inferred,
 our poet takes the liberty of omitting, but I think unadvisedly.
 By substituting above "*As watchful shepherds*"—the following
 couplet might have place :

So strive in vain these warriors bold to force

Th' unwearied Trojan from Patroclus' corse.

E'en yet *these relics* had he borne away—.

Ver. 203.] A rhyme not accurate, and censured before. Thus?

Had not *imperial* Juno's *anxious care*

Dispatcht a *message thro'* the realms of air,

Unknown to Jove. The Goddesses of the bow—.

Ver. 205.] Originally, "*painted bow.*" Dryden *Æn.* ver. 787 :

And sends *the Goddesses of the various bow.*

To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.

Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save: 210
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends;
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie, 215
And marks the place to fix his head on high.

Rise, and prevent (if yet thou think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!

Who sends thee, Goddess! from th' etherial
skies?

Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies. 220

I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.

Ver. 209.] More conformably to his author thus:

Rise, son of Peleus! *formidably* brave!

Ver. 219. *Who sends thee, Goddess, &c.*] Achilles is amazed, that a moment after the goddess, his mother, had forbid him fighting, he should receive a contrary order from the Gods: therefore he asks what God sent her? Dacier. P.

Ver. 223.] This short speech is executed with inimitable ingenuity and taste: but is susceptible, perhaps, of a small improvement, which removes an unauthorised idea, and restores the truth:

Unknown to him who sits *supreme* on high.

Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury
warm'd) 225

Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
'Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms. What other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield? 230

Ver. 225.] The parenthesis is an unhappy insertion, and without authority. A correction of Ogilby is preferable ;

How shall I go, said he, 'midst loud alarms
And bloody conflicts, *unsecured* by arms?

Ver. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected against Homer, that since Patroclus took Achilles's armour, Achilles could not want arms since he had those of Patroclus; but (besides that Patroclus might have given this armour to his squire Automedon, the better to deceive the Trojans by making them take Automedon for Patroclus, as they took Patroclus for Achilles) this objection may be very solidly answered by saying that Homer has prevented it, since he made Achilles's armour fit Patroclus's body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore it does not follow, that because the armour of a large man fits one that is smaller, the armour of a little man should fit one that is larger. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 227.] A dull creeping line. Thus?

Inactive here by strict command I stay—.

Ver. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian shield.*] Achilles seems not to have been of so large a stature as Ajax: yet his shield it is likely might be fit enough for him, because his great strength was sufficient to wield it. This passage, I think, might have been made use of by the defenders of the shield of Achilles against the criticks, to shew that Homer intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would think he put it into this place, just a little before the description of that shield, on purpose to obviate that objection. P.

That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
 While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
 The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
 And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
 But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go! 236
 Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear;
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:

Ver. 231.] Rather, as more consonant to his author,
 That, *for* my friend, *I trust*, has Ajax spread—.

Ver. 233.] *Two* pleasing verses, but wholly superadded without authority by our translator.

Ver. 236. *But tho' unarm'd.*] A hero so violent and so outrageous as Achilles, and who had but just lost the man he loved best in the world, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the enemy, for the single reason of having no armour. Grief and despair in a great soul are not so prudent and reserved; but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself into the midst of so many enemies armed and flushed with victory. Homer gets out of this nice circumstance with great dexterity, and gives to Achilles's character every thing he ought to give to it, without offending either against reason or probability. He judiciously feigns, that Juno sent this order to Achilles, for Juno is the Goddess of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inspires them with the sense of what they owe to their dignity and character. Dacier. P.

Ver. 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater instance, how constantly Homer carried his whole design in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raises one great idea upon another, to the highest sublime, than this passage of Achilles's appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the Trojans have the victory, they check their pursuit of it with the thought that *Achilles sees them*: in the sixteenth, they are put into the utmost consternation

Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 240

She spoke, and past in air. The hero rose;
Her Ægis, Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleagur'd town arise 245
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies;
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distressed hang out the sign of war)

at the sight of his armour and chariot: in the seventeenth, Menelaus and Ajax are in despair, on the consideration that Achilles cannot succour them for want of armour: in the present book, beyond all expectation he does but shew himself unarmed, and the very sight of him gives the victory to Greece! How extremely noble is this gradation! P.

Ver 238.] He should have put the assertion *hypothetically*, after his author, Chapman, and Dacier:

Proud Troy *may* tremble.

Ver. 241.] Our poet had his eye on Ogilby, who is somewhat more accurate, and may be read with pleasure, trivially corrected:

This said, she *vanisht*: straight Achilles rose;

Her *ægis* Pallas o'er his shoulders throws;

A *sable* cloud around his temples roll'd,

Edg'd with bright fire, and purl'd with flaming gold.

Ver. 246. *The smokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but smoke, and in the night flames are visible because of the darkness. And thus it is said in Exodus, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of smoke, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier. P.

Ver. 247. *Seen from some island.*] Homer makes choice of a town placed in an island, because such a place being besieged has no

Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays, 249
 Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
 With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
 And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
 So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
 Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the
 croud, 255

High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
 With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
 Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far 259
 With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,

other means of making its distress known than by signals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the necessity it is in. Dacier. P.

Ver. 252.] After this verse our poet omits a thought of his author, which Ogilby corrected will sufficiently supply:

If *chance* the neighbouring isles their state may know,
 And send their ships to save them from the foe.

Ver. 254.] Another omission of our poet I would venture to supply in this place also:

Forth marcht the chief: but Thetis' strict commands
 Observ'd, nor mingled with the Græcian bands.
 Close by the wall at distance from the croud—.

Ver. 257.] The following attempt more faithfully represents the original:

Minerva joins her voice: the Trojans hear;
 Each heart confusion seiz'd, and nerveless fear.

Ver. 259. *As the loud trumpet's, &c.*] I have already observed, that when the poet speaks as from himself, he may be allowed to

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
 Hosts drop their arms, and tremble as they heard;
 And back the chariots roll, and courfers bound, 265
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
 Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
 And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.

take his comparisons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows the comparison from the *trumpet*, as he has elsewhere done from *saddle-horses*, though neither one nor the other were used in Greece at the time of the Trojan war. Virgil was less exact in this respect, for he describes the trumpet as used in the sacking of Troy:

“Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.”

And celebrates Misenus as the trumpeter of Æneas. But as Virgil wrote at a time more remote from those heroick ages, perhaps this liberty may be excused. But a poet may better confine himself to customs and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they are unacquainted.

One may add an observation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in use at that time, makes very much for Homer's purpose in this place. The terrour raised by the voice of this hero, is much the more strongly imaged by a sound that was unusual, and capable of striking more from its very novelty. P.

Ver. 261.] An interpolated distich by the translator, for the purpose of correspondence with the latter clause of ver. 259, an interpolation also.

Ver. 266.] A fanciful exaggeration of our countryman; and in some degree inconsistent with the specification in ver. 271.

Ver. 268.] The remaining sense of his author may be thus imperfectly supplied:

Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd. 270
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:
 While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
 The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears: 275
 Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
 But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead:
 Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car,
 He sent refulgent to the field of war; 280
 (Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
 Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping
 wound.

Meantime, unweary'd with his heav'nly way,
 In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day

That heav'n-enkindled, formidable beam,
 Which pour'd it's radiance with incessant stream.

Ver. 271.] More exactly thus:

Twelve *warriours of prime worth, tumultuous*, rush'd—.

Ver. 279.] Better, I think,

Whom late *in triumph*—:

to prevent too great sameness of termination in the pauses with those of the succeeding verse. But our translator has amplified too much. There is a wonderful simplicity and pathos in the *two* concluding verses of this paragraph in the original; of which my version will convey but a feeble representation to the reader:

Whom to the war his steeds and chariot bore:
 To war they carried, but brought back no more!

Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
 And from their labours eas'd th'Achaian band. 286
 The frightened Trojans (panting from the war,
 Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car)
 A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
 In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd. 290
 'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;
 They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
 Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
 The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears; 295
 (The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
 The self-same night to both a being gave,
 One wise in council, one in action brave.)

Ver. 287.] Thus correctly:

*Tasteless of food, the Trojans (from the car
 Their steeds unharnes'd, weary with the war.)*

Ver. 291.] Little or no resemblance to the original can be discovered here. The following attempt has fidelity alone to recommend it:

Such trembling caus'd the formidable fight
 Of Peleus' son, so long unknown to fight:

or thus:

Such terrors had Achilles' form impress'd,
 So long unseen in fight! on every breast.

Ver. 294.] Our poet follows Chapman:

Polydamas began to speake, who onely could *discerne*
Things future by things past:

for their original has,

Who saw alone things future and things past.

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
 For me, I move, before the morning break, 300
 To raise our camp: too dang'rous here our post,
 Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
 I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
 In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail. 306
 I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
 Contending nations won and lost the day; 310
 For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
 Haste then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
 Detains those terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
 If but the morrow's sun behold us here, 315
 That arm, those terrours, we shall feel, not fear;

Ver. 312.] An excellent verse, and in unison with the spirit of the passage, but an addition from the ingenuity of our translator; who displays a skill worthy of him in his version of this speech.

Ver. 314.] I should have liked better, as more fluent and simple,
 Detains *the* terrors of that arm from fight.

Ver. 315. *If but the morrow's sun, &c.*] Polydamas says in the original, "If Achilles comes to-morrow *in his armour*." There seems to lie an objection against this passage, for Polydamas knew that Achilles's armour was won by Hector, he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
 If heav'n permit them then to enter Troy.
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought and reason can supply;
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.

resolved to defend Homer, may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy; but to me this seems to be a slip of our author's memory, and one of those little *nods* which Horace speaks of. P.

Ogilby's couplet, with slight amendment, is not amiss:

*Dare we await his fury 'till the day,
 What arm shall then th' impetuous torrent stay?*

And in reply to our poet's objection, we may readily suppose, that Achilles from his spoils and stores might furnish himself with armour, which would satisfy an emergency: or we may interpret the phrase in the original *with arms*, as intending all his *armed force*, the whole body of his Myrmidons, more formidable by his personal command.

Ver. 321.] His author has nothing like this. I would adjust the passage in the following manner:

*Obeys: good counsel may recruit our powers;
 Our town secure her bulwarks and her towers.
 When morning dawns, shall each well-order'd band,
 Array'd in armour, on our ramparts stand.*

The original runs literally thus:

*If ye, tho' press'd with cares, obey my words,
 This night's deliberations strength may give;
 But towers and lofty gates, with battlements
 Long, well-compact, will protect our town,
 Along the towers will we at early dawn
 Arrange ourselves in arms.*

When morning dawns, our well-appointed
 pow'rs, 325
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
 Let the fierce hero then, when Fury calls,
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
 'Till his spent courfers seek the fleet again: 330
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And dogs shall tear him, e'er he sack the town.

Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
 What coop whole armies in our walls again?

Ver. 325. Thus Chapman:

———— And in the morne, all arm'd upon our *towers*,
 We all will stand out to our foe. 'Twill trouble all his *powres*,
 To come from fleet, and give us charge.

Ver. 331.] Not worse, perhaps, with this alteration:

So may his *fiercest* rage be labour'd down.

Ver. 333. *The speech of Hector.*] Hector in this severe answer to Polydamas, takes up several of his words and turns them another way.

Polydamas had said, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἡοίοις (ὦν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες) ἐπιστόμεθα
 ἐν πόλει, “To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, and
 “defend the castles and city walls;” to which Hector replies, Πρωὶ
 δ' ὑπ' ἡοίοις (ὦν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες) Νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἐσείρομεν ὅζον
 Ἄρηα, “To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, not to
 “defend ourselves at home, but to fight the *Greeks* before their own
 “ships.”

Polydamas, speaking of Achilles, had said, τῷ δ' ἄλκιον αἶψ' ἐθέλησιν,
 ὅς. “If he comes after we are in the walls of our city, it will be
 “the worse for him, for he may drive round the city long enough
 “before he can hurt us.” To which Hector answers, If Achilles

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say, 335
 Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?
 Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
 For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
 The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy, 341
 And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.

should come "Ἀλῖον, αἰὲν ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται· ἔμιν ἔγωγε Φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, ἔτι." "It will be the worse for him as you say, because I'll fight him:" ἔμιν ἔγωγε Φεύξομαι, says Hector, in reply to Polydamas's saying, ὅς κε φύγη. But Hector is not so far gone in passion or pride, as to forget himself; and accordingly in the next lines he modestly puts it in doubt, which of them shall conquer. Eustathius.

Ver. 335.] I could not allow this colloquial abbreviation even in dialogue; thus?

*Suffice not then, ye valiant warriors say,
 Nine year, that in those towers penn'd up ye lay?*

Ver 336.] This strong term was supplied by Chapman:

————— that argue for retreat,
 To Troy's old prison.

Ver. 337.] Thus Ogilby:

*We through the world admired were of old
 For vaster banks of silver, brass, and gold.*

Ver. 340. *Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd.*] As well by reason of the convoys, which were necessarily to be sent for with ready Money; as by reason of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from Phrygia and Mæonia. Hector's meaning is, that since all the riches of Troy are exhausted, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their walls. Dacier. P.

More fully,

Check'd by Jove's wrath, her wealth and stores decay'd.

Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
 And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
 Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite? 345
 Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
 To better counsel then attention lend;
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
 If there be one whose riches cost him care,
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to
 share; 350
 'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
 Soon as the morn the purple Orient warms,
 Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
 If great Achilles rise in all his might, 355
 His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
 Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
 And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!

Ver. 349. *If there be one, &c.*] This noble and generous proposal is worthy of Hector, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the soldiers. Eustathius farther observes that it is said with an eye to Polydamas, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other reason than to preserve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the desire of saving them has often occasioned men to give advice very contrary to the publick welfare. P.

Thus Ogilby, who partly follows Chapman:

If any too solicitous takes care,

Of his got wealth, let his companions share:

Ver. 353.] In the first edition, "*rosie Orient.*"

Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft' the victor triumphs, but to fall. 360

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the Many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long Night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train, 366
Stern in superiour grief Pelides stood;
Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,

Ver. 359.] So Chapman renders:

———— and give, or take: *Mars is our common Lord:*

But there is a languor in Pope's verse, and a want of elevation, to my judgement. I know not, if my alteration be of any service to it:

Mars is alike *th' impartial* lord of all.

Ver. 361.] The rhymes are vicious. I prefer a couplet with those of Ogilby:

His speech the foolish throng with shouts receiv'd;
Pallas their minds of wisdom had bereav'd.

Ver. 363.] Our translator is concise, but omits nothing essential. The following attempt is a literal representation of the original:

Hector's injurious counsel all commend,
But none Polydamas, who counsel'd well:
Then each his supper took.

Ver. 368.] The phraseology seems prosaic to my taste:

Those slaughtering arms, so *frequent bath'd* in blood:
for our best authors, and, I think, with reason, employ occasionally the *adjective* in this close connection with the *verb* as an *adverb*, after the practice of the Greeks and Romans.

Now clasp his clay-cold limbs : then gushing start
 The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
 The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung, 371
 Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young;
 When the grim savage, to his rifled den
 Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
 And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds; 375
 His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
 So grieves Achilles; and impetuous, vents
 To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage,
 When to console Menœtius' feeble age, 380

Ver. 376.] This thought is interpolated without authority from Homer, and engrafted on our poet's translation from Chapman :

———— Many a vale resounding his disdain.

Ver. 377.] I appear to discover a clumsiness and vulgarity in this distich, that incline me to submit a new representation to the reader :

Achilles' bosom rend such piercing woes;
 While thus in sobs and plaints his grief o'erflows.

Ver. 379. *In what vain promise.*] The lamentation of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is exquisitely touched : it is sorrow in extreme, but it is the sorrow of Achilles. It is nobly ushered in by that simile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully answered in the savage and bloody conclusion of this Speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that Achilles did not know his fate, till after his departure from Opuntium; and yet how does that agree with what is said of his choice of the short and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himself

I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
 Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
 But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
 The long, long views of poor, designing man!
 One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike, 385
 And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
 Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,
 An aged father never see me more!
 Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390
 E'er thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
 Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
 And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire; 395
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.

sometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from several other passages, and is indeed the most natural solution. P.

Ver. 383.] The rhyme is not perfect, and the conclusion of this verse is an incoherent appendage, for convenience only. Thus?

But sovereign Jove marrs each presumptuous plan,
 And clouds the views of weak designing man.

Ver. 388.] Surely there is a prosaic imbecillity in this line. Better thus, perhaps, with simple variation:

An aged father see *his son* no more!

Ver. 390.] A verse, tenderly pathetic, and of consummate elegance!

Ver. 395.] This line was thus written in the *first* edition, not so well:

Slain by this hand, sad sacrifice! expire.

Thus let me lie 'till then! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
 While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day: 400
 Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waisting wide,
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd
 wound.

But the rhymes are inadmissible, and came from Ogilby :

And twelve more noble Trojans shall *expire*,
 To please thy Manes, on thy funeral *pyre* :

from whom I would thus correct our poet :

Their lives effus'd around thy *funeral fire*.

Ver. 397.] We must regret that this tender couplet misrepresents his author, in consequence of Chapman's previous mistake, or rather our translator's misapprehension of him. Let the reader judge:

In meane time, by our crooked sternes, lye drawing tears
 from me.

It is hazardous to attempt a substitution ; but the reader's gratification only is intended, and no struggle of competition :

Mean time, lov'd corse! thus unentomb'd remain;

Whilst round a Trojan and a Dardan train

Of long-robed females steep the night in tears,

Nor cease their wailings when the morn appears:

or thus :

Of full-robed females weep the live-long night,

Nor cease their wailings with the dawn of light.

Ver. 404. *Cleanse the pale corse, &c.*] This custom of washing the dead, is continued among the Greeks to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the nearest friend or relation, to see it

A maffy caldron of ftupendous frame 405
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rifing flame:
 Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
 Beneath the vafe, and climbs around the fides:
 In its wide womb they pour the rufhing ftream;
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim. 410
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
 High on a bed of ftate extended laid,
 And decent cover'd with a linen fhade; 414
 Laft o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
 That done, their forrows and their fighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
 (His wife and fifter) fpoke almighty Jove.

washed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with
 linen exactly in the manner here related. P.

The fame custom prevailed among the Jews: fee Acts of the
 Apoftles, ix. 37. the Greeks, fee Plato's Phædon, feft. 63. and
 Fofter's note on the place: the Romans, fee Ennius's fragments,
 p. 54. collected by Heffelius, and the notes there.

Ver. 409.] The rhymes are bad, but the couplet is not eafily
 mended. I fhall make an effort, and trust the candour of the
 reader:

A chryftal ftream it's ample womb fupplies:
 The bubbling waters to the fummit rife.

Ver. 416.] Our poet is too brief with his author. I fhall
 endeavour to remedy the defect by an additional couplet:

His troops all night, round fad Achilles, moan
 The honour'd corfe, and answer groan for groan.

Ver. 417. *Jupiter and Jnuo.*] Virgil has copied the fpeech
 of Juno to Jupiter. *Aft ego quæ divum incedo regina, &c.* But it is

At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son 419
 Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
 Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
 And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,
 While anger flash'd from her majestick eyes)
 Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, 425
 And such success mere human wit attend:
 And shall not I, the second pow'r above,
 Heav'n's Queen, and consort of the thund'ring
 Jove,
 Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command, 429
 Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

exceeding remarkable, that Homer should upon every occasion make marriage and discord inseparable: it is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the husband and wife in a quarrel. P.

Our lively commentator should have added: "When he speaks
 "of Jupiter and Juno; but in no other instance."

Ver. 421.] This is not consonant to the spirit of his original.
 Thus?

*This Argive race must, doubtless, be divine;
 And thou the mother of the glorious line.*

Ver. 423.] Our poet amplifies, and improperly, I think, in
 this parenthesis: his author says only, as usual,

Thus reverend Juno with majestic eyes:
 but Chapman has a similar addition, unseasonable here:

———— She *incens'd*, askt, why, he still was tanting her:

Ver. 428.] Thus, more accurately:

Heav'n's queen, and consort of *all-ruling* Jove.

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
 Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
 High-eminent amid the works divine,
 Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions
 shine.

There the lame architect the goddess found, 435
 Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
 And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
 That day no common task his labour claim'd:
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440

Ver. 431.] The sense of his author may be thus included without omission :

So they ; mean while to *Vulcan's palace came,*
Rais'd by himself, the silver-footed dame :
Deathless, conspicuous 'midst the works divine.

Ver. 438.] Or thus :
 Loud *pufft the god,* and loud the bellows blew.

Ver. 439.] That ambiguity, so common in our language and so very difficult on many occasions to avoid, may be thus escaped in this place :

His *toils,* that day, no common *duty claims ;*
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he *frames :*
All, plac'd—.

Ver. 440. *Full twenty tripods.*] Tripods were Vessels supported on three feet, with handles on the sides ; they were of several kinds and for several uses ; some were consecrated to sacrifices, some used as tables, some as seats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houses or temples ; these of Vulcan have an addition of wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Monf. Dacier has commented very well on this

That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd

passage. If Vulcan (says he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not answered the greatness, power and skill of a God. It was therefore necessary that this work should be above that of men: to effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this Homer doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully persuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than these, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been said of the statues of Dædalus? Plato writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got loose, and rush from their master. If a writer in prose can speak hyperbolically of a man, may not Homer do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumstance with which Homer has embellished his poem, would have had nothing too surprising though these tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock work by an exact management of springs? This criticism is then ill-grounded, and Homer does not deserve the ridicule they would cast on him.

The same author applies to this passage of Homer that rule of Aristotle, Poetic. chap. xxvi. which deserves to be alledged at large on this occasion.

“ When a poet is accused of saying any thing that is impossible,
“ we must examine that impossibility, either with respect to *poetry*,
“ with respect to that which is *best*, or with respect to *common fame*.
“ First, with regard to *poetry*. The *probable impossible* ought to be
“ preferred to the *possible which hath no verisimilitude*, and which
“ would not be believed; and it is thus that Zeuxis painted his
“ pieces. Secondly, with respect to that which is *best*, we see that
“ a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that
“ the originals ought always to surpass. Lastly, in respect to
“ *fame*, it is proved that the poet need only follow a common
“ opinion. All that appears absurd may be also justified by one of
“ these three ways; or else by the maxim we have already laid down,
“ that it is probable, that a great many things may happen against
“ probability.”

A late critick has taken notice of the conformity of this passage of Homer with that in the first chapter of *Ezekiel*, *The spirit of the*

From place to place, around the blest abodes,
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
 For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with
 flow'rs, 445

In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
 Just as responsive to his thought, the frame
 Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
 Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
 Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,
 And smiling, thus the wat'ry queen address'd.

What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
 All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:

*living creature was in the wheels: when those went, these went;
 and when those stood, these stood; and when those were lifted up, the
 wheels were lifted up over against them; for the spirit of the living
 creature was in the wheels.* P.

Ver. 442.] This fine expression is from *Milton*, *Par. Lost*. vi.
 752. who, doubtless, had this passage of *Homer* also in his memory:

—— forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of paternal deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit.

And our translator has conferred considerable animation into this
 curious description of his master.

Ver. 453.] Or thus? somewhat more correctly:

Dear, noble Goddess! hail whatever cause
 Thy step unfrequent to our mansion draws.
 Advance, and see what cheer our stores afford;
 Nor blush to taste our hospitable board.

But our poet profited by *Ogilby*:

Approach, and taste our hospitable store.

'Till now a stranger, in a happy hour, 455
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen she plac'd;
A footstool at her feet: then calling, said,
Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid. 460

Ver. 459. *A footstool at her feet.*] It is at this day the usual honour paid among the Greeks, to visitors of superiour quality, to set them higher than the rest of the company, and put a footstool under their feet. See note on ver. 179. book xiv. This, with innumerable other customs, are still preserved in the eastern nations. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Then hasting to her spouse to him thus *said*:
Thetis is here, who wants thy speedy *aid*.

Ver. 460. *Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.*] The story the ancients tell of Plato's application of this verse, is worth observing. That great philosopher had in his youth a strong inclination to poetry, and not being satisfied to compose little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epick poetry; but the success was not answerable to his hopes: he compared his performance with that of Homer, and was very sensible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a sort of writing wherein at best he could only be the second, and turned his views to another, wherein he despaired not to become the first. His anger transported him so far, as to cast all his verses into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verse of the very poet who had caused his chagrin. It was the present line, which Homer has put into the mouth of Charis, when Thetis demands arms for Achilles;

Ἡφαιστε, πρόμολ' ὦδε, Θέτις νύ τι ζείῳ χαλίζει.

Plato only inserted his own name instead of that of Thetis.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis Plato asks your aid.

If we credit the ancients, it was the discontentment his own poetry gave him, that raised in him all the indignation he afterwards

Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!

expressed against the art itself. In which, (say they) he behaved like those lovers, who speak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon. P.

Ver. 461. *Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim, &c.]* Vulcan throws by his work to perform Thetis's request, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude should take place of all other concerns.

The motives which should engage a God in a new work in the night-time upon a suit of armour for a mortal, ought to be strong: and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: besides, they afford at the same time a noble occasion for Homer to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of Vulcan, or fire (according to Heraclides) is this. His father is Jupiter, or the Æther, his mother Juno, or the Air, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightening, or otherwise. He is said to be lame, that is, to want support, because he cannot subsist without the continual subsistence of fuel. The æthereal fire Homer calls Sol or Jupiter, the inferiour Vulcan; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is subject to decay, and is restored by accession of materials. Vulcan is said to fall from heaven, because at first, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not so frequent, men prepared instruments of brass, by which they collected the beams of the sun; or else they gained it from accidental lightening, that set fire to some combustible matter. Vulcan had perished when he fell from heaven, unless Thetis and Eurynome had received him; that is, unless he had been preserved by falling into some convenient receptacle, or subterranean place; and so was afterwards distributed for the common necessities of mankind. To understand these strange explications, it must be known that Thetis is derived from *τίθημι* to lay up, and Eurynome from *εὐρύς* and *νομή*, a wide distribution. They are all called daughters of the ocean, because the vapours and exhalations of the sea forming themselves into clouds, find nourishment for lightnings. P.

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
 (My aukward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
 She, and Eurynome, my griefs redrest, 465
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
 Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I
 wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
 Secure I lay conceal'd from man and God. 470
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
 Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
 For such desert what service can I pay?

Ver. 463.] So Chapman :

————— by want of shame
 In *my proud mother* :
 Homer says only, “ *My shameless mother.*”

Ver. 466.] This is scarcely satisfactory, and is borrowed from Chapman :

————— and then, had I bene much distrest,
 Had Thetis and Eurynome, in either's *silver breast*
 Not rescu'd me.
 Might the passage be adjusted thus? with advantage to fidelity :
She, when my mother hurl'd me from the sky
 (My aukward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
 And *Ocean's child* Eurynome, my *woe*
Sooth'd in the bosom of their bowers below.

Ver. 472.] Somewhat more precisely :

The *foaming* Ocean floated o'er my head.
 This speech is finely executed by our inimitable artist.

Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share 475
 The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
 While I the labours of the forge forego,
 And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
 Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes, 480
 And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
 Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
 Then with a sponge the footy workman drest
 His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
 With his huge scepter grac'd, and red attire, 485
 Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire:

Ver. 479.] Thus Ogilby :

This said, the God straight from his anvil *rose*,
 And thence with shrunk-up sinews limping *goes*.

But the language of our translator is in some respects unfaithful, and in others, too degrading for his author:

Then the *black monster* from his anvil rose;
Limps, and his *ankles labour* as he goes :
 The bellows stills, and in *a chest apart*
 The tools deposits *of his curious art*.

Ver. 483.] Our translator treads in the steps of Chapman :

Then with a sponge he drest
 His face all over, necke and hands, and all his *hairie breast* :
 Put on his cote, his scepter tooke, and then went *halting forth*.

Ver. 485.] The epithet *red* is a frivolous addition to eke out the verse. As well, perhaps, in literal simplicity :

Takes his huge sceptre, *puts on his attire*.

Ver. 486.] This also is from Chapman below :

and these still waited on
 Their *fierie sovereigne*.

The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
 That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
 To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n
 Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n!)
 On these supported, with unequal gait, 491
 He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sat;

Ver. 487.] I find no authority in the original for this limitation, nor in any of our poet's predecessors, now before me, except Dacier, who has: "*Deux belles esclaves, toutes d'or.*" Ogilby's verse is good:

On him a train of golden virgins wait.

Ver. 488. ————— *two female forms,*
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]

It is very probable that Homer took the idea of these from the statues of Dædalus, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it should seem, that the excellency of Dædalus consisted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by springs, rather than in sculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himself and his son, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former. P.

Our poet is mistaken in his criticism. The state of the case is simply this. *Statues*, before the time of Dædalus, were of the most clumsy workmanship: trunks without arms, or those arms adhering to the body; legs altogether shapeless, in one mass, and without the least divarication. He was the first artist, who detach'd the arms and legs from the body, and gave attitude to his figures: hence they were fabled, by a lively and poetical *hyperbole*, to *live and move*. Various passages of the ancients might be adduced in confirmation of these remarks, and several explained on this principle; but this is not the place for philological disquisitions of such complexion.

Ver. 489.] More fully to his author thus:

To whom was sense, voice, *vigour*, science given—.

There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls,
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls? 496
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
Oh Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine 501
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race, 505
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Ver. 497.] The Greek runs thus:

Come, speak thy thoughts: my mind inclines to do
What my power can, if rightful to be done:

so that our poet rather translates the parallel passage of Virgil,
Æn. i. 80:

—————tuus O! regina, quid optes

Explorare labor; mihi iussa capeßere fas est:

where Ogilby thus renders:

—————'Tis thy part to enjoin

Commands, great queen, but to obey, is mine.

Ver. 502.] The latter part of this verse seems, to my taste,
stiff and forced; the gaping vowel is also of an unpleasant form,
and the *metaphor* is not kept entire. Thus?

Transfix'd with sorrow's piercing darts, like mine?

Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
 The bravest sure that ever bore the name; 510
 Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
 Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
 (Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
 Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow! 516
 Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian suffrage gave,
 The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
 For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks oppress'd
 Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd. 520
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
 In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend

Ver. 517. *Robb'd of the prize, &c.*] Thetis to compass her design, recounts every thing to the advantage of her son; she therefore suppresses the episode of the embassy, the prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the Greeks had suffered after the return of the ambassadors; and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had followed each other in the same moment. He declined, says she, to succour the Greeks, but he sent Patroclus. Now between his refusing to help the Greeks, and his sending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending Vulcan with the recital of Achilles's inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an aversion to her son. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 522.] Our poet is concise with his author, who literally runs thus:

Still he refus'd to ward the danger off;
 But soon Patroclus in his arms invests,
 Sends to the fight, and numerous legions gives.

His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;
 He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy:
 Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame. 526
 But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
 Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,
 To shine with glory, till he shines no more! 530
 To her the artist-god. Thy griefs resign,
 Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

Close by the Scæan gates all day they fought;
 And Troy had ravag'd, but Menœtius' son
 In full career of slaughter, in the van
 Apollo slew, and Hector reapt the praise.

Ver. 525. *Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name).*] It is a passage worth taking notice of, that Brutus is said to have consulted the Sortes Homericæ, and to have drawn one of these lines, wherein the death of Patroclus is ascribed to Apollo: after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by some of the antients, though I forget where I met with it. P.

Ver. 527.] The translation is beautiful, but not observant of it's pattern, which may be thus represented to the English reader:

Now, would'st thou hear me! at thy knees I beg
 A shield and helmet for my short-liv'd son,
 And, neatly join'd with clasps, refulgent greaves,
 With breast-plate: his lov'd friend, by Trojans slain,
 Of arms was stripp'd; and grief o'erwhelms my son.

Ver. 529.] A substitution of a little word would invigorate the verse:

Soon to the field—.

Ver. 532.] This verse is added by the translator. I will attempt a more accurate display of his original:

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
 As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze 535
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the father of the fires
 To the black labours of his forge retires.

Her thus in turn the artist-god addrest:

Discard this care, O! goddess, from thy breast.

Ver. 537. *The father of the fires, &c.*] The ancients (says Eustathius) have largely celebrated the philosophical mysteries which they imagined to be shadowed under these descriptions, especially Damo (supposed the daughter of Pythagoras) whose explication is as follows. Thetis, who receives the arms, means the apt order and disposition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raised by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the most active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are those *golden maids* that waited on Vulcan. The circular shield is the *world*, being of a sphærical figure. The gold, the brass, the silver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm brass is earth, the silver is air, and the soft tin, water. And thus far (say they) Homer speaks a little obscurely, but afterwards he names them expressly, ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' ἔρκενον, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν, to which, for the fourth element, you must add Vulcan, who makes the shield. The extreme circle that runs round the shield, which he calls *splendid* and *threefold*, is the Zodiack; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; splendid, because the sun passes always through the midst of it. The silver handle by which the shield is fastened, at both extremities, is the Axis of the world, imagined to pass through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

Heraclides Ponticus thus pursues the allegory. Homer (says he) makes the working of his shield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*; as indeed all matter lay undistinguished in an original and universal *night*: which is called Chaos by the poets.

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd 539
 Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,

To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, Vulcan presides over the work, or as we may say, an *essential warmth*: *All things, says Heraclitus, being made by the operation of fire.*

And because the *architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the Graces.]

On the broad shield the *maker's* hand engraves
 The earth and seas beneath, the pole above,
 The sun unwearied, and the circled moon.
 Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the *sun*, the *moon*,

And all those stars that crown the skies with fire:

Where, by the word *crown* which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world; and though he could not particularly name the stars like Aratus (who professed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two *allegorical* cities, one of *peace*, the other of *war*; Empedocles seems to have taken from Homer his assertion, that all things had their original from *strife* and *friendship*.

All these refinements (not to call them absolute whimsies) I leave just as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *learning* to have read them, but I fear it is *Folly* to quote them. P.

This line is interpolated, and a correspondent rhyme immediately recurs. Thus, somewhat more accurately:

So Vulcan spake, and left the goddess there,

Intent his forge for labour to prepare.

But Pope had his master in view, at *Æn.* viii. 559.

Hither *the father of the fire*, by night,

Through the brown air precipitates his flight.

Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
 Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd, 545
 And stubborn brads, and tin, and solid gold:
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
 The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,

Ver. 543.] I know not whether the following attempt, to preserve the entire sense of Homer, deserve approbation:

They, as the *work and he requires*, now low,
 Now loud, *in tempests, or in breezes*, blow.

Ver. 545.] Better, perhaps,
 In *roaring* flames—.

And he keeps Dryden in view, at *Æn. viii. 585*:

A flood of molten silver, brads, and *gold*,
 And deadly steel in the large furnace *roll'd*:

and with indiscriminate adherence against propriety, just after:

The *hissing* steel is in the smithy drown'd.

Ver. 547.] Our translator expands *two* verses of his author into *four*: among which one line is mere invention of his own, and another is accommodated to the convenience of rhyme. My own effort, which follows, is every way full and faithful:

Th' enormous anvil in it's stock he rears;
 This hand his sledge, and that his pincers bears:

or with Ogilby's rhymes, and his couplet very trivially corrected:

A ponderous anvil on the stock he heaves;
This hand his sledge, *and that* his tongs receives.

Our poet followed Dryden, *Æn. viii. 561*.

On their *eternal anvils* here he found
 The brethren beating, and the blows go round.

His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults
rebound. 550

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound,
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555
And god-like labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the Master-Mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd;

Ver. 549.] From Dryden, *Æn.* viii. 556 :

Loud strokes and hissings of *tormented* steel
Are heard around.

Ver. 550.] Dryden, *ibid.* ver. 592 :

The grot with beaten anvils groans around.

Ver. 552.] *Paradise Lost*, ix. 34 :

Or tilting furniture, *emblazon'd shields* :

hence appears the beautiful propriety of another grand passage in
that unequal, but sublime, poem : ii. 513 :

him round

A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd

With *bright emblazonry* and *horrent arms* :

i. e. with *radiant shields*, and *protended spears*.

Ver. 553.] I see no objection to greater accuracy :

Its verge a *radiant* three-fold circle bound :

A silver *belt* suspends the massy round.

Ver. 556.] Or thus ?

And curious *emblems* on the surface rose.

Here shone *each* image of the Master-Mind—.

Th' unweary'd fun, the moon compleatly round;
The ftarry lights that heav'n's high convex
crown'd,

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team ;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam ;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,

Ver. 559.] From Chapman :

In it the never-wearied sunne ; the moone *exactly* round,
And all those starres, with which the browes, of ample heaven
are *crown'd*.

Yet I cannot but think the phrase *completely round* most flatly prosaic. Might we substitute

the moon's *unwaning* round ?

Or, as this rhyme has recently occurred, may we follow the steps of a Greek writer, who styles heaven *αστροχιτων* *robed in stars*, and render thus?

Th' unwearied sun, the moon's *unwaning* globe,
And *Æther* sparkling in his starry robe.

Ver 563.] The whole passage is divinely executed : and yet, perhaps, this couplet is susceptible of some improvement. Thus ?

To *whom*, as round the axle of the sky
The Bear *revolves*, he points his golden eye.

Indeed, some obligations are due to Chapman :

_____ the Beare, furnam'd the chariot,

That turnes about *heaven's axel-tree* ; holds ope a constant *eye*
Upon Orion ; and, of all, the cressets in the *skie*,

His golden forehead, never bowes to th' ocean empirie :

which version this line, as it stood originally, still more resembles :

Nor *bends* his blazing forehead to the main.

Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain, 565
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Ver. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The criticks make use of this passage, to prove that Homer was ignorant of astronomy; since he believed that the *Bear* was the only constellation which never bathed itself in the ocean, that is to say, that did not set, and was always visible; for, say they, this is common to other constellations of the arctic circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of Cepheus, &c. To salve Homer, Aristotle answers, That he calls it the only one, to shew that it is the only one of those constellations he had spoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *most known*. Strabo justifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his first book: “ Under the name of the *Bear* and the *Chariot*, Homer comprehends all the arctic circle; for there being several other stars in that circle which never set, he could not say, that the Bear was the only one which did not bathe itself in the ocean; wherefore those are deceived, who accuse the poet of ignorance, as if he knew one Bear only when there are two; for the lesser was not distinguished in his time. The Phœnicians were the first who observed it, and made use of it in their navigation; and the figure of that sign passed from them to the Greeks: the same thing happened in regard to the constellation of Berenice’s hair, and that of Canopus, which received those names very lately; and as Aratus says well, there are several other stars which have no names. Crates was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct this passage, in putting *οἶος* for *οἷη*, for he tries to avoid that which there is no occasion to avoid. Heraclitus did better, who put the Bear for the arctic circle, as Homer has done. *The Bear* (says he) *is the limit of the rising and setting of the stars.*” Now it is the *Arctic circle*, and not the *Bear*, which is that limit. “ It is therefore evident, that by the word *Bear*, which he calls the *Waggon*, and which he says observes *Orion*, he understands the arctic circle; that by the ocean he means the horizon where the stars rise and set: and by those words, *which turns in the same place, and doth not bathe itself in the ocean*, he shews that the arctic circle is the most northern part of the horizon, &c. Dacier on Arift.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image one of peace, and one of war.
 Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymenæal rite; 570
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:

Monf. Teraſſon combates this paſſage with great warmth. But it will be a ſufficient vindication of our Author to ſay, that ſome other conſtellations, which are likewise perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where Homer writ, were not at that time diſcovered; and that whether Homer knew that the Bear's not ſetting was occaſioned by the latitude, and that in a ſmaller latitude it would ſet, is of no conſequence; for if he had known it, it was ſtill more poetical not to take notice of it. P.

Ver. 567. *Two cities, &c.*] In one of theſe cities are repreſented all the advantages of *peace*: and it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than *Marriages* and *Juſtice*. It is ſaid this city was Athens, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by Cecrops; and judgment upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of Attica ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for Triptolemus who reigned there, was the firſt who ſowed corn: this was the imagination of Agallias Cercyreus, as we find him cited by Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 567.] The rhymes are imperfect, and the *ſecond* verſe anticipates without reaſon. I could wiſh for a better ſubſtitution than the following:

Next, of mankind two beauteous cities ſhine,
 Fram'd by the wiſdom of the Smith divine.

Ver. 573.] So Chapman:

———— youths and maidens, in lovely circles danc't.

Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row, 575
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the Forum swarm a num'rous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the publick and the laws decide: 580
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with scepters in their hands;
On seats of stone, within the sacred place, 585
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting scepter took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.

Ver. 576.] With more dignity and accuracy, thus:

and *admire* the show.

Ver. 579. *The fine discharg'd.*] Murder was not always punished with death, or so much as banishment; but when some fine was paid, the criminal was suffered to remain in the city. So Iliad ix:

Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνος

Ποινὴν, ἣ ἔ παιδὸς ἰδέξατο τεθνεῶτος.

Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτὲ πολλ' ἀποτίσας.

—— If a brother bleed,

On just atonement we remit the deed,

A fine the slaughter of his son forgives,

The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives. P.

Ver. 586.] A very pleasant stroke of satirical humour, but surely not well-timed nor tolerable here. Thus?

The reverend elders to the sacred place

Adjourn; which seats of polish'd marble grace.

Two golden talents lay amidst, in fight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect diff'ring far) 591
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one world burn the place.

Ver. 590.] *The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.*] Eustathius informs us, that it was anciently the custom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the best sentence. M. Dacier opposes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the person who upon the decision of the suit appeared to have the justest cause. The difference between these two customs, in the reason of the thing, is very great: for the one must have been an encouragement to justice, the other a provocation to dissension. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wisdom of the ancients, and of Homer in particular, not to chuse the former sense: and I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ablest judge, as well as the best practiser of equity, my Lord Harcourt, at whose seat I translated this book. P.

Ver. 591. *Another part (a prospect diff'ring far,) &c.*] The same Agallias, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleusina, but upon very slight reasons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of war are set before our eyes in this short compass. The several scenes are excellently disposed to represent the whole affair. Here is in the space of thirty lines, a siege, a sally, an ambush, the surprize of a convoy, and a battle; with scarce a single circumstance proper to any of these, omitted. P.

Ver. 593.] This passage is variously understood by the translators. I prefer myself the interpretation not adopted by our poet, which I will represent in a plain and faithful version:

Two armies hemm'd the second city round,
Clad in bright armour; and their terms propos'd,
Or total pillage, or to share the wealth,
All that the fair and ample town contain'd.
The town consents not, and an ambush lays.

Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare: 596

Their wives, their children, and the watchful
band

Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.

They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:

Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments
gold, 600

And gold their armour: these the squadron led,

August, divine, superiour by the head!

A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood

Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.

Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem

If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream. 606

Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,

And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;

Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,

Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. 610

Ver. 600.] Or thus, more accurately:

Gold were the leader-gods, their garments gold;

In arms, on each side brilliant; tall they shew,

Like Gods: in ranks the lowly squadrons go.

Ver. 603.] Thus literally:

When to a place, for ambush fit, they come,

A stream, and watering-place for all the flocks,

There sat they down, all sheath'd in glittering arms.

Ver. 609.] Correctly, thus:

Close by, delighted with their pipes, they go.

In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear; 615
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
 There Tumult, there Contention stood confest;
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast, 620
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead:

Ver. 615.] The rhyme should be improved:

Their foes the cattle hear loud bellowing far.

Ver. 618.] An animated verse, due to the translator only.

Ver. 619. *There tumult, &c.*] This is the first place in the whole description of the buckler, where Homer rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of Poetry; so natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting scenes of the Iliad) to take fire when the image of a battle was presented to it. P.

Our poet was misled by his English predecessors into a misinterpretation of this passage; and Dacier's version is too loose to furnish a distinct apprehension of Homer's meaning. The following attempt is literally exact:

There Strife, there Tumult rang'd: there ruthless Fate
 Held one alive, fresh-wounded; one, unhurt;
 One, by the feet dragg'd thro' the conflict dead:
 She on her shoulders wore with blood of men
 A vest impurpled. All engag'd in fight,
 Like living men, and haled each other's dead.

Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die. 626

A field deep furrow'd, next the God design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;

Ver. 627. *A field deep furrow'd, &c.*] Here begin the descriptions of rural life, in which Homer appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpose to rival his contemporary Hesiod, on those very subjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occasion, I must take notice of that Greek poem, which is commonly ascribed to Hesiod, under the title of *Ἀσπίς Ἡρακλέους*. Some of the ancients mention such a work as Hesiod's, but that amounts to no proof that this is the same: which indeed is not an express poem upon the shield of Hercules, but a fragment of the story of that hero. What regards the shield is a manifest copy from this of Achilles; and consequently it is not of Hesiod. For if he was not more ancient, he was at least contemporary with Homer: and neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelessly from the other, not only the plan of entire descriptions, (as those of the marriage, the harvest, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but also whole verses together; those of the Parca, in the battle, are repeated word for word,

ἐν δ' ὅλῳι Κῆρ,
 "Ἄλλον ζῶν ἔχυσαν ἑτάτον, ἄλλον ἄντον,
 "Ἄλλον τεθνεῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἔλκε' ποδοῖν.
 Εἶμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὅμοισι δαφοίνεον αἵματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a sort of *Cento* composed out of Homer's verses. The reader need only cast an eye on these two descriptions, to see the vast difference of the original and the copy, and I dare say he will readily agree with the sentiment of Monsieur Dacier, in applying to them that famous verse of Sannazarius,

"Illum hominem dices, hunc posuisse Deum." P.

Ver. 627.] I ought not to forget the many apparent allusions to the descriptions on this shield, which are to be found in those

The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side. 630

pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of Milton : who was doubtless fond of any occasion to shew how much he was charmed with the beauty of all these lively images. He makes his angels paint those objects which he shews to Adam, in the colours, and almost the very strokes of Homer. Such is that passage of the harvest field,

His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reap'd ; the other part sheep-walks and folds,
In midst an altar, as the landmark, stood,
Rustick, of grassy ford, &c.

That of the marriages,

They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen (then first to marriage rites invok'd)
With feast and musick all the tents resound.

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a translation of our author :

One way a band select, from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground ; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, across the plain,
Their booty : scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the squadrons join
Where cattle pastur'd late : now scatter'd lies
With carcases and arms, th' ensanguin'd field,
Deserted.—Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd ; by battery, scale, and mine
Assaulting ; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulph'rous fire :
On each hand slaughter and gigantick deeds.

In other part the scepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates : anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixt,
Assemble, and harangues are heard——

P.

These resemblances in the two Greek poets would be ac-

Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
 Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the
 foil:

Behind, the rising earth, in ridges roll'd; 635
 And fable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.

counted for by a supposition, mentioned before, that they both borrowed from traditionary verses of the bards, then current in all the Grecian countries, and universally received and known: nor is it possible, I think, to solve the difficulty of such similitude in their verse, phraseology, and thoughts, on any other principle. The disposition of those early ages, when frequent migrations took place, and new settlements were established by force of arms, was wholly military; and their poetry sympathized of course with the habits and propensities of the people themselves.

Ver. 629.] Might we not endeavour to emulate the graceful simplicity of expression, that distinguishes the original in this passage?

Full many a ploughman guides the shining share,
 And turns the yokes of oxen here and there.

Ver. 635.] It stood thus in the first edition:

The new-ear'd earth in blacker ridges roll'd;
 Sable it look'd.

I would propose a more faithful version:

Just as new-plow'd (all wonderful!) lookt the mould,
 And black behind, tho' form'd of molten gold,

Ogilby is not amiss, and was consulted by our poet:

Ridges grow rough, and (wonderous to behold)

The new-plow'd ground look'd black, though burnish'd gold.

And Chapman deserves quotation, as neatly and fully expressive of his author:

The foyle turn'd up behind the plow, all blacke like earth arose,
 Though forg'd of nothing else but gold, and lay in shew as light,
 As if it had bene plow'd indeed; miraculous to sight.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
 With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
 Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are
 found,
 Sheaves, heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the
 ground. 640
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
 The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands:
 And last the children, in whose arms are borne
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of
 corn.
 The rustick monarch of the field descries 645
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.

Ver. 638.] More correspondently to his author thus:

Arm'd with sharp sickles stand the reaper-train.

Ver. 640.] A poor verse! and such amplification is inelegant and unnecessary. I should prefer some compression of the passage like the following:

In thick array large handfulls strew the ground:

In sheaves three binders, close-attending bound.

Last follow children, in whose arms are borne,

By handfulls glean'd, the scatter'd ears of corn:

except that the latter rhymes are not correctly correspondent, and such as an accurate poet would choose to employ. The following substitution steers clear of this objection, and is very faithful, but has neither ease nor dignity to recommend it:

Supplied by children with incessant care,

Whose arms the corn, by handfulls gather'd, bear.

Ver. 645. *The rustick monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his services. It was in no respect unworthy such a person, in those days, to see his

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
 The reaper's due repast, the women's care. 650
 Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
 Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines;
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:

harvest got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, such as they are described to us in the holy scriptures. P.

Ogilby is perfectly accurate, and above mediocrity:

The silent king, a sceptre in his hands,
 With a glad heart, amidst his furrow stands.

Ver. 648.] The open vowel of this verse displeases. Thus, with greater accuracy also:

*Apart, a banquet on the turf is laid,
 Where a broad oak expands it's ample shade.*

Ver. 649.] Or thus, with more exactness:

*Women, while some the slaughter'd ox prepare,
 White flour abundant mix, the reaper's fare.*

Ver. 651.] As the epithet *ripe* is rendered superfluous by the succeeding verse, I would consult fidelity by this correction:

A vineyard next, *all* gold, *all-beauteous*, shines—:
 and our poet cast his eye on Ogilby's translation:

To these next Vulcan placed loaden vines,
 Whose purple grape on golden branches shines.

Ver. 654.] I may be mistaken in my judgement, but I pronounce the phraseology of this line forced, and the numbers feeble. I cannot promise to my own attempt the approbation of the reader:

With deeper dye the ripening clusters glow:
 Rang'd thro' the vineyard props of silver go:

A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place; 655
 And pales of glitt'ring tin th' inclosure grace.
 To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
 (Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling
 bear,
 The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
 Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;

or,

Props thro' the walks of gleaming silver shew :

or, lastly,

Gleams thro' the walks of props a silver row.

Ver. 657.] Our poet misrepresents his author. My own attempt has only correctness to recommend it :

One path alone leads up, where use to come

The men, who bear the gather'd vintage home.

Soft maids and gentle youths in baskets bear

The luscious product of the teeming year.

Ver. 661.] So in his Ode on St. Cecilia's day, ver. 3:

Wake into voice each silent string :

where the reader may consult my note. But might this couplet be corrected thus ? with advantage to fidelity :

With shrill small voice a boy, attendant, sings,

And wakes to loveliest notes the warbling strings.

Ver. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verse in the original : that which I have chosen is confirmed by the testimony of Herodotus, lib. ii. and Pausanias, Boeoticis. Linus was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure amongst the Grecians : he past for the son of Apollo or Mercury, and was preceptor to Hercules, Thamyras, and Orpheus. There was a solemn custom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the death of their first poet : Pausanias

In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain. 664

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,

informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the Muses on mount Helicon, the obsequies of Linus were performed, who had a statue, and altar erected to him, in that place. Homer alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of poetry. Virgil has done the same in that fine celebration of him, Eclog. vi.

“ Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
“ Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
“ Ut Linus hæc illi, divino carmine, pastor
“ (Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
“ Dixit—&c.”

And again in the fourth Eclogue;

“ Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
“ Nec Linus; huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
“ Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.” P.

The truth is, I presume, as with an infinity of instances in language, a sense, specific in it's origin, gradually acquired a loose and general acceptation, by branching into numerous directions from the main stem of meaning.

Ver. 663.] More fully and exactly thus:

In measur'd *step* dance round the *frolic* train,
With song and beat responsive to his strain.

Ver. 665.] I shall quote Ogilby, with slight variation, as more literally close to his original:

The artist there his skill on cattle try'd,
And their sleek skins with gold and tin had py'd:
They bellowing run to pasture from the stall,
Where glides the rush-fring'd stream with murmuring fall.
Four golden herdsmen by the cattle stand,
And nine swift dogs attend their lords' command.
There two terrific lions seem'd to pull,
Amidst the foremost herd, a roaring bull:

And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
 A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars:
 Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
 And nine four dogs compleat the rustick band. 670
 Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
 And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
 He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
 They tore his flesh, and drank his fable blood.
 The dogs (oft' chear'd in vain) desert the prey, 675
 Dread the grim terrours, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
 Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads;
 And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
 And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene. 680

A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
 In lofty Gnoffus; for the Cretan queen,

for the rhymes of Pope in the couplet, corresponding to the last of these, are too inaccurate to be approved.

Ver. 677.] These little words, with an open vowel standing before them, must offend the ear of every judicious reader. I will venture on a substitution:

Next this, with curious labour fashion'd, stood

A vale delicious and embowering wood:

and then, as these rhymes have too lately occurred, I would supply verses 673 and 674, with a more faithful couplet:

He roar'd: the dogs, the men *withstand* in vain;

His flesh they *tear*, his blood and entrails *drain*.

Ver. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two sorts of dances, the Pyrrhick and the common dance: Homer has joined both in this description. We see the Pyrrhick, or military, is performed

Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
 Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
 The maids in soft simars of linen drest; 685
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
 Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd;
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
 That glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend, 690

by the youths who have swords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient scholiasts say, that whereas before it was the custom for men and women to dance separately, the contrary custom was afterwards brought in, by seven youths, and as many virgins, who were saved by Theseus from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by Dædalus: to which Homer here alludes. See Dion. Halic. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 68.

It is worth observing that the Grecian dance is still performed in this manner in the Oriental nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly; by degrees the musick plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftnefs: and towards the conclusion, they sing (as it is said here) in a general chorus. P.

Ver. 685.] Ogilby is not amiss:

Light weeds the damsels wore; the youth had on
 Vests, whose bright gloss like well-oil'd varnish shone.

Ver. 689.] I wish our translator had compressed this sense in the couplet, in some such manner as the following:

Those had fair locks, with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
 These, silver belts, sustaining swords of gold.

What follows, our poet has exhibited in his own ingenious dress, but with little attention to his author; of whom I shall subjoin a literal translation:

Now in quick measur'd step they tript along,
 Easy and smooth, as when the potter's hand
 Tries, as he sits, if the light wheel will run;
 Now to each other spring, and blend their ranks.

With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique
ways,

Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:

Now forthat once, too swift for fight they spring,

And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:

So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost, 695

And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.

The gazing multitudes admire around:

Two active tumblers in the center bound;

Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:

And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end. 700

Thus the broad shield complete the artist
crown'd

With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

Ver. 700.] This our poet found in Chapman, not in Homer :

———— and turning sung, *the sports conclusion.*

Ver. 701.] I have elsewhere commended the noble sublimity of these *four* verses, which are wrought from the following distich of his author :

There the vast might of Ocean's stream he plac'd

Round the last border of the well-wrought shield :

but I now discover, that the happiest turn of the version is due to the vivacity of Chapman's imagination :

All this he circled in the shield, with *pouring round* about

(In all his rage) the Ocean.

Ver. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.*] Vulcan was the God of fire, and passes over this part of the description negligently; for which reason Virgil (to take a different walk) makes half his description of Æneas's buckler consist in a sea-fight. For the same reason he has laboured the sea-piece among his *Games*, more than

In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
whole. 704

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aëreal way, 710
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.

any other, because Homer had described nothing of this kind in the funeral of Patroclus. P.

With this vivid flash of genius may be compared a similar effort in Claudian. rapt. Prof. i. 252. where he is speaking of a rich embroidery, descriptive of the universe :

Nec color unus inest : stellas accendit in auro,
Ostro fundit aquas, attollit litora gemmis :

which luxuriant picture, doubtless, had in view a parallel exhibition in Valerius Flaccus, i. 430:

———— Eurotan molli bis fuderat auro.

Ver. 704.] Thus? with additional animation to the sense and numbers:

Dash on the buckler's verge—.

Ver. 707.] Thus Hobbes :

And pieces for his legs of *ductile tin*.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

THE poet intending to shew in its full lustre, his genius for description, makes choice of this interval from action and the leisure of the night, to display that talent at large in the famous buckler of Achilles. His intention was no less than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compass of this shield. We see first the universe in general; the heavens are spread, the stars are hung up, the earth is stretched forth, the seas are poured round: we next see the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of those labours, in the harvests and the vintages; the pastoral life in its pleasures and its dangers; in a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diversions of mankind. This noble and comprehensive design he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients; and how right an idea they had of this grand design, may be judged from that verse of Ovid *Met.* xiii. where he calls it,

——“ *Clypeus vasti cælatus imagine mundi.*”

It is indeed astonishing, how after this, the arrogance of some moderns could unfortunately chuse the noblest part of the noblest poet for the object of their blind censures. Their criticisms, however just enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmost weak and impotent :

“ postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est

“ Mortalis mucro, glacies seu futilis, ictu

“ Diffiluit”

I design to give the reader the sum of what has been said on this subject. First, a reply to the loose and scattered objections of the criticks, by M. Dacier: then the regular plan and distribution of the shield, by Mons. Boivin: and lastly, I shall attempt what has not yet been done, to consider it as a work of *painting*, and prove it in all respects conformable to the most just ideas and established rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (says M. Dacier) of these arms of Achilles, to be still the occasion of quarrels and disputes. Julius Scaliger was the first who appeared against this part, and was followed by a whole herd. These object in the first place, that it is impossible to represent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn also the subject, which they say is trivial, and not well understood. It is certain that Homer speaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: and some of the ancients taking his expressions

to the strictness of the letter, did really believe that they had all sorts of motions. Eustathius shewed the absurdity of that sentiment by a passage of Homer himself; "That poet, says he, to shew that his figures are not animated, as some have pretended by an excessive affection for the prodigious, took care to say that they *moved and fought*, as if they *were living men*." The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of Aristotle: for they thought the poet could not make his description more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, since (as Aristotle says) the *original should always excel the copy*. That shield is the work of a God: it is the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impossible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this Homer would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any necessity Eustathius adds, "That it is possible all those figures did not stick close to the shield, but that they were detached from it, and moved by springs, in such a manner that they appeared to have motion; as Æschylus has feigned something like it, in his *seven captains against Thebes*." But without having recourse to that conjecture, we can shew that there is nothing more simple and natural than the description of that shield, and there is not one word which Homer might not have said of it, if it had been the work of a man;

for there is a great deal of difference between the work itself, and the description of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame Homer. They say he describes two towns on his shield which *speak different languages*. It is the Latin translation, and not Homer, that says so; the word *μερόπων*, is a common epithet of men, and which signifies only, that they have *an articulate voice*. These towns could not speak different languages, since, as the ancients have remarked, they were Athens and Eleusina, both which spake the same language. But though that epithet should signify, *which spoke different languages*, there would be nothing very surprising; for Virgil said what Homer it seems must not:

“Victæ longo ordine gentes,

“Quam variæ linguis.” *Æn. viii.*

If a painter should put into picture one town of France and another of Flanders, might not one say they were two towns which spake different languages?

Homer (they tell us) says in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: he only says, *two men pleaded*, that is, were represented pleading. Was not the same said by Pliny and Nicomachus, that he had painted two Greeks, which spake one after another? Can we express ourselves otherwise of these two arts, which though they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of Raphael or Poussin, can we prevent animating the figures, in making

them speak conformably to the design of the painter? But how could the engraver represent those young shepherds and virgins that dance first in a ring, and then in fetts? Or those troops which were in ambuscade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his persons appear in different circumstances. All the objections against the young man who sings at the same time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilst he is devoured by a lion, and against the musical concerts, are childish; for we can never speak of painting if we banish those expressions. Pliny says of Apelles, that he painted Clytus on horseback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his squire: of Aristides, that he drew a beggar whom he could almost understand, *pene cum voce*: of Ctesilochus, that he had painted Jupiter bringing forth Bacchus, and crying out like a woman, & *muliebriter ingemiscentem*: and of Nicearchus, that he had drawn a piece, in which Hercules was seen very melancholy on reflection of his madness, *Herculem tristem, insaniae pœnitentiâ*. No one sure will condemn those ways of expression which are so common. The same author has said much more of Apelles: he tells us, he painted those things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non possunt*: and of Timanthus, that in all his works there was something more understood than was seen; and though there was all the art imaginable, yet there was still more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus*

semper quàm pingitur ; & cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est. If we take the pains to compare these expressions with those of Homer, we shall find him altogether excusable in his manner of describing the buckler.

We come now to the *matter*. If this shield (says a modern critick) had been made in a wiser age, it would have been more correct and less charged with objects. There are two things which cause the censures to fall into this false criticism: the first is, that they think the shield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the design of the poet, and imagined this description was only the whimsy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature ; for they never so much as entered into the intention of the poet, nor knew the shield was designed as a representation of the universe.

It is happy that Virgil has made the buckler for Æneas, as well as Homer for Achilles. The Latin poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to accommodate those things which time had changed, so as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his shield with a great deal more work, since he paints all the actions of the Romans from Ascanius to Augustus ; but has not avoided any of those manners of expression which offend the criticks. We see there the wolf of Romulus and Remus, who gives them her dugs *one*

after another, mulcere alternos, & corpora fingere lingua: the rape of the Sabines, and the war which followed it, *subitoque novum consurgere bellum:* Metius torn by four horses, and Tullus who draws his entrails through the forest: Porfenna commanding the Romans to receive Tarquin, and besieging Rome: The geese flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the Gauls.

“Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

“Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse *canebat.*”

We see the Salian dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the blessed, where Cato presides: we see the famous battle of Actium, where we may distinguish the captains: Agrippa with the Gods, and the winds favourable; and Anthony leading on all the forces of the East, Ægypt and the Bactrians: the fight begins, the sea is red with blood, Cleopatra gives the signal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Systrum*. *Patrio vocat agmina Systro.* The Gods, or rather the monsters of Ægypt, fight against Neptune, Venus, Minerva, Mars, and Apollo: we see Anthony's fleet beaten, and the Nile sorrowfully opening his bosom to receive the conquered: Cleopatra looks pale and almost dead at the thought of that death she had already determined; nay, we see the very wind Iapis, which hastens her flight: we see the three triumphs of Augustus; that prince consecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with ladies offering up

sacrifices, Augustus sitting at the entrance of Apollo's temple, receives presents, and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations pass by, who *speak different languages*, and are differently equipped and armed.

“ Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
“ Quam variæ linguis, habitu tum vestis & armis.”

Nothing can better justify Homer, or shew the wisdom and judgment of Virgil; he was charmed with Achilles's shield, and therefore would give the same ornament to his poem. But as Homer had painted the universe, he was sensible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and shew what the descendant of his hero should perform: and he was not afraid to go beyond Homer, because there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the criticks say, that is justifying one fault by another; I desire they would agree among themselves: for Scaliger who was the first that condemned Homer's shield, admires Virgil's. But suppose they should agree, it would be foolish to endeavour to persuade us, that what Homer and Virgil have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taste should prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's self to answer men, who shew so little reason in their criticisms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to ascribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are answered by Mons. Dacier. Since when, some others have been started, as that the objects represented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with Thetis who procured it, Vulcan who made it, or Achilles for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the representation of the sea was agreeable enough to Thetis; that the spheres and celestial fires were so to Vulcan; (though the truth is, any piece of workmanship was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town besieged, a battle, and an ambuscade, were objects sufficiently proper for Achilles. But after all, where was the necessity that they should be so? They had at least been as fit for one hero as another: and Æneas, as Virgil tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his shield:

“*Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.*”

II. But still the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed the most, is, that the shield is crowded with such a multiplicity of figures, as could not possibly be represented in the compass of it. The late dissertation of Mons. Boivin has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleasure to be convinced of it by ocular demonstration, in the print annexed.

This author supposes the buckler to have been perfectly round: he divides the convex surface into four concentrick circles.

The circle next the center contains the globe of the earth and the sea, in miniature: he gives this circle the dimension of three inches.

The second circle is allotted for the heavens and the stars: he allows the space of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third shall be eight inches distant from the second. The space between these two circles shall be divided into twelve compartments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: and the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is sufficient to represent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All these together make but four feet in the whole in diameter. The print of these circles and divisions will serve to prove, that the figures will neither be crowded nor confused, if disposed in the proper place and order.

As to the size and figure of the shield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the Trojan war there were shields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of Ajax is often compared to a tower, and in the sixth Iliad that of Hector is described to cover him from the shoulders to the ankles.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ σφύρα τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινόν

Ἄλυσξ ἢ πυμάτη θένει ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλέεσσης. Ver. 117.

In the second verse of the description of this

buckler of Achilles, it is said that Vulcan cast round it a radiant circle,

Περὶ δ' ἄνιυσα βάλλε φαεινὴν. Ver. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἄνιυξ as well signifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be answered, that the circular figure better agrees to the spheres represented in the center, and to the course of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four feet diameter to this buckler: as one may suppose a larger size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the breast and arm of a man of a stature so large as Achilles.

In allowing four feet diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confusion, all the objects which Homer mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are represented; but the reader may easily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the criticks are not yet satisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal sense the words πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, with which Homer begins his description, and the buckler may be supposed engraven on both sides, which supposition will double the size of each piece: the one side may serve for the general description of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now shewn, that the shield of Homer is blameless as to its design and disposition, and that the subject (so extensive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vast unproportioned heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartments: what remains, is to consider this piece as a compleat *idea* of *painting*, and a sketch for what one may call an *universal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reason to believe that Homer did in this, as he has done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very observable, that there is scarce a species or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether history, battle-painting, landskip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, &c.

I think it possible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally supposed by those who have written upon it. Pliny expressly says, that it was not known in the time of the Trojan war. The same author and others, represent it in a very imperfect state in Greece, in or near the days of Homer. They tell us of one painter, that he was the first who begun to shadow; and of another, that he filled his

outlines only with a single colour, and that laid on every where alike: but we may have a higher notion of the art, from those descriptions of statues, carvings, tapestries, sculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he says of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itself. If we consider how much it is his constant practice to confine himself to the custom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and sculpture must have been then in great practice and repute.

The shield is not only described as a piece of sculpture but of painting: the outlines may be supposed engraved, and the rest enamelled, or inlaid with various-coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly distinguished by Homer, where he speaks of the *blackness* of the new-opened earth, of the *several colours* of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that Vulcan is feigned to cast into the furnace, were sufficient to afford all the necessary colours: but if to those which are natural to the metals, we add also those which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we shall find, that Vulcan had as great a variety of colours to make use of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing, colours by fire, was practised very anciently, may be conjectured from what Diodorus reports of one of the walls of

Babylon, built by Semiramis, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, so as to represent all sorts of animals*, lib. ii. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made use of ordinary colours for the representation of objects, before they learned to represent them by such as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more easy and obvious than the other, and that sort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The same inference will be rather enforced from the works of tapestry, which the women of those times interweaved with many colours; as appears from the description of that veil which Hecuba offers to Minerva in the sixth Iliad, and from a passage in the twenty-second, where Andromache is represented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They must certainly have known the use of colours themselves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with those colours, and weaving those threads close to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing so much more easily performed by a pencil. This observation I owe to the Abbé Fraguier.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius so vast and comprehensive as that of Homer, might carry his views beyond the rest of mankind, and that in this buckler of Achilles he rather designed to give a scheme of what might be performed, than a description of what really was so: and since he made a God the artist, he might excuse himself from a strict con-

finement to what was known and practised at the time of the Trojan war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by strength of genius, (though the latter be more glorious for Homer) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to say, in the *invention*, the *composition*, the *expression*, &c.

The *invention* is shewn in finding and introducing, in every subject, the *greatest*, the most *significant*, and most *suitable* objects. Accordingly in every single picture of the shield, Homer, constantly finds out either those objects which are naturally the principal, those which most conduce to shew the subject, or those which set it in the liveliest and most agreeable light: these he never fails to dispose in the most advantageous manners, situations, and oppositions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characterised*, in their expressions and attitudes, according to their several natures: the Gods (for instance) are distinguished in air, habit and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; masters from servants, in the eighth; and so of the rest.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact observation of the *contrast*, not only between figure and figure, but between subject and subject. The city in peace is a contrast to the city in war: between the siege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the sixth, a piece of passage is introduced, and rural scenes follow after. The country too is represented in war

in the fifth, as well as in peace in the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are shewn in these two different states, in the tenth and eleventh. Where the subjects appear the same, he contrasts them some other way: thus the first picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the second has a character of earnestness, and sollicitude, in the dispute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the ploughing is of a different character from the harvest, and that of the harvest from the vintage. In each of these there is a contrast of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: in the first, some are ploughing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next we see the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the last, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with musick and a dance. The persons are no less varied, old and young men and women: there being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that those in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dress the supper being ordinary women, the others who carry baskets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: and these again are of an inferiour character to those in the twelfth piece, who are distinguished as people of condition by a more elegant dress. There are three dances in the buckler; and these too are varied: that at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the last picture, a mingled

one. Lastly, there is a manifest contrast in the colours; nay, even in the back-grounds of the several pieces: for example, that of the ploughing is of a dark tinct, that of the harvest yellow, that of the pasture green, and the rest in like manner.

That he was not a stranger to aerial *perspective*, appears in his expressly marking the distance of object from object: he tells us, for instance, that the two spies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak under which was spread the banquet of the reapers, stood *apart*: what he says of the valley sprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a description of a large country in perspective. And indeed, a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the shield; which could not be all expressed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a sort of proof that the art of lessening them according to perspective was known at that time.

What the criticks call the *three unities*, ought in reason as much to be observed in a picture as in a play; each should have only *one principal action*, *one instant of time*, and *one point of view*. In this method of examination also, the shield of Homer will bear the test: he has been more exact than the greatest painters, who have often deviated from one or other of these rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartment) it will appear,

First, That there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no supernumerary figures or

actions are introduced. This will answer all that has been said of the confusion and croud of figures on the shield, by those who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, That no action is represented in one piece, which could not happen in the same instant of time. This will overthrow the objection against so many different actions appearing in one shield; which, in this case, is much as absurd as to object against so many of Raphael's Cartoons appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifest that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be seen in one point of view. Hereby the Abbé Terrasson's whole Criticism will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, stars and sea, with the particular prospects of towns, fields, &c. could never be seen all at once. Homer was incapable of so absurd a thought, nor could these heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been seen together from one point; for the constellations and the full moon, for example, could never be seen at once with the sun. But the celestial bodies were placed on the boss, as the ocean at the margin of the shield: these were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: in the same manner as the divisions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the discretion of the painter,

with foliage, architecture, grotesque, or what he pleases: however his judgment will be still more commendable, if he contrives to make even these extrinsical parts, to bear some allusion to the main design; it is this which Homer has done, in placing a sort of sphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was so expressly intended to represent the universe.

I proceed now to the detail of the shield; in which the words of Homer being first translated, an attempt will be made to shew with what exact order all that he describes may enter into the composition, according to the rules of painting.

THE
SHIELD OF ACHILLES,

DIVIDED INTO ITS SEVERAL PARTS.

The Boss of the SHIELD.

VERSE 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] *Here Vulcan represented the earth, the heaven, the sea, the indefatigable course of the sun, the moon in her full, all the celestial signs that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly called the Wain, the only constellation which, never bathing itself in the ocean, turns about the poles, and observes the course of Orion.*

The sculpture of these resembled somewhat of our terrestrial and celestial globes, and took up the center of the shield: it is plain by the huddle in which Homer expresses this, that he did not describe it as a picture for a point of sight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartments, each being a separate picture, as follow:

First Compartment. *A Town in Peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δύο πόλιν ποίησε πόλεις, &c.] *He engraved two cities; in one of them were represented nuptials and festivals. The spouses from their bridal chambers, were conducted*

through the town by the light of torches. Every mouth sung the hymenæal song: the youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance: the flute and the lyre resounded: the women, every one in the street, standing in the porches, beheld and admired.

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: the dance in circles, and musicians behind them: the street in perspective on either side, the women and spectators in the porches, &c. dispersed through all the architecture.

Second Compartment. *An Assembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ, &c.] *There was seen a number of people in the market-place, and two men disputing warmly: the occasion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have received; both demanded, that the affair should be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: the acclamations of the multitude favoured sometimes the one party, sometimes the other.*

Here is a fine plan for a master-piece of expression; any judge of painting will see our author has chosen that *cause* which, of all others, would give occasion to the greatest variety of expression; the father, the murderer, the witnesses, and the different passions of the assembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to Raphael himself.

Third Compartment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, &c.] *The heralds ranged the people in order: the reverend elders were seated on*

seats of polished stone in the sacred circle; they rose up and declared their judgment, each in his turn, with the scepter in his hand: two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who should pronounce the most equitable judgment.

The judges are seated in the center of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) standing up as speaking; another in an action of rising, as in order to speak: the ground about them a prospect of the Forum, filled with auditors and spectators.

Fourth Compartment. *A Town in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέραν πόλιν, &c.] *The other city was besieged by two glittering armies: they were not agreed whether to sack the town, or to divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to be shared between them: mean time the besieged secretly armed themselves for an ambuscade. Their wives, children, and old men were posted to defend their walls: the warriors marched from the town with Pallas and Mars at their head: the deities were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which they were distinguished above the men, as well as by their superiour stature, and more elegant proportions.*

This subject may be thus disposed: the town pretty near the eye, a-cross the whole picture, with the old men upon the walls; the chiefs of each army on the fore-ground: their different opinions for putting the town to the sword, or sparing it on account of the booty, may be expressed by some having their hands on their swords, and looking up to the city, others

stopping them, or in an action of persuading against it. Behind, in prospect, the townsmen may be seen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear instance of what the ancients always practised; the distinguishing the Gods and Goddeses by characters of majesty or beauty somewhat superiour to nature; we constantly find this in their statues, and to this the modern masters owe the grand taste in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartment. *An Ambuscade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἴκανον, &c.] *Being arrived at the river where they designed their ambush (the place where the cattle were watered) they disposed themselves along the bank, covered with their arms: two spies lay at a distance from them observing when the oxen and the sheep should come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two shepherds, who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehension of their danger.*

This quiet picture is a kind of *repose* between the last and the following active pieces. Here is a scene of a river and trees, under which lie the soldiers, next the eye of the spectator; on the farther bank are placed the two spies on one hand, and the flocks and shepherds appear coming at a greater distance on the other.

Sixth Compartment. *The Battle.*

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προῖδόντες, &c.] *The people of the town rushed upon them, carried off the oxen and sheep, and*

killed the shepherds. The besiegers sitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their horses, arrived at the bank of the river; where they stopped, and encountered each other with their spears. Discord, Tumult, and Fate raged in the midst of them. There might you see cruel Destiny dragging a dead soldier through the battle; two others she seized alive; one of which was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt: the garment on her shoulders was stained with human blood: the figures appeared as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragged off their dead.

The sheep and two shepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parca* or Destiny is the principal. This had been a noble occasion for such a painter as Rubens, who has, with most happiness and learning, imitated the ancients in these fictitious and symbolical persons.

Seventh Compartment. Tillage.

[*Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νεῖον μαλακὴν, &c.*] The next piece represented a large field, a deep and fruitful soil, which seemed to have been three times ploughed; the labourers appeared turning their ploughs on every side. As soon as they came to a land's-end, a man presented them a bowl of wine; cheered with this, they turned and worked down a new furrow, desirous to hasten to the next land's-end. The field was of gold, but looked black behind the ploughs, as if it had really been turned up; the surprising effect of the art of Vulcan.

The ploughmen must be represented on the foreground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of Homer is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiously with some remarkable circumstance: the giving a cup of wine to the ploughmen must occasion a fine expression in the faces.

Eighth Compartment. *The Harvest.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, &c.] *Next he represented a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with sharp sickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows: three binders were employed in making up the sheaves: the boys attending them, gathered up the loose swarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound: the lord of the field standing in the midst of the heaps, with a scepter in his hand, rejoices in silence: his officers, at a distance, prepare a feast under the shade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be sacrificed; while the women mix the flower of wheat for the reapers' supper.*

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the spectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The master of the field, who is the chief figure, may be set in the middle of the picture with a strong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his scepter: the oak, with the servants under it, the sacrifice, &c. on a distant ground, would all together make a beautiful group of great variety.

Ninth Compartment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σαφულῆσι, &c.] He then engraved a vineyard loaden with its grapes: the vineyard was gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them silver. A trench of a dark metal, and a palisade of tin encompassed the whole vineyard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard passed: young men and maids carried the fruit in woven baskets: in the middle of them a youth played on the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, as he sung to the strings (or as he sung the song of Linus:) the rest striking the ground with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and accompanied his voice with their own.

The vintage scarce needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids toward the eye, as coming out of the vineyard: the enclosure, pales, gate, &c. on the fore-ground. There is something inexpressibly *riant* in this piece, above all the rest.

Tenth Compartment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν, &c.] He graved a herd of oxen marching with their heads erected; those oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) seemed to bellow as they quitted their stall, and run in haste to the meadows, through which a rapid river rolled with resounding streams amongst the rushes: four herdsmen of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two terrible lions seize a bull by the throat, who roared as they dragged him along; the dogs and the herdsmen ran to his rescue, but the lions

having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his blood. The herdsmen came up with their dogs, and heartened them in vain; they durst not attack the lions, but standing at some distance, barked at them, and shunned them.

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and savage: but what is remarkable, is, that these animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: the herds, dogs and lions are put into action, enough to exercise the warmth and spirit of Rubens, or the great taste of Julio Romano.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: a herdsman or two heartening the dogs: all these on the fore-ground. On the second ground another group of oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their heads and running; other herdsmen and dogs after them: and beyond them, a prospect of the river.

Eleventh Compartment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ νομῶν, &c.] The divine artist then engraved a large flock of white sheep feeding along a beautiful valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and enclosed shelters, were scattered through the prospect.

This is an entire landskip without human figures, an image of Nature solitary and undisturbed: the deepest repose and tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartment. *The Dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, &c.] *The skilful Vulcan then designed the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which Dædalus of old contrived in Gnossus for the fair Ariadne. There the young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maids were dressed in linen garments, the men in rich and shining stuffs; the maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men had swords of gold hanging from their sides in belts of silver. Here they seem to run in a ring with active feet, as swiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. There, they appeared to move in many figures, and sometimes to meet, sometimes to wind from each other. A multitude of spectators stood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle two nimble tumblers exercised themselves in feats of activity, while the song was carried on by the whole circle.*

This picture includes the greatest number of persons: Homer himself has grouped them and marked the manner of the composition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: on which account the subject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει πάλαιμοιο, &c.] *Then lastly, he represented the rapid course of the great ocean, which he made to roll*

its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.

This (as has been said before) was only the Frame to the whole Shield, and is therefore but slightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this essay, without vindicating myself from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love so much better than I understand: but I have been very careful to consult both the best performers and judges in Painting. I cannot neglect this occasion of saying, how happy I think myself in the favour of the most distinguished masters of that art. Sir Godfrey Kneller in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my sentiments on this subject: and I cannot help wishing that he who gives this testimony to Homer, would ennoble so great a design by his own execution of it. Vulcan never wrought for Thetis with more readiness and affection, than Sir Godfrey has done for me: and so admirable a picture of the whole universe could not be a more agreeable present than he has obliged me with, in the Portraits of some of those persons, who are to me the dearest objects in it.

P.

SHIELD OF ACHILLES

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Yours very truly
J. J. J.
[Signature]

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

THE ARGUMENT is to be found in the argument made by Virgil. The poet has the book, which is the argument, to declare his and command him to observe the army, to declare his

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore. P.

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE
I L I A D.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light,)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears ;
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
The sovereign's sorrows in their own express.

Ver. 1.] Or thus, more concisely and accurately at the same time, for the two first couplets:

When Morn in saffron robe from Ocean's stream
Rose, to cheer Gods and mortals with her beam—.

Ver. 7.] More fully to his author with these corrections:

Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse the warrior lies,
His train responsive to his piercing cries.
Close by his side the Goddess takes her stand,
And spake, with fondness as she prest his hand—.

All beside this is from the imagination of our translator.

A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said. 10

Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores
around: 16

Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.

Ver. 13. *Behold what arms, &c.*] It is not poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the second of Maccabees, chap. xvi. Judas sees in a dream the prophet Jeremiah bringing to him a sword as from God: though this was only a dream, or a vision, yet still it is the same idea. This example is likewise so much the more worthy of observation, as it is much later than the age of Homer; and as thereby it is seen, that the same way of thinking continued a long time amongst the Oriental nations. Dacier. P.

The rhymes are bad. I prefer a correction of Ogilby, for exactness also:

See Vulcan's gift! such radiant arms before
Nor saw a mortal eye, nor mortal shoulders wore:

or,

So rich, so fair, no human shoulders wore:
which are the rhymes also of Chapman.

Ver. 16.] A most extravagant exaggeration of our poet! I shall subjoin faithful Ogilby, moderately chastised, as happily expressive of his author:

*Then, as she spake, her glittering burthen flings
Down at his feet: the high-proof'd metal rings.*

Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
 And feels with rage divine his bosom glow; 20
 From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
 And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
 He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
 On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine
 With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine. 26
 Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
 But ah! the relicks of my ſlaughter'd friend!
 In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,
 Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?

Ver. 20.] More exactly, thus:

And feels with *riſing* rage his boſom glow:

or,

And feels his *breſt* with *riſing* fury glow.

Ver. 21.] There is too much ſameneſs in theſe verſes. I think Ogilby's rhymes might furniſh a better couplet:

His eyes terrific, ſwoll'n with ſecret ire,
 Thro' the dark brows ſteam ſcintillating fire.

Ver. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?*] The care which Achilles takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of Patroclus, ſeems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by Homer, and by all the Greeks of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceaſed to watch his corpe, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funerals. It is plain this devoir was thought an indiſpenſable one, ſince Achilles could not diſcharge himſelf of it but by impoſing it upon his Mother. It is alſo clear, that in thoſe times the preſervation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, ſince the Goddeſſes themſelves, nay the moſt delicate

That unavailing care be laid aside, 31
 (The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
 Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd shall remain
 Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.

of the Goddesses, made it the subject of their utmost attention. As Thetis preserves the body of Patroclus, and chases from it those insects that breed in the wounds and cause putrefaction, so Venus is employed day and night about that of Hector, in driving away the dogs to which Achilles had exposed it. Apollo, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preserves its freshness amidst the greatest heats of the sun : and this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this passage in Bossu's admirable treatise of the epick poem, *lib. iii. cap. 10.* " To speak
 " (says this Author) of the arts and sciences as a poet ought, we
 " should veil them under names and actions of persons fictitious, and
 " allegorical. Homer will not plainly say that salt has the virtue
 " to preserve dead bodies, and prevent the flies from engendering
 " worms in them ; he will not say, that the sea presented Achilles
 " a remedy to preserve Patroclus from putrefaction ; but he will
 " make the sea a Goddess, and tells us, that Thetis to comfort
 " Achilles, engaged to perfume the body with an Ambrosia which
 " should keep it a whole year from corruption : it is thus Homer
 " teaches the poets to speak of arts and sciences. This example
 " shews the nature of the things, that flies cause putrefaction, that
 " salt preserves bodies from it ; but all this is told us poetically,
 " the whole is reduced into action, the sea is made a person who
 " speaks and acts, and this *prosopopæia* is accompanied with passion,
 " tenderness, and affection ; in a word, there is nothing which is
 " not (according to Aristotle's precept) endued with manners."

Ver. 32.] After this verse, *two* of his author are passed in silence, to this purport, in strains, too much akin to those of Ogilby, but declaratory of Homer's sense :

Myself will try to drive the flies away ;
 That forward race, which makes the slain it's prey.

But go, Achilles, (as affairs require) 35
 Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
 Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
 And heav'n with strength supply the mighty
 rage!

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
 Nectareous drops, and rich Ambrosia show'r'd 40
 O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,
 Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
 Achilles to the strand obedient went;
 The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
 The heroes heard, and all the naval train 45
 That tend the ships or guide them o'er the main,

Ver. 35.] The following plain representation is faithful to the original:

But go, my son, this hour to council call
 The Græcian heroes; there, before them all,
 Renounce thine anger with the king of men;
 And arm for war, and be thyself agen:

For I see no reason, why poetry should not be indulged in those varieties, which the Greeks and Romans so liberally enjoy; and write, as convenience may require, *agen* or *again*, conformably to the old or new orthography of the word.

Ver. 39.] These *four* elegant verses represent the following *three* of Homer:

She said, and sent bold vigour to his soul:
 Then in Patroclus' nostrils, to keep firm
 The corps, Ambrosia with red Nectar dropt,

Ver. 43.] To shun the concurrency of words similarly terminated, this verse may be improved, perhaps, by transposition:

Obedient to the strand Achilles went.

Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known found,
 Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
 Studious to see that terrour of the plain,
 Long lost to battle, shine in arms again. 50
 Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
 Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;
 These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
 The king of men, Atrides came the last:

Ver. 49.] A word from Chapman would improve this verse:

All swarm'd to see that terrour of the plain.

The whole passage is altogether very noble, both in the version and original; written with a pen, dipped in the font of Nature; and admirably calculated to aggrandise the character of his hero. It is, in my judgement, as interesting a circumstance as can be found in the whole compass of ancient or modern poetry.

Ver. 51.] Our poet here, very injudiciously and against all previous probability, follows Ogilby:

*Ulysses first and Diomed appear,
 Still lame with wounds,, each leaning on his spear.*

And so, I see Dacier: "L'intrépide Diomede et le divin Ulysse, tous deux favoris de Mars, viennent des premiers." The following translation is exact:

*Tydides brave and great Laërtes' son,
 Servants of Mars, each leaning on his spear,
 Came limping, still oppress'd with grievous wounds;
 And at the council's entrance took their seats.*

And these are mentioned by way of eminence, that the reader may infer the great eagerness of the rest, when even wounds could not keep these two from appearing on this occasion.

Ver. 54.] Our translator is too rapid. Thus his author:

*But last came Atreus' son, the king of men;
 He wounded also, in sharp battle pierc'd
 By Coon's brazen spear, Antenor's son.*

He too fore wounded by Agenor's son. 55

Achilles (rising in the midst) begun.

O Monarch ! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If (e'er the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid) 60
Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart !

Soon as the thronging Græcians all were met,
Achilles, swift of foot, uprose, and spake.

Ver. 59.] He might have comprised the entire sense of his author in a triplet, thus :

If, when Lyrnessus in the dust I laid,
Before that day —.

Ver 61.] *Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart !*

Achilles wishes Briseïs had died before she had occasioned so great calamities to his countrymen : I will not say to excuse him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wish is not so very barbarous as it may seem by the phrase to a modern reader. It is not, that Diana had actually killed her, as by a particular stroke or judgment from heaven ; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this passage in Odyss, xv :

When age and sickness have unnerv'd the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along,
They bend the silver bows for sudden ill,
And every shining arrow flies to kill.

And he does not wish her death now, after she had been his mistress, but only that she had died, before he knew, or loved her. P.

Ver. 62.] He denominates *gold* by the same periphrasis, more appositely, I think, and perspicuously, in his *ethic epistles*, iii. 10 :

———— Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground.

When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun. 80

Hear me ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause, 85
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey. 90
What then could I, against the will of heav'n?
Not by myself, but vengeful Ate driv'n;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.

is vague in it's representation, and the latter vicious in it's rhymes.
I shall give a plain literal translation :

He said : the warrior Greeks with transport hear
The fierce Pelides thus renounce his wrath.
Then Agamemnon spake, the king of men ;
Spake as he sat, nor in the council rose.

Ver. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.*] This speech of Agamemnon, consisting of little else than the long story of Jupiter's casting Discord out of heaven, seems odd enough at first sight; and does not indeed answer what I believe every reader expects, at the conference of these two Princes. Without excusing it from the justness and proper application of the allegory in the present case, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of Agamemnon, which is a mixture of haughtiness and cunning; he

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads, 95
 But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
 Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
 Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
 Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes; 99
 And Jove himself, the Sire of men and gods,
 The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
 Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.

cannot prevail with himself any way to lessen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: something he is obliged to say in publick, and not brooking directly to own himself in the wrong, he flurs it over with this tale. With what stateliness is it that he yields? "I was misled (says he) but I
 " was misled like Jupiter. We invest you with our powers, take
 " our troops and our treasures: our royal promise shall be fulfilled,
 " but be you pacified."

Ver. 93. *She Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
 The race of mortals ————]*

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a Dæmon, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing mischief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the Pagans knew that a dæmon of discord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy history. St. Justin will have it, that Homer attained to the knowledge thereof in Ægypt, and that he had even read what Isaiah writes, chap. xiv. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have seen the prophecy of Isaiah, because he lived 100, or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this passage the more observable. Homer therein bears authentick witness to the truth of the story, of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this testimony above 100 years before one of the greatest prophets spoke of it. Dacier. P.

Ver. 95.] Thus Ogilby:

Tender of feet, she on the ground ne'er treads,
 But proudly stalking goes o'er peoples heads.

For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
 And Jove expected his immortal son;
 To Gods and Goddeffes th' unruly joy 105
 He shew'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
 From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
 Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings.
 Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
 And fix dominion on the favour'd youth. 110
 The Thund'rer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
 Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.

Ver. 103.] Thus, without omission:

In well-wall'd Thebes Alcmena's time was run;

When Jove, expecting his immortal son,

To Gods and Goddeffes th' unruly joy

Declar'd, and vaunted —.

And our translator has exhibited the interlocutory addresses of his original with less formality; and very judiciously, I think, on the present occasion.

Ver. 107.] It may not be amiss to insert Ogilby's detailed version of the *first* speech, concluded by our poet in a single couplet:

Know, all you powers who here assembled are,

What now this bosome prompts me to declare;

Lucina shall assist a birth this day

Who shall the neighbouring realms, and confines sway:

Such and so bold a hero he shall be,

As those derive their pedigree from me.

For the rest, in passages not very interesting, nor distinguished by poetical beauties, more specific animadversions may well be spared.

Ver. 110.] The later editions erroneously give *fix'd*; contrary to the *first* edition, and the authority of Homer.

Ver. 111.] The rhymes are none. Thus?

Assents th' almighty Thunderer, nothing loath,

No fraud suspecting; but he rued his oath.

The joyful Goddess, from Olympus' height,
 Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
 Scarce sev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife; 115
 She push'd her ling'ring infant into life:
 Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
 And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
 Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
 "A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind 120
 "Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
 "And claims thy promise to be King of Kings."
 Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
 Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd and he rag'd.
 From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat, 125
 He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate,
 The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
 Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;

Ver. 115.] The *first* edition preserves the more ancient form

— Sthenelus *his* wife :

and in other places *strook* for *struck*. Such alterations took place from the rapid polish of our language in his lifetime !

Ver. 125.] Our admirable translator, from an ignorance of his author's language, has committed a most ridiculous mistake in this passage, though all his predecessors might have taught him better. He has, doubtless, misapprehended some *Latin* version, which rendered "à capite," "by, or from, the head:" and so he has applied the sentence to Jupiter. We may construct a tolerable couplet from Chapman's rhymes, and faithful to Homer's sense :

Then by her fair-tress'd head in fury caught
 Pernicious Ate, who the mischief wrought.

And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
 From bright Olympus and the starry heav'n: 130
 Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
 Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
 Full oft' the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
 Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
 Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled, 135
 While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
 What can the errors of my rage atone?
 My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
 This instant from the navy shall be sent
 Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent: 140
 But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
 Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superiour sway
 (Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!

Ver. 137.] Remove an open vowel thus:

What can *these* errors of my rage atone?

And our translator gives but a careless representation of his author.
 The following version to the conclusion of the speech is literal:

Since I thus err'd, by Jove bereav'd of sense,
 By gifts immense my wrong shall be redeem'd.
 Rise to the war thyself, and rouse our troops:
 Be thine those gifts, which yesterday, from me,
 Divine Ulysses promis'd in thy tent.
 But, if it please thee, wait, though hot for war,
 'Till from the ship my people presents bring
 To glad thy fight, and satisfy thy soul.

To keep or send the presents, be thy care; 145
 To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
 Let ev'ry Greek, who sees my spear confound
 The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
 With emulation, what I act, survey, 151
 And learn from thence the business of the day.

The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
 The great in council, Ithacus the wise.
 Tho' god-like, thou art by no toils oppress'd, 155
 At least our armies claim repast and rest:

Ver. 145. *To keep or send the presents, be thy care.*] Achilles neither refuses nor demands Agamemnon's presents: the first would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too selfish. It would seem as if Achilles fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and dishonourable to that character: Homer is wonderful as to the manners. Spond. Dac. P.

I have frequently noticed the inaccuracy of this rhyme: but no ready and neat substitution occurs on this occasion. Thus, perhaps:

Thy will, or keeps, (mine reck not) or bestows

These gifts: my soul for slaughter only glows.

Ver. 148.] I should like better, "a glorious work—."

Ver. 152.] Thus may we correct a grammatical impropriety:

And thence *pursue* the business of the day.

Ver. 155.] A wretched verse, and a mere abortion of the Muses. Thus?

Thee, god-like warrior! if no labours tire,

At least our *men* repast and rest *require*.

And the next couplet of our translator is highly elegant; but his observance of the original, throughout this passage, the subjoined attempt will shew:

Long and laborious must the combat be,
 When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
 Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
 And those augment by gen'rous wine and food:
 What boastful son of war without that stay, 161
 Can last a hero thro' a single day?
 Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
 Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
 The drooping body will desert the mind: 166

When spake the chief for wily schemes renown'd :
 Not thus, divine Achilles! though so stout,
 Urge against Ilium, to engage their foes,
 The Achaians fasting: soon no conflict short
 Will rise, when first our squadrons battle join,
 And God inspires the combatants with strength.
 But bid the Græcians at their ships partake
 Both bread and wine, whence strength and vigour flow.

Ver. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from spirits, &c.*] This advice of Ulysses that the troops should refresh themselves with eating and drinking was extremely necessary after a battle of so long continuance as that of the day before: and Achilles's desire that they should charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the necessity of that refreshment, was also highly natural to his violent character. This forces Ulysses to repeat that advice, and insist upon it so much: which those criticks did not see into, who through a false delicacy are shocked at his insisting so warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common reader who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of just and natural images, this at first sight may have an air of ridicule; but I will venture to say there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itself, nor mean and low in Homer's manner of expressing it: and I believe the same of this translation, though I have not softened or abated of the idea they are so offended with. P.

But built a-new with strength-conferring fare,
 With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
 Dismiss the people then, and give command,
 With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band; 170
 But let the presents to Achilles made,
 In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
 The king of men shall rise in publick fight,
 And solemn swear (observant of the rite)

Ver. 167.] The rhyme is vicious, and *two* verses of his author are too slightly passed. With the help of Ogilby, I would thus remedy both these defects :

But *buildd-new* with strength-conferring fare,
All war's fatigues his soul untam'd *can* bear;
 Thro' the whole day no rest his limbs require,
 'Till the spent armies from the field retire.

Ver. 168.] This awkward phrase our translator derived from Virgil, *Æn. vii. 582*:

Undique collecti, coeunt, *Martemque fatigant*;
 They from all parts croud in, and *weary Mars*.

Ver. 171.] More fully and exactly, thus :

But let the *gifts, by king Atrides* made
 To glad thy soul, before all Greece be laid,

Ver. 174.] The conclusion of this verse is a wretched insignificant piece of patch-work, for mere convenience. Thus? more faithfully :

The king, *to give thy jealous spirit peace,*
 Shall solemn swear *before assembled Greece.*

The next couplet envelops the nakedness of his author in a delicate robe of the happiest workmanship that poetical ingenuity could possibly have framed for this occasion. Ogilby has preserved the pure simplicity of the original :

Then let him swear he ne'er the lady knew,
 And did with her as men with women do :

who, with Homer, has a noble advocate in Milton, *Par. Lost, iv. 313—319.* whither I refer the reader.

That spotless as she came, the maid removes, 175
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
 And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
 Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sov'reign
 might,

Beyond the bounds of reason and of right; 180
 'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
 To right with justice whom with pow'r they
 wrong'd.

To him the monarch. Just is thy decree,
 Thy words give joy, and Wisdom breathes in
 thee.

Each due atonement gladly I prepare; 185
 And heav'n regard me as I justly swear!
 Here then a-while let Greece assembled stay,
 Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;
 'Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
 And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made. 190
 A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:

Ver. 179.] This conclusion of the speech is excellent and happy,
 full and forcible, beyond all example.

Ver. 184.] There is an awkwardness in this insertion of the
 connecting word. It should have been omitted, I think, in this
 place. Thus?

With joy I hear it: Wisdom breathes in thee.

In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:
 Talthybius shall the victim boar convey, 195
 Sacred to Jove, and yon' bright orb of day.
 For this (the stern Æacides replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,

Ver. 193.] These rhymes cannot be tolerated on the heel of the preceding. I will hazard a substitution:

All that I vow'd, in order let them place;
 And the choice gifts the beauteous females grace.

Ver. 195.] Or thus:

A boar Talthybius shall *with speed* convey,
 To Jove a victim and *the God* of day.

Ver. 197. *The stern Æacides replies.*] The Greek verse is,

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the Iliad. It is a very just remark of a French critick, that what makes it so much taken notice of, is the rumbling sound and length of the word ἀπαμειβόμενος; this is so true, that if in a poem or romance of the same length as the Iliad, we should repeat *The hero answer'd*, full as often, we should never be sensible of that repetition. And if we are not shocked at the like frequency of those expressions in the Æneid, *sic ore refert, talia voce refert, talia dicta dabat, vix ea fatus erat*, &c. it is only because the sound of the Latin words does not fill the ear like that of the Greek ἀπαμειβόμενος.

The discourse of the same critick upon these sort of repetitions in general, deserves to be transcribed. That useless nicety (says he) of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the first ages of antiquity: the books of Moses abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent use in the most ancient of all the poets, we should look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: they spoke so in his time, and to have spoken otherwise had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itself so contrary to the true sublime, as that painful and frivolous exactness, with which we avoid to make use of a proper word because it was used before. It is certain that

When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.

the Romans were less scrupulous as to this point: you have often in a single page of Tully, the same word five or six times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author who so little wanted variety of expressions as Homer, could be so very negligent herein? On the contrary, he seems to have affected to repeat the same things in the same words, on many occasions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among several people, and in several ages, two practices entirely different took their rise. Moses, Homer, and the writers of the first times, had found that repetitions of the same words recalled the ideas or things, imprinted them much more strongly, and rendered the discourse more intelligible. Upon this principle, the custom of repeating words, phrases, and even entire speeches, insensibly established itself both in prose and poetry, especially in narrations.

The writers who succeeded them observed, even from Homer himself, that the greatest beauty of style consisted in variety. This they made their principle: they therefore avoided repetitions of words, and still more of whole sentences; they endeavoured to vary their transitions; and found out new turns and manners of expressing the same things.

Either of these practices is good, but the excess of either vicious: we should neither on the one hand, through a love of simplicity and clearness, continually repeat the same words, phrases or discourses; nor on the other, for the pleasure of variety fall into a childish affectation of expressing every thing twenty different ways, though it be never so natural and common.

Nothing so much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary incessantly even in the smallest circumstances. In this, as in many other points, Homer has despised the ungrateful labour of too scrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great painter, who does not think himself obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them shall have the least resemblance to another: if the principal figures are entirely different, we easily excuse a resemblance in the landscapes, the skies, or the draperies. Suppose a gallery full of pictures, each of which represents a particular subject: in one I see Achilles in fury, menacing Agamemnon; in another the same hero with regret

By Hector slain, their faces to the sky, 201
 All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:

delivers up Briseïs to the heralds; in a third it is still Achilles, but Achilles overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the gesture, the countenance, the character of Achilles, are the same in each of these three pieces; if the ground of one of these be the same with that of the others in the composition and general design, whether it be landscape or architecture, then indeed one should have reason to blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no sameness but in the folds of a few draperies, in the structure of some part of a building, or in the figure of some tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: Homer repeats, but they are not the great strokes which he repeats, not those which strike and fix our attention: they are only the little parts, the transitions, the general circumstances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but casts his eye carelessly: such as the descriptions of sacrifices, repasts, or embarkments; such in short, as are in their own nature much the same, which it is sufficient just to shew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments. P.

The respectful address of the original should not have been wholly omitted on this occasion by the translator, as happily descriptive of that conciliating spirit, which characterises this interview of Achilles. For this reason, and as the word *stern* is, by inattention, too soon repeated, we may safely prescribe this substitution:

For this, *great king!* (*Æacides* replies).

Ver. 201.] Or thus, more faithfully:

Now in their blood lie those by Hector slain,
 When Jove allow'd him war's chief meed to gain.
 Might I prescribe, whom ye to food invite,
 Those would I urge, this instant, to the fight.
 Then, *as the sun retires*, let generous bowls,
 Our *vengeance sated*, glad your weary souls:

for the contraction in the last verse but one is incompatible with the dignity of higher poetry.

Those call to war, and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, shou'd commence the
fight:

Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous
bowls,

And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.

Let not my palate know the taste of food,

'Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:

Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,

And his cold feet are pointed to the door.

Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,

Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;

Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,

And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

Ver. 207.] I should prefer, for the sake of variety and emphasis,

Let not *this* palate—.

Ver. 209. *Pale lies my friend, &c.*] It is in the Greek, *lies extended in my tent with his face turning towards the door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τέτραμμένος, that is to say, as the scholiast has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door*. For it was thus the Greeks placed their dead in the porches of their houses, as likewise in Italy.

“In portam rigidos calces extendit.”

Perfius.

—“Recepitque ad limina gressum,

“Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acetes

“Servabat senior”——

Thus we are told by Suetonius, of the body of Augustus—
Equester ordo suscepit, urbique intulit, atque in vestibulo domus collavit.

P.

Ver. 213.] This mode of expression is a happy improvement on his original, which says merely:

O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd) 215
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field; 220
 Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain;
 The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!

Nought, then, my soul regards,
 But slaughter, blood, and struggling groans of men.

The praise, however, must be transferred to Ogilby, though he be pronounced by our translator "below criticism:"

These cares trouble not me, I mind not food:
 I'll feast on slaughter, dying groans, and blood.

Ver. 215.] Our poet is too concise with this elegant passage. For this reason, and because our English translators have not entered into the proper spirit of it, I shall subjoin a literal version:

Ulysses, fraught with counsels, thus replied:
 Achilles! son of Peleus! first of Greeks!
 Thou far excell'st, in brandishing the spear,
 My feebler pow'rs; but use and age, perchance,
 Have given me wisdom far transcending thine.

Ver. 221. *Tho' vast the heaps, &c.*] Ulysses's expression in the original is very remarkable; he calls καλάρμην, *straw* or *chaff*, such as are killed in the battle; and he calls ἀμύηλον, the *crop*, such as make their escape. This is very conformable to the language of holy scripture, wherein those who perish are called *chaff*, and those who are saved are called *corn*. Dacier. P.

I regard this criticism as a frivolous refinement on Homer's language; and am of opinion, that no distinction at all was intended by this variety of expression.

Ver. 223.] Our poet mistakes his author, deceived, perhaps, by Ogilby; whose version is this:

The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall, 225
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
 Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day. 230
 One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,

Since, as Jove turns his counterpoised scales,
 Now this alternately, now that prevails.
 I shall continue an exact and plain version from the former specimen:
 Then let thy heart with patience hear my words.
 Soon are men fated of that fight, in which,
 Though steel with plenteous crops may strew the ground,
 Small is the harvest, when the scales are turn'd
 By Jove, great arbiter of wars to men.
 'Tis most unfit that Greece should mourn the dead
 With fasting. When such ranks are daily mown
 In fight, what respite could our sufferings find?
 Let those, who scape the ruin of the field,
 Think on their food again, and thus be strong
 To wage continued battle with the foes,
 In vests of stubborn steel. Their summons now
 Let all receive, nor shrink th' approaching fight.
 This summons slighted shall severely rue
 Each loiterer at the ships. Impetuous now
 Bear we on Troy the thickening storm of war.

And the reason of a scanty harvest, in the present case, after the inclination of the scales by Jupiter, was the speedy asylum, which the Trojans would find at hand in their walls and bulwarks: nor do I find, that any translator or interpreter has seen the true meaning of the passage, if this now stated be indeed the true meaning; of which I entertain no doubt.

Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feeble foe. 236

Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind. 240

Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent.

The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir, 245
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,

With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain,
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.

Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid; 250

Ver. 237. ————— *None shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war.*]

This is very artful; Ulysses, to prevail upon Achilles to let the troops take repast, and yet in some sort to second his impatience, gives with the same breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repast, it looks as if they did not lose a moment's time, but are going to put themselves in array of battle. Dacier. P.

Ver. 247.] I would banish this wretched line by a different adjustment of the passage, in this manner:

Then Nestor's sons he calls; with Phyleus' heir,
With Thias and with Merion, to this care;
With Melanippus, Lycomedes went
To bear the presents from the royal tent.

A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds:
 Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose;
 The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,
 Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before, 255
 First of the train, the golden talents bore:
 The rest in publick view the chiefs dispose,
 A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
 The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
 Drew the broad cutlafs sheath'd beside his sword:
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow 261
 He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.

Ver. 251.] Our poet would take no trouble to be exact, and the rotundity of the next line he could not think of sacrificing to the fidelity of this. We may thus rectify his version:

A row of *seven* fair tripods then succeeds;

Next, twelve in number, come the stately steeds:

for the *definite article* may properly be employed in connection with a circumstance already stated.

Ver. 254.] The *simile* is from our translator. Thus?

Then, fairest of the fair, Briseïs goes.

Or rather, as the same rhymes immediately recur, the couplet may be thus diversified, with advantage to fidelity:

Seven females, skill'd in labours of the loom;

Briseïs next, in beauty's freshest bloom—.

Ver. 259.] Thus, more fully:

Close by the shepherd of the people, stands

Talthybius with the victim in his hands;

Sonorous like a god. The Græcian lord—.

His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
 The solemn words a deep attention draw, 265
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness thou first! thou greatest pow'r above!
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!
 And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
 And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night, 270
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, heav'n all its vengeance shed, 275
 And level'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground:

Ver. 263.] Ogilby's couplet becomes excellent, by changing only the *tense* of the *verb*:

Atrides round th' expanded sky surveys,
 And thus, with hands to heaven erected, prays.

Ver. 272.] These *perjur'd kings* are engrafted on the passage by our translator, who let no opportunity pass by, when this race of beings could by any contrivance be brought into the least coincidence with his subject, of exhibiting them to disadvantage.

Ver. 275.] Thus, more exactly:

If this be false, may Heaven avenging shed
 The woes in store for perjuries on my head.

Ver. 278.] This verse is gratuitous, and, in my opinion, not happy in it's expression. The following representation is more close to his original:

The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main. 280

Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all, 285
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks
to fall.

Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles fought his tent. His train before 291
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.

*Then, as he spake, his unrelenting knife,
Plung'd in the stomach, robs the boar of life.
Talthybius, whirling, throws the victim slain,
A feast for fishes, to the foaming main.
Then rose Achilles: "Heavenly sire! of woes
"A numerous train thy will on man bestows!"*

Ver. 279. *Rolls the victim into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths; such were victims of malediction. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 281. *Hear, ye Greeks, &c.*] Achilles, to let them see that he is entirely appeased, justifies Agamemnon himself, and enters into the reasons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that justification he perfectly well preserves his character, and illustrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. Dacier. P.

Those in the tents the squires industrious spread;
 The foaming courfers to the stalls they led:
 To their new seats the female captives move:
 Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love, 296
 Slow as she past, beheld with sad survey
 Where gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
 Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
 Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
 All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes 301
 Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries.
 Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay; 305
 Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
 What woes my wretched race of life attend?
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!

Ver. 296.] Thus, literally:

But, when Briseïs, like the golden queen
 Of beauty, saw Patroclus gash'd with wounds,
 She claspt the corse, shrill-shrieking, o'er it spread;
 Her breasts, soft neck, and beauteous face she tore;
 Then thus with tears, in charms a goddess, spake.

Ver. 303, &c. *The lamentation of Briseïs over Patroclus.*] This speech (says Dionysius of Halicarnassus) is not without its artifice: while Briseïs seems only to be deploring Patroclus, she represents to Achilles who stands by, the breach of the promises he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in resigning her up to Agamemnon. He adds, that Achilles here-upon acknowledges the justice of her complaint, and makes answer that his promises should be performed: it was a slip in that great critick's memory, for the verse he cites is not in this part of the author, [*περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων*, part. II.] P.

The first lov'd confort of my virgin bed
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled: 310
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
 All trod the dark, irremeable way:
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;
 Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove, 315
 The first, the dearest partner of his love;
 That rites divine should ratify the band,
 And make me Empress in his native land.
 Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
 For thee, that ever felt another's woe! 320

Ver. 313.] The latter part of this verse is for the rhyme only.
 Thus?

*Then from thy chearing voice I found relief,
 When my slain husband steep'd my soul in grief,
 And country spoil'd: you promis'd I should prove
 Sweet compensation in Achilles' love.*

Ver. 315. *Achilles' care you promis'd, &c.*] In these days when our manners are so different from those of the ancients, and we see none of those dismal catastrophes which laid whole kingdoms waste, and subjected princesses and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps seem astonishing, that a princess of Briseïs's birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and husband were killed by Achilles, should suffer herself to be comforted, and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the spouse of the murderer. But such were the manners of those times, as ancient history testifies: and a poet represents them as they were; but if there was a necessity for justifying them, it might be said that slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a princess like Briseïs was pardonable, to chuse rather to become Achilles's wife than his slave. Dacier. P.

Ver. 320.] Grammatical accuracy requires *felt'st* for *feltest*:

Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd he heard them, and with sighs deny'd.

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care 325
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
'Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd
his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race, 330

but on account of the harshness of this word, I would propose,
as follows :

Thee, *all compassion for another's woe!*

Ver. 321.] Ogilby renders,

Thus said she weeping. All the damsells groan,
And in Patroclus' chance lament *their own*.

Nor is Chapman displeasing :

Thus spake she weeping; and with her, did th' other ladies
mone,

Patroclus' fortunes in pretext, but in sad truth their own.

Ver. 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.*] Homer adds this touch to heighten the character of Briseïs, and to shew the difference there was between her and the other captives. Briseïs, as a well-born princess, really bewailed Patroclus out of *gratitude*; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of *interest*.
Dacier. P.

Ver. 323.] Ogilby, corrected, is more faithful;

*The seniors round, with prayers, the chief advise
To take refreshment: he, with sobs, denies.*

Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
 And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
 His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
 He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
 Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
 Thy sweet society, thy winning care, 337
 Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.

Ver. 331.] This intermixture of *angry* passion is unauthorised by his original. I would thus rectify the translation by the proper standard:

Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
 And Phœnix, strive his *sorrows* to *assuage*.
War, war his whole delight! no words controul
The deep, recurrent anguish of his soul.

Ver. 335. *Thou too, Patroclus! &c.*] This lamentation is finely introduced: while the generals are persuading him to take some refreshment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of Patroclus, who had so often brought him food every morning before they went to battle: this is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the subject of his discourse from the things that present themselves. Spondanus. P.

Ver. 337.] The rhyme of this couplet is not to be commended, and the turn of sense not correspondent to his author. The following attempt is exact:

Thou too hast oft, most dear unhappy friend!
 For me plac'd sweet refreshment in the tent
 With haste officious, when our eager Greeks
 Prepar'd for Troy the tear-producing fight.
 Now ly'st thou gor'd with wounds; and loaths my soul
 Both meat and drink, tho' plenty crown the board,
 For loss of thee; nor could the doleful news
 Of my fire's death inflict a deeper wound.

But now alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
 What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
 What greater sorrow could afflict my breast, 341
 What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
 Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
 His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
 What more, should Neoptolemus the brave 345
 (My only offspring) sink into the grave?
 If yet that offspring lives, (I distant far,
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
 I cou'd not this, this cruel stroke attend;
 Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
 I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear 351
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,

Ver. 349.] An unauthorised, I apprehend, and unpleasant use
 of the word *attend*. The rhymes too of the succeeding couplet are
 bad. In short our poet is exceedingly careless on too many occasions;
 of which this is one. I shall submit to the reader a plain, but
 close version:

My mind with pleasing hopes my bosom fill'd,
 That I alone, from Argos far, should die,
 Here, on this spot; but thou to Phthia go,
 With a swift ship to bring my son for me
 From Scyros, and to shew him all my state,
 My wealth, my servants, and my stately dome.

Ver. 351. *I hop'd Patroclus might survive, &c.*] Patroclus was
 young, and Achilles who had but a short time to live, hoped that
 after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his son, and
 put him into the possession of his kingdom: Neoptolemus would in
 Patroclus find Peleus and Achilles; whereas when Patroclus was
 dead, he must be an orphan indeed. Homer is particularly admirable
 for the sentiments, and always follows nature. Dacier. P.

From Scyros isle conduct him o'er the main, }
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign, }
 The lofty palace, and the large domain. 355 }
 For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
 But 'till the news of my sad fate invades
 His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,
 Each stole a tear for what he left behind. 361
 Their mingled grief the fire of heav'n survey'd,
 And thus with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid.

Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war? 365
 Lo, where yon' sails their canvass wings extend,
 All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend;
 E'er thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
 Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast. 369

Ver. 361.] The language of this verse is exceedingly undignified, and the rhymes imperfect. Ogilby, corrected, if the same exception did not lie against his rhymes also, would be greatly preferable:

*He said, with tears: the seniors thro' the room
 Sigh'd, mindful of their dearest ties at home.*

Ver. 363.] Vicious rhymes. Thus?

*Attends my child her noble chief no more;
 Nor loves Achilles, as she lov'd before?*

Ver. 368.] More accurately, thus:

*Haste; and, e'er hunger have his strength oppress'd,
 Drop nectar and ambrosia in his breast.*

He spoke; and sudden at the word of Jove,
 Shot the descending Goddesses from above.
 So swift thro' æther the shrill Harpy springs,
 The wide air floating to her ample wings.
 To great Achilles she her flight addrest,
 And pour'd divine Ambrosia in his breast, 375
 With nectar sweet, (refection of the Gods!)
 Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
 Now issued from the ships the warrior train,
 And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
 As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow, 380
 And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;

Ver. 370.] I am inclined to think the reading of this verse, in the first edition, genuine, and the present *at*, an interpolation of meddling correctors of the press, or tasteless printers. And the *second* verse seems susceptible of some improvement, as follows:

He spake; and sudden *as* the word of Jove,
 Shot the *glad* goddesses from *the realms* above.

Ver. 374.] We may thus include an omission of our translator, and amend the rhymes:

Nectar she drops, whilst arm for war the rest,
 And sweet ambrosia in Achilles' breast:
 From cheerless hunger thus defence supplies;
 Then to her sovereign fire's bright mansion flies.

Ver. 379.] This *simile* is without any authority from his original, and unseasonably anticipates that which immediately follows. Thus?

And pour *their thick battalions* o'er the plain.

Ver. 380.] Ogilby is not to be despised:

Thicker than fall swift flights of feather'd *snow*
 From *cloudie skies*, when *bleaker* tempests *blow*.

From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
 Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :
 So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
 Broad glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed
 rays, 386
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze :
 Thick beats the center as the courfers bound,
 With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the
 fields around.

Ver. 381.] Better, perhaps,

Thick and more thick, the storm of driving snow.

Ver. 383.] This appears to my taste too stiff and formal. I should prefer,

And dazzling lustre—.

Ver. 384. *So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.]*

It is probable the reader may think the words, *shining, splendid*, and others derived from the lustre of arms, too frequent in these books. My author is to answer for it, but it may be alledged in his excuse, that when it was the custom for every soldier to serve in armour, and when those arms were of brass before the use of iron became common, these images of lustre were less avoidable, and more necessarily frequent in descriptions of this nature. P.

Thus Ogilby, whom our poet imitates :

Bright shone their glittering casks, and *all the fields*
 Sparkled with corselets, spears, and ponderous *shields*.

And, in addition to our poet's remark, I would observe, that, if we were to see at this day an army so equipped in brass, the most forcible idea impressed on us would, doubtless, be that of *brightness*, from so luminous a spectacle.

Ver. 389.] The quaint ingenuity of Chapman's wit, not unregarded by Pope, will amuse the reader :

Full in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the
 rest, 390
 His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire; 395
 He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
 O'erlooks th' embattl'd host, and hopes the
 bloody day.

— their splendors gave heaven's eye

His beams again : Earth *laught* to see, her face so like the skie.

This classical use of the word *laugh* is common with the best writers. The reader will recollect at once a verse in Horace, which is a sufficient specimen on this occasion :

Ridet argento domus.

Ver. 390. *Achilles arming himself, &c.*] There is wonderful pomp in this description of Achilles's arming himself; every reader without being pointed to it, will see the extreme grandeur of all these images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble scale they rise one above another, and how the hero is set still in a stronger point of light than before; till he is at last in a manner covered over with glories; he is at first likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and lastly to the sun itself. P.

The following attempt is more compact, and far closer to the sentiments and language of Homer; which must excuse the vanity of an apparent competition :

Tower'd in the midst Pelides, chief divine !

Like flames of fire, his vivid eye-balls shine :

The warrior's teeth with gnashing fury found ;

Grief wrung his bosom with a deadly wound.

On fire to bathe in blood the Trojan bands,

He takes his arms, the work of Vulcan's hands.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
 The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd, 400
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;
 And like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
 Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the
 field.

So to night wand'ring failors, pale with fears,
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste a light appears, 405

Ver. 398.] More fully thus:

The cuishes first *with* silver clasps infold
 His thighs; his breast was brac'd *with* hollow gold.

But the *gold* is added by our translator from Dryden, *Æn.* xii. 636:

The hero arms in haste: his hands *infold*,
 His *thighs* with *cuishes* of refulgent *gold*:

which are chiefly taken from Lauderdale's translation:

Earnest of fight *Æneas'* hands infold
 His thighs with cuishes cover'd o'er with gold.

And I would add, that our poet's remark on this place is equally lively, just, and beautiful.

Ver. 400.] Our translator indulges his fancy. The following effort is verbally exact:

He round his shoulders threw the brazen sword,
 With silver studs; then took his strong huge shield;
 It's surface gleam'd a radiance like the moon.

Ver. 404.] The conclusion of this verse is a paltry clause, for convenience only, unworthy of our translator. I shall give a plain version of the *simile*, to discover his embellishments to the English reader:

As from the sea to distant failors show
 The flames far-blazing on a mountain's brow
 From a swain's lonely cot: o'er ocean roam
 Th' unwilling wanderers from their friends and home:

Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the
main. 409

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war:

Thus from Achilles' shield the splendors rise,
The shield all-beauteous! and illumine the skies.

Ver. 411.] He improves from Ogilby:
Whose gilded plumage waves with every wind.

Ver. 413.] This sublime image is borrowed from a well-known
passage of Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 708.

————— like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

Milton might have a passage of Shakspeare in view, at the beginning
of *King Henry Sixth*, first part:

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your chrystal tresses in the sky:

and another in Virgil's *Culex*, ver. 42.

Ignæus æthereas jam Sol penetrârat in arcis
Candidaque aurato quatiēbat lumina curru.

But the luxuriant amplification of our translator can only be seen by
an English reader through the medium of a literal version:

————— then took his solid helm,
And plac'd it on his head: the horse-hair'd helm
Beam'd like a star, and wav'd it's floating gold,
Pour'd in full stream by Vulcan from the crest.

So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose
glories shed. 415

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring
eyes;

His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could
rear. 421

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields:

Automedon and Alcimus prepare 426
Th' immortal courfers, and the radiant car,

Ver. 419.] This is a stroke of wonderful felicity! His original
says merely,

Like wings they were, and rais'd the warrior up.

Indeed, the notion itself is instinct with true genius.

Ver. 420.] Or, more exactly, thus:

Then from it's stand his huge strong spear he takes:

His arm alone the massive weapon shakes,

Of all the Græcian race: an ash entire

Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire,

From Pelion's top. With ease Achilles wields

This bane of heroes, and this dread of fields.

Ver. 426.] More accurately, and with a better rhyme, thus:

Automedon and Alcimus for war

Prepare his courfers, and his radiant car.

(The silver traces sweeping at their side)
 Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
 The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind, 430
 Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
 The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
 And swift ascended at one active bound.
 All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire
 Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire ; 435
 Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way,
 Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
 High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
 And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.

Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain, 440
 (Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain)

Ver. 434.] These are *four* fine verses, but are the representatives of less than *two* in his author. I should prefer something more compact, if it could be attained with an union of fidelity and grandeur. Thus?

Behind, Achilles towers, in armour bright;
 Like Phœbus blazing with meridian might.

The reader will recollect Judges, v. 31. "So let all thine enemies
 "perish, O! Lord: but let them that love him be as the *sun*,
 "when he goeth forth in his *might*."—And translators, as well as
 editors, generally mistake the word κορυσσομεν in Homer, which
 is ὑψιμεν, *sublime* or *highly raised*. The sense usually assigned
 would evidently be superfluous and inartificial on this occasion, in
 connection with the phrase τευχεςι παμφαινων.

Hence the common *epithet*, ἵπποκορυσῆς, properly is *altus equo*,
raised on a horse, ἵππικος, *a horseman*, or *warriour*; equivalent to
 ἵπποδαμος. The radical word, as I apprehend, of this and many
 similar terms, is κορυς or κορυς, *a top* or *summit* of any thing.

Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
 And learn to make your master more your care:
 Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaughter'ring
 sword,

Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord. 445

The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he said,
 Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
 Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
 And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
 When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke. 451

Ver. 450. *When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.]*

It is remarked, in excuse of this extravagant fiction of a horse speaking, that Homer was authorised herein by fable, tradition, and history. Livy makes mention of two oxen that spoke on different occasions, and recites the speech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi*. Pliny tells us, these animals were particularly gifted this way, l. viii. c. 45. *Est frequens in prodigiis priscorum, bovem locutum*. Besides, Homer had prepared us for expecting something miraculous from these horses of Achilles, by representing them to be immortal. We have seen them already sensible, and weeping at the death of Patroclus: and we must add to all this, that a Goddess is concerned in working this wonder: It is Juno that does it. Oppian alludes to this in a beautiful passage of his first book: not having the original by me, I shall quote (what I believe is no less beautiful) Mr. Fenton's translation of it:

Of all the prone creation, none display
 A friendlier sense of man's superiour sway:
 Some in the silent pomp of grief complain,
 For the brave chief, by doom of battle slain:
 And when young Peleus in his rapid car
 Rush'd on, to rouse the thunder of the war,

Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
 Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war:
 But come it will, the fatal time must come,
 Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom. 455
 Not thro' our crime, or slowness in the course,
 Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force;
 The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day,
 (Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.

With human voice inspir'd, his steed deplor'd
 The fate impending dreadful o'er his lord.

Cyneg. lib. i.

Spondanus and Dacier fail not to bring up Balaam's ass on this occasion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to discharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile such fictions to probability. Would not one general answer do better, to say once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the *age of wonders*: the taste of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the poets, but the priests, gave them. P.

It would have done much more honour to the magnanimity of our translator, whose great acquirements should have acquiesced in the absence of such inferior accomplishments, if, instead of talking with so much complacency of the *original* of Oppian, he had confessed ingenuously, that he could not have understood, had he been possessed of the book, a single line of that author.

Respue quod non es.

Ver. 454.] The rhymes are not accurately correspondent.
 Thus?

But lo! Death strides with rapid step! nor we
 The cause, but God, and rigid Fate's decree.

Ver. 459.] This inserted clause weakens the passage, in my opinion, and has no model in Homer. Correctly, thus:

Ennobling Hector, tore his arms away.

No—could our swiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
 Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale, 461
 All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
 Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceaſ'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
 His fate-ful voice : th' intrepid chief reply'd 465
 With unabated rage—So let it be!
 Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.

But I would propoſe a cloſer tranſlation of the paſſage :

Nor thy Patroclus, by our ſlowneſs croſt,
 Stripp'd by the Trojan foe, his armour loſt :
 Slain in the van by fair Latona's ſon,
 Dread Power ! he fell : the glory Hector won.

Ver. 461.] This uſe of the word *beat* ſeems colloquial and low :
 nor is the emphasis of his original preſerved in this verſion.
 Thus ?

*E'en the fleet pinions of the weſtern gale,
 This too were vain.*

Ver. 464. *Then ceaſ'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
 His fate-ful voice.*——]

The poet had offended againſt probability if he had made Juno take
 away the voice ; for Juno (which ſignifies the air) is the cauſe of
 the voice. Beſides, the poet was willing to intimate that the
 privation of the voice is a thing ſo diſmal and melancholy, that
 none but the Furies can take upon them ſo cruel an employment.
 Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 467.] This is elegant, but the following line more exact :
 Why ſhould'ſt thou, Xanthus, bode my death to me ?
 Ogilby is literal ; and, with little caſtigation, not to be deſpiſed :
 Why do'ſt thou, Xanthus, *then* my death foretell ?
 'Tis needleſs all : I know my fate too well.
 Far from my parents muſt I die ; but firſt
 In Trojan blood will quench my vengeful thirſt.

I know my fates: to die, to see no more
 My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
 Enough—when heav'n ordains, I sink in
 night; 470
 Now perish Troy! He said, and rush'd to fight.

*The warrior spake; and furious drives his car,
 With echoing clamours, to the front of war.*

OF THE

THE

OF THE

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

JUPITER upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THE
TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE
ILLIAD.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and
blood,
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:

Ver. 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command, &c.*] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmost pomp and grandeur: the Gods are assembled only upon this account, and Jupiter permits several Deities to join with the Trojans, and hinder Achilles from over-ruling destiny itself.

The circumstance of sending Themis to assemble the Gods is very beautiful; she is the Goddess of Justice; the Trojans by the rape of Helen, and by repeated perjuries having broken her laws, she is the properest messenger to summon a synod to bring them to punishment. Eustathius.

Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
 And summons all the senate of the skies.
 These shining on, in long procession come
 To Jove's eternal adamantine dome. 10
 Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r,
 That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
 Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
 Each azure sister of the silver flood;
 All but old Ocean, hoary fire! who keeps 15
 His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. Themis or Justice (says he) is made to assemble the Gods round Jupiter, because it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and Jupiter sends them to the relief of both parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his permission, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them. P.

Our poet is very diffuse in his translation here. The following view of the original is exact and commensurate:

Jove Themis bade the Gods to council call
 From high Olympus, ridg'd with hills: around
 She went, and summon'd to the dome of Jove.

Ver. 11.] Thus? more faithfully and concisely:
 Save Ocean's flood, no stream of all that stray
 O'er earth's wide surface, but appear'd this day:
 Each virgin Power, that haunts the rural reign,
 Nymphs of the grove, the fountain, and the plain.

Ver. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] Eustathius gives two reasons why Oceanus was absent from this assembly: the one is because he is fabled to be the original of all the Gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to see the deities, who were all his descendants, war upon one another by joining adverse parties: the other reason

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
 (The work of Vulcan) sat the Pow'rs around.
 Ev'n * he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
 Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
 Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes, 21
 And question'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.

What moves the God who heav'n and earth
 commands,

And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
 Thus to convene the whole æthereal state? 25
 Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
 Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
 And Death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling Pow'r replies)
 This day, we call the council of the skies 30

he draws from the allegory of Oceanus, which signifies the element of water, and consequently the whole element could not ascend into the Æther; but whereas Neptune, the rivers, and the fountains are said to have been present, this is no way impossible, if we consider it in an allegorical sense, which implies, that the rivers, seas, and fountains supply the air with vapours, and by that means ascend into the æther. P.

Ver. 18.] His original prescribes,
Works of sage Vulcan —.

Ver. 19.] On account of the sameness of the rhyme to those in the last couplet of the substitution hazarded above, I would propose the following variation; which has also superiour exactness to recommend it:

Ev'n he, whose trident *Earth's foundation shakes,*
Hears the loud summons, and his sea forsakes.

* Neptune.

In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
 Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
 Far on Olympus' top in secret state
 Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
 Work out our will. Celestial pow'rs! descend, 35
 And as your minds direct, your succour lend

Ver. 33.] Our translator had his eye on Chapman :
 ——— Here Ile hold *state*, and freely take the joy
 Of eithers *fate*.

Ver. 34.] Thus, more conformably to his author :
 Ourself will sit, and *view with joy elate*,
 The deeds of war. Celestial Pow'rs! descend —.

Ver. 35. *Celestial pow'rs! descend*,
And as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. —]

Eustathius informs us, that the ancients were very much divided upon this passage of Homer. Some have criticized it, and others have answered their criticism; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without transmitting the answer to us. Those who condemned Homer, said Jupiter was for the Trojans; he saw the Greeks were the strongest, so permitted the Gods to declare themselves, and go to the battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point: for the Gods who favour the Greeks being stronger than those who favour the Trojans, the Greeks will still have the same advantage. I do not know what answer the partisans of Homer made, but for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than solid. Jupiter does not pretend that the Trojans should be stronger than the Greeks, he has only a mind that the decree of destiny should be executed. Destiny had refused to Achilles the glory of taking Troy, but if Achilles fights singly against the Trojans, he is capable of forcing destiny; (as Homer has already elsewhere said, that there had been brave men who had done so.) Whereas if the Gods took part, though those who followed the Grecians were stronger than those who were for the Trojans, the latter would however be strong enough to support

To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
 If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
 Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
 What can they now, if in his rage he rise? 40
 Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
 May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the fall.

destiny, and to hinder Achilles from making himself master of Troy : this was Jupiter's sole view. Thus is this passage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for Achilles. Dacier. P.

Ver. 41. ——— Or *Ilion's sacred wall*
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the fall.]

Monf. de la Motte criticizes on this passage, as thinking it absurd and contradictory to Homer's own system, to imagine, that what Fate had ordained should not come to pass. Jupiter here seems to fear that Troy will be taken this very day in spite of destiny, *ὑπὲρ μῶρον*. M. Boivin answers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient Pagan theology, and their doctrine concerning Fate. It is certain, according to Homer and Virgil, that what destiny had decreed did not constantly happen in the precise time marked by destiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be hastened: for example, that of the death of Dido was advanced by the blow she gave herself; her hour was not then come :

—— “Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat,
 “Sed misera ante diem”——

Every violent death was accounted *ὑπὲρ μῶρον*, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the same thing) against the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the Romans expressed it. And the same might be said of any misfortunes which men drew upon themselves by their own ill conduct. (See the note on ver. 535. lib. xvi.) In a word, it must be allowed that it was not easy, in the Pagan religion, to form the justest ideas upon a doctrine so difficult to be cleared; and upon which it is no great wonder if a poet

He said, and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with
 rage:
 On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
 Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whose azure
 round 45
 Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;

should not always be perfectly consistent with himself, when it has puzzled such a number of Divines and Philosophers. P.

Or thus:

I fear, ye Gods! lest Troy untimely fall,
 'Though Fate's strong arm upholds her sacred wall.

Ver. 44. *On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
 Heav'n's awful Queen, &c.]*

Eustathius has a very curious remark upon this division of the Gods of Homer, which M. Dacier has entirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledged less, than she has every where done from Eustathius.) This division, says he, is not made at random, but founded upon very solid reasons, drawn from the nature of those two nations. He places on the side of the Greeks all the Gods who preside over arts and sciences, to signify how much in that respect the Greeks excelled all other nations. Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury and Vulcan are for the Greeks; Juno, not only as the Goddess who presides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewise as the Goddess who represents monarchical government, which was better established in Greece than any where else; Pallas, because being the Goddess of war and wisdom, she ought to assist those who are wronged; besides the Greeks understood the art of war better than the Barbarians; Neptune because he was an enemy to the Trojans upon account of Laomedon's perfidiousness, and because most of the Greeks being come from islands or peninsulas, were in some sort his subjects; Mercury, because he is a God who presides over stratagems of war, and because Troy was taken by that of the wooden horse; and lastly Vulcan, as the declared enemy of Mars and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts. P.

Hermes, of profitable arts the fire;
 And Vulcan, the black sov'reign of the fire:
 These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
 The vessels tremble as the Gods alight. 50
 In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
 Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
 Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow,
 And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.

Ver. 48.] A languid verse. More correctly and fully, thus:
Vulcan with limping pace, fierce god of fire.

Ver. 49.] This couplet is an unnecessary interpolation. I would condemn it to the fate, incurred by the Ajax of Augustus, "a fall upon the sponge," by writing verse 45, with this trivial alteration:

Heav'n's queen *with Greece*: and he —.

Ver. 52. *Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame.*] The reasons why Mars and Venus engage for the Trojans, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour ravishers and debauchees. But the same reason, you will say, does not serve for Apollo, Diana and Latona. It is urged that Apollo is for the Trojans, because of the darts and arrows which were the principal strength of the Barbarians; and Diana, because she presided over dancing, and those Barbarians were great dancers: and Latona, as influenced by her children. Xanthus being a Trojan river, is interested for his country. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 53.] All but the *first* word of this line, the *proper name* itself, is invented by the translator. More of Homer's expressions may be preserved, by substituting Xanthus for Phœbus in verse 51, and by writing here,

Sol, whose long hairs in streaming radiance flow.

But Chapman was the guide on this occasion:

——— and the floud, that runnes on *golden* sands,
 Bright Xanthus.

E'er yet the Gods their various aid employ, 55
 Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
 While great Achilles, (terroure of the plain)
 Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
 Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
 Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost; 60
 Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
 And trembling see another God of war.

But when the Pow'rs descending swell'd the
 fight,
 Then Tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
 Vary'd each face; then Discord sounds alarms, 65
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
 Now thro' the trembling shores Minerva calls,
 And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.

Ver. 59.] As a word of inaction is but ill suited with the character and present circumstances of Achilles, I would thus modify the version :

Long lost to *war*, *was seen* in arms again :
 Dreadful he *flam'd* in front of all his host.

Ver. 62.] The rhyme is insufferable. Thus?
 And trembling see *fell Mars himself appear*.

Ver. 63.] All this deviates widely from his author, and is careless and inaccurate beyond measure. The reader must receive from me an undignified, but close, representation of the *two* verses, which correspond to these *four* of our poet's version :

But, as the Gods in human conflict close,
 Fierce Discord, spur of slaughtering hosts, arose.

Ver. 67. Thus Ogilby :

Then to the fight aloud Minerva *calls*,
 Now on the strand, now standing on the *walls*.

Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy his terrour shrouds
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds: 70
 Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
 With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost tow'rs;
 Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
 The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
 Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls, 75
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.

Ver. 69.] Ogilby, with slight correction, exhibits as much of his original in *one* couplet, as our translator in *three* :

Mars, *for his Trojans*, like a tempest, roars,
 Now from *the towers*, now, swift, by Simois' shores.

Almost all beyond this Pope has given from his own fancy.

Ver. 74.] Here our translator omits *two* verses, which may be thus represented to the reader :

Thus rouse conflicting Gods each host by turns ;
 And, where they combat, fierce Contention burns.

The same omission had already been made by Ogilby :

Ver. 75. *Above, the Sire of Gods, &c.*] “ The images (says Longinus)
 “ which Homer gives of the combat of the Gods, have in them
 “ something prodigiously great and magnificent. We see in
 “ these verses, the earth opened to its very center, hell ready
 “ to disclose itself, the whole machine of the world upon the point to
 “ be destroyed and overturned : to shew that in such a conflict,
 “ heaven and hell, all things mortal and immortal, the whole
 “ creation in short was engaged in this battle, and all the extent of
 “ nature in danger.”

“ Non fecus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens
 “ Infernas referet sedes & regna recludat
 “ Pallida, Diis invisa, superque immane barathrum
 “ Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine manes.”

Virgil.

Madam Dacier rightly observes that this copy is inferior to the

Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around:
Thro' all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods. 80
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the tofs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should
lay
85
His dark dominions open to the day,

original on this account, that Virgil has made a comparison of that which Homer made an action. This occasions an infinite difference, which is easy to be perceived.

One may compare with this noble passage of Homer, the battle of the Gods and Giants in Hesiod's Theogony, which is one of the sublimest parts of that author; and Milton's battle of the Angels in the sixth book: the elevation, and enthusiasm of our great countryman seems owing to this original. P.

Ver. 77.] Or thus :

Beneath, *Earth's centre* shakes great *Ocean's god*:
Wave the *tall forests*, and the mountains nod.

Ver. 79.] These *four* noble verses represent the following *distich* of his author:

The lowest roots of fountful Ida shook,
Her tops, Troy's city, and the ships of Greece.

Ver. 84.] This thought is from the translator only, who omits another of much greater consequence. Thus?

E'en the grim Pluto, thrill'd with sudden dread,
Leapt from his throne amidst the silent dead ;
Gave a loud shriek, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His mansions open to the flash of day ;

And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th'immortals wage: such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain 91
Against blue Neptune, Monarch of the main:
The God of arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May; 95
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day,
(Her golden arrows founding at her side)
Saturnia, Majesty of heav'n defy'd.

To gods and men reveal th' infernal state,—
Black, horrid, foul! which e'en immortals hate:

for I must except, as I have already excepted often, to the concluding rhymes in our poet's translation of this passage. But thus Ogilby:

Fearing lest Neptune should his loath'd *aboads*
Expose to mortals and immortal Gods.

Ver. 91. *First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain, &c.*] With what art does the poet engage the Gods in this conflict! Neptune opposes Apollo, which implies that things moist and dry are in continual discord: Pallas fights with Mars, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: Juno is against Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy: Vulcan engages Xanthus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double satisfaction at the same time from beautiful verses, and an instructive moral. Euphathius.

With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
 The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands; 100
 Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,
 But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
 Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
 Hector he fought; in search of Hector turn'd 105
 His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
 And burst like lightning thro' the ranks, and
 vow'd

To glut the God of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
 Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way, 110
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
 Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the fight.

Ver. 99.] The following couplet fully expresses the original; but the rhyme, though such as our poets employ without scruple, is only given as sufficient for the purpose of pointing out the redundancies of our translator:

'Gainst Vulcan stood that ample gulfy stream,
 Which Xanthus Gods, but men Scamander name:
 or thus, more unexceptionably:

Huge Xanthus, so call Gods that gulfy flood
 By men Scamander stil'd, 'gainst Vulcan stood.

Ver. 107.] The *simile* is due to the translator; whose rhymes also in this couplet are too inaccurate for approbation.

Ver. 109.] Thus more exactly, without the interpolated comments of our translator, in a single couplet:

Against the warrior came Æneas, prest
 By Phœbus on, whose vigour fill'd his breast.

Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
 In voice and aspect, seem'd the pow'r divine:
 And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn 115
 In distant threats he brav'd the goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain.
 To meet Pelides you persuade in vain:
 Already have I met, nor void of fear
 Observ'd the fury of his flying spear; 120
 From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
 Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;

Ver. 115.] These two verses condense a speech of his original to the following purport:

Æneas, great in council, where are flown
 Thy boastings to Troy's princes o'er thy wine,
 To meet in single combat Peleus' son?

Ver. 119. *Already have I met, &c.*] Eustathius remarks that the poet lets no opportunity pass of inserting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, especially the actions of Achilles the hero of it. In this place he brings in Æneas extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confessing himself to have formerly been vanquished by him: at the same time he preserves a piece of ancient history, by inserting into the poem the hero's conquest of Pedasus and Lyrnessus. P.

Ver. 121. *From Ida's woods he chas'd us—*

But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd.]

It is remarkable that Æneas owed his safety to his flight from Achilles, but it may seem strange that Achilles, who was so famed for his swiftness, should not be able to overtake him, even with Minerva for his guide. Eustathius answers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge Æneas might have of the ways and defiles: Achilles being a stranger, and Æneas having long kept his father's flocks in those parts.

Lyrneffus, Pedafus in ashes lay;
 But (Jove affifting) I furviv'd the day.
 Elfe had I funk opprest in fatal fight, 125
 By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
 Where'er he mov'd, the Goddefs fhone before,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
 What mortal man Achilles can fustain?
 Th'immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
 And fuffer not his dart to fall in vain. 131
 Were God my aid, this arm fhould check his
 pow'r,

Tho' ftrong in battle as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the fon of Jove. That God implore,
 And be, what great Achilles was before. 135
 From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'ft thy ftrain,
 And he, but from a fifter of the main;
 An aged Sea-God, father of his line,
 But Jove himfelf the facred fource of thine.

He farther obferves, that the word *φάος*, discovers that it was in the night that Achilles purfued Æneas. P.

The rhymes are vicious: we might fubftitute,
 From Ida's woods the hero made me yield;
 Our herds he feiz'd, or fcatter'd thro' the field:
 this, however, is not to tranflate, but invent; for Homer fays only,
 From Ida; on our oxen when he fell.

Ver. 131.] Nearly *two* verfes of his author are unskilfully and inelegantly huddled in the concluding line of a triplet. Thus?

Nor erring flies, nor ftops his winged dart
 It's baleful flight, but in fome warriour's heart.

Ver. 135.] This verfe is added by our poet, but in fufficient correpondence both with the fentiments and language of his original.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, 140
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
 This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
 Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero prest:
 His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,
 And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said. 145
 Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
 Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;
 Against Pelides he directs his course,
 Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
 Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend 150
 Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.
 To guard his life, and add to his renown,
 We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.

Ver. 140.] Ogilby, very slightly touched, is not contemptible:

Rouse, then, and boldly *charge* him with *thy* spear;

Nor his proud vaunts, and *threats insulting*, fear.

This said, his *rising* breast such courage warms,

The *van* he *travers'd*, clad in glittering arms.

Ver. 146.] These faulty rhymes are found also in Chapman:

Ye must have *care*

(Neptune and Pallas) for the frame, of this important *warre*

Ye undertake here,

Ver. 150.] Or thus, without this inelegant elision:

Restrain his bold career; *or bid* descend

Some power *immortal*, and our *chief* attend.

Ver. 151.] After this, our translator passes over a part of his author, which may be thus imperfectly exhibited:

Thus shall he know, how great that heavenly train,

Who make Troy's patron gods protection vain.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
 That spun so short his life's illustrious line: 155
 But lest some adverse God now cross his way,
 Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day:
 For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
 When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she, and thus the God whose force can
 make 160

The solid globe's eternal basis shake.
 Against the might of man, so feeble known,
 Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?
 Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;
 And leave to war the fates of mortal men. 165

Ver. 158.] Chapman gives very accurately the sense of his author:

—————The gods, when they appear to men,
 And manifest their proper forms, are passing dreadful then.

Ver. 162.] Our poet misunderstood his author; of whom take a literal translation:

To her the God, who shakes the earth, replied:
 Juno, these threatnings wild become thee not:
 Myself at least advise not to contend
 With Gods, of strength inferiour to our own.

But he was misled by Chapman:

Neptune replide: Saturnia, at no time let your care
 Exceed your reason: 'tis not fit. *Where onely humanes are*
 We must not mixe the hands of gods; our odds is too extreme.

Ver. 164.] The rhyme is censurable. Thus? more exactly:

Suffice, on seats apart, to keep in fight
 The subject scene, and leave to men the fight.
 But should or Mars or Phœbus interfere,
 And check Achilles in his bold career—.

But if the Armipotent, or God of Light,
 Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
 Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
 Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
 And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd, 170
 Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
 Cærulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
 Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
 Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;

Ver. 170.] Thus, more accurately to the words of Homer;
 Soon shall they, routed, from our vengeance fly
 For refuge to their mansions in the sky:

and now I see, that Ogilby has anticipated these rhymes;
 Who conquer'd by our prowess soon will fly,
 Seeking their safety in the arched skie.

Ver. 172.] Thus? for a riddance of such faulty rhymes;
 With this the blue-hair'd lord of Ocean's bed
 With previous step the train cælestial led.

Ver. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound, &c.*] It may not be unnecessary to explain this passage to make it understood by the reader: the poet is very short in the description, as supposing the fact already known, and hastens to the combat between Achilles and Æneas. This is very judicious in Homer not to dwell on a piece of history that had no relation to his action, when he has raised the reader's expectation by so pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themselves his spectators.

The story is as follows; Laomedon having defrauded Neptune of the reward he promised him for the building the walls of Troy, Neptune sent a monstrous whale, to which Laomedon exposed his daughter Hesione: but Hercules having undertaken to destroy the monster, the Trojans raised an intrenchment to defend Hercules

In elder times to guard Alcides made, 176
 (The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
 What-time a vengeful monster of the main
 Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.
 Here Neptune, and the Gods of Greece repair,
 With clouds encompas'd, and a veil of air: 181

from his pursuit: this being a remarkable piece of conduct in the Trojans, it gave occasion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by ascribing the work to Pallas the Goddess of Wisdom. Eustathius. P.

A feeble verse. Thus?

High on the plain, aspiring stood a mound—

Ver. 179.] By the help of a trivial substitution we shall come very near the vigour and animation of the original phraseology:

Swept the wide shore, and *scour'd* him to the plain.

Our translator had his eye on Chapman, but unfortunately neglected the *grammatical* accuracy of his predecessor in the formation of the *verb*:

— for fit securitie,
 To Joves divine sonne, gainst the whale, that *drave* him from
 the shore
 To th' *ample* field.

Ver. 180. *Here Neptune, and the Gods, &c.*] I wonder why Eustathius and all other commentators should be silent upon this recess of the Gods: it seems strange at the first view, that so many deities, after having entered the scene of action, should perform so short a part, and immediately become themselves spectators? I conceive the reason of this conduct in the poet to be, that Achilles has been inactive during the greatest part of the poem; and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: the poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the field, that Achilles may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in subordination to the deities: besides the poem now draws to a conclusion, and it is necessary for Homer to enlarge upon the exploits of Achilles, that

The adverse pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
 Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
 In circle close each heav'nly party sat,
 Intent to form the future scheme of Fate; 185
 But mix not yet in fight, tho' Jove on high
 Gives the loud signal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
 The trampled center yields a hollow sound: 189
 Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
 The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
 There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
 With tow'ring strides Æneas first advanc'd;
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd, 195
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.

he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader. P.

Ver. 181.] More closely to the words of Homer, thus:

In clouds thick-mantled, and a veil of air.

Ver. 192.] This intervening clause is not from Homer, but from Milton, Par. Lost, vi. 105:

—for now

'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,

A dreadful interval.

Ver. 197.] The word *before* has too much the appearance of a paltry accommodation to the rhyme. Should the reader entertain a more favourable opinion of it, the following alteration may be made, with advantage to fidelity:

His quivering javelin sent it's flame before.

Not so Pelides; furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes, 200
 Tho' all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
 'Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan; 205
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.

Ver. 202.] Our poet cast an eye on Ogilby :
 A while he *stalks* with a majestick pace :
 for Homer says only *he goes along* : and, perhaps, on Dryden, in the
 parallel passage at Æn. xii. 11 :

But, if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
 The lordly beast returns with double *pride*.

Ver. 203.] More accurately thus :
 Till by the spear of some bold youth defy'd,
 The wounded beast, in might collected turns :
 His swelling heart with growing fury burns.

For the editors and translators have not seen the true signification of
 the original word *σευεί*, which I have explained in sect. xxxix. of
 my *Silva Critica*.

Ver 206.] Better, perhaps :
 He grins, he foams, rolls his *red* eyes around.

Ver. 207.] His original says,
 Lash'd by his tail his *sides and loins* resound.

Ver. 208.] This verse of the translation is a mere superfluous
 supplement; nor are the rhymes altogether satisfactory. Thus?

So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies; 210
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
 E'er yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son.

Why comes Æneas thro' the ranks so far?
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war, 215

*Then at the throng see the fell monster fly;
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or prepar'd to die.*

Ver. 214. *The conversation of Achilles and Æneas.*] I shall lay before the reader the words of Eustathius in defence of this passage, which I confess seems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader (says he) would naturally expect some great and terrible achievements should ensue from Achilles on his first entrance upon action. The poet seems to prepare for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but instead of a storm we have a calm; he follows the same method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a single combat between the two heroes: thus he always agreeably surprises his readers. Besides the admirers of Homer reap a farther advantage from this conversation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient history as well as a series of poetical beauties.

Madam Dacier's excuse is very little better: and to shew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taste of every reader who certainly finds himself disappointed: our expectation is raised to see Gods and heroes engage, when suddenly it all sinks into such a combat in which neither party receives a wound: and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the spectators of so small an action! What occasion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and descending deities, to introduce a matter of so little importance? Neither is it any excuse to say he has given us a piece of ancient history; we expected to read a poet, not an historian. In short, after the greatest preparation for action imaginable, he suspends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the simplicity of an historian. P.

In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
 The partial monarch may refuse the prize;
 Sons he has many, those thy pride may quell;
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well. 221
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hills for vines, and arable for grain? 225
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled, 230
 Nor, 'till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.

Ver. 220.] All but the *first* clause of this couplet is alike foreign to the language and spirit of his original: not to mention the ambiguity in the former verse. Something like the following sense, well executed, would be greatly preferable:

For sons he has; nor doats he thus through age,
 That his chief cares an alien should engage.

Ver. 222.] This resembles Chapman's version:

Is't then *some peece of land*,
 Past others, fit to set and sow, that *thy victorious hand*
 The Ilians offer for my head?

Ver. 228.] So Chapman:

Once, I thinke, my busie javelin drove,
 (With terror) those thoughts from your spleene:

And thus Ogilby:

Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast. 235
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatened
 fate;

Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

To this Anchises' son. Such words employ 240
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame: 245

The business will prove difficult, I fear,
 Since thou hast trembled often at my spear.

Ver. 234.] This is by no means exact. A more commendable
 couplet might be wrought from the rhymes of Ogilby:

Thence many beauteous nymphs I brought enslav'd;
 The Gods and Jove their flying favourite sav'd.

Ver. 239.] So Chapman:

Fools are wise too late:

and Ogilby, without chastisement, is good:

Retreat, and once take council of thy foe:
 By late experience fools their folly know.

Ver. 244.] The translation here is ingenious, but is a shadow
 only of the original, which I shall present to the reader in the plain
 dress of a faithful version:

We know the parents, whence each other came,
 Thro' the wide world spread by the mouth of Fame;

Each from illustrious fathers draws his line ;
 Each Goddefs-born ; half human, half divine.
 Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes :
 For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend, 250
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
 (A tale refounded thro' the spacious earth)
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove: 255
 Dardania's walls he rais'd ; for Ilion, then,
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)

Known but thus only to us both ; for thine
 I saw not to this day, nor saw'st thou mine.
 Thy fire the hero Peleus, all agree ;
 Thy mother, fair-tress'd Thetis of the sea.
 I too of blood celestial boast a share ;
 To brave Anchises me fair Venus bare.
 This day, or thou or I our fate fulfill ;
 And eyes immortal human drops distill.

Ver. 251.] These colloquial forms, so abbreviated and irregular, are unsuitable, I think, to dignified poetry, and should be discarded from it. Thus ?

Not in *vain* words the glorious strife can end :
 or,

Not in words *only* can the contest end.

Ver. 254.] Thus Chapman :

— He lineally *prove*
 (Which many will confirme) my race. First cloud
 commanding *Jove*
 Was fire to Dardanus.

Ver. 257.] The *epithet* in Homer, like all his stationary *epithets*,

Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.
 From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs, 260
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings ;
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.

is truly specific and characteristical : " men with *articulate voices*," as distinguished by this glory of their species from the confused *monotonies* of the brute creation. But our poet followed Chapman :

————— Those faire-built hals
 Of divers languag'd men, not rais'd ; all then made populous
 The foote of Ida's fountfull hill.

Ver. 258. ——— The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.

Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ ἔπα' Ἴλι' ἱρή
 Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλιν μερόπων ἀνθρώπων·
 Ἀλλ' ἐν ὑπάρειας ὤκεον πολυπιδάκρυ' Ἰδης.

Plato and Strabo understand this passage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were first inhabited, after the universal deluge ; and that mankind by degrees descended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the *ὑπάρεια* signify) and only in greater process of time ventured into the vallies : Virgil however seems to have taken this word in a sense something different where he alludes to this passage. *Æn.* iii.

109 :

“ ——— Nondum Ilium & arces

“ Pergamæ steterant, habitabant vallibus imis.”

P.

Ver. 260.] Simply, but more accurately, thus :

But Dardanus gave Erichthonius birth,
 The wealthiest mortal on the globe of earth.

Ver. 262. Three thousand mares, &c.] The number of horses and mares of Erichthonius may seem incredible, were we not assured by Herodotus that there were in the stud of Cyrus at one time (besides those for the service of the war) eight hundred horses and six thousand six hundred mares. Eustathius.

P.

Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, 265
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind. 269
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the
 plain,
 Nor ply'd the grafs, nor bent the tender grain;

I should prefer, as more conformable to the original,

Three thousand mares his *grassy marshes* fed:

and the rhymes are in Chapman, who is not worthy of quotation.

Ver. 263.] This elegant turn might be suggested by Chapman also:

————— In his fens, he fed three thousand mares
All neighing by their tender foals.

Their author runs literally thus:

Three thousand horses in his marshes fed,
 Females, exulting in their tender foals.

Ver 264. Boreas, *enamoured*, &c.] Homer has the happiness of making the least circumstance considerable; the subject grows under his hands, and the plainest matter shines in his dress of poetry: another poet would have said these horses were as swift as wind, but Homer tells you that they sprung from Boreas the God of the wind; and thence drew their swiftness. P.

Ver. 269.] An elegant verse from the fancy of our translator.

Ver. 270. *These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain.*] The poet illustrates the swiftness of these horses by describing them as running over the standing corn, and surface of waters, without making any impression. Virgil has imitated these lines, and adapts what Homer says of these horses to the swiftness of Camilla, *Æn.* vii. 809:

And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
 Such Erichthonius was : from him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name. 275
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
 Ilus, Affaracus, and Ganymed :
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
 Whom heav'n, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
 To bear the cup of Jove (æthereal guest) 280
 The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast.
 The two remaining sons the line divide :
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ;

“ Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret

“ Gramina ; nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas :

“ Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tument

“ Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.”

The reader will easily perceive that Virgil's is almost a literal translation : he has imitated the very run of the verses, which flow nimbly away in dactyls, and as swift as the wind they describe.

I cannot but observe one thing in favour of Homer, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by considering the conduct of Virgil ; who, though undoubtedly the greatest poet after him, seldom ventures to vary much from his original in the passages he takes from him, as in a despair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them. P.

Ver. 271.] Thus Ogilby :

———— Nor bruise *the tender grain* :

and Dryden at the parallel passage in *Æn.* vii. 1100 :

Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the *plain*,

Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded *grain*.

Ver. 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment :

From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
 And Priam, (blest with Hector, brave and bold:)
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair; 286
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Affaracus sprung Capys, he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth, 290
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
 He, source of pow'r and might! with boundless
 fway,
 All human courage gives, or takes away.

Sappho mentions it in honour of her brother Larichus, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of Mitylene: the son of Menelaus executed the same office; Hebe and Mercury served the Gods in the same station.

It was the custom in the Pagan worship to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the sacrifice: in this office Ganymed might probably attend upon the altar of Jupiter, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 288.] Thus Hobbes:

Capys begat Anchises, and he me.

Ver. 290.] The following translation of the passage is literally exact:

Such is the race and blood, of which I boast.

But Jove augments man's virtue, and impairs,

At his own will; of all, that live, supreme:

so that our translator profited by Chapman's efforts:

————— Thus, *fortunate men give birth;*

But Jove gives vertue; he augments, and he empaires the
worth

Of all men, and his will, their rule; *he's strong'st, all strength*
affords.

Long in the field of words we may contend,
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end, 295
 Arm'd or with truth or falshood, right or wrong;
 So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
 Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
 For every man has equal strength to rail:
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar, 300
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the croud,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.
 Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
 Is not to question, but to prove our might. 305
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
 Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.

Ver. 294.] The reader will see the precise language of Homer in Ogilby's version, which was not unattended to by our translator:

Why prattle we like children at their play,
 Spending thus idle breath, enough to freight
 An able vessell of the primer rate?
 Our tongues are *voluble*, and store of words
 Invention on all arguments affords,
 Scatter'd on fresh occasions here and there,
 And what thou say'st thou shalt from others hear.
 Let us no longer vainly thus *contend*,
 Like *fenceless women*, railing to *no end*.

Ver. 306.] Ogilby is unpolished, but ingenious, and expressive of his author's spirit:

Words move not me, which onely pierce the ear:
 We e're we part must interchange a spear.

He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
 Far on his out-stretch'd arm, Pelides held 310
 (To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
 Saw, e'er it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms. 315
 Thro' two strong plates the point its passage held,
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd:
 Five plates of various metal, various mold,
 Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold, 320
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
 There stuck the lance. Then rising e'er he threw,
 The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,

Ver. 308.] Thus Ogilby :

His ponderous launce, this said, *Æneas flung*;
 The javelin *fixing* on his target *rung* :

where *grammar* requires, I apprehend, *flang* and *rang* : for which uniformity the construction of Pope's first verse must be changed.

Ver. 314.] I cannot admire this verse. The original runs literally thus :

Nor, childish he! reflected in his mind,
 That glorious gifts of Gods by men at least
 Are hard to conquer, nor give way with ease.

Nor then the Trojan warrior's forceful spear
 The buckler brake, by Vulcan's gold repell'd :

all which our translator has huddled into a couplet.

Ver. 321.] Our poet for convenience introduces an extraneous idea, which a little attention would have made unnecessary. Thus more faithfully :

And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
 Where the shrill brags return'd a sharper sound:
 Thro' the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides, 325
 And the flight cov'ring of expanded hides.
 Æneas his contracted body bends,
 And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
 Sees, thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
 And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear: 330
 A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright;
 And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd
 light.

Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
 Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:

There stuck the *weapon*. Next Achilles threw;
 The *long-projecting* lance *with fury* flew:
 or thus:

Here stuck the *javelin*. Next Achilles threw
 His *mighty* lance: the forceful *weapon* flew.

Ver. 327.] A literal and commensurate version will best discover
 the deviations of our translator:

Æneas, stooping, shrank; and from him rais'd
 His shield, appall'd; for o'er his shoulder plung'd
 In earth the spear still vigorous, thro' two rounds
 Of the broad buckler driven. Thus from the lance
 He shrinking stood, whilst horror dim'd his eyes;
 So near the weapon stuck!

Not unlike is Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, vol. i. p. 24. [edit. 14.
 "Now, Sir, (said he) this is my master's nature, though his grief be
 "such as to live is a grief unto him, and that even *his reason is*
 "*darkened with sorrow.*"

Æneas rousing as the foe came on, 335
 (With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
 A mass enormous! which in modern days
 No two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.
 But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the
 ground, 339
 Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around.
 Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
 An instant victim to Achilles' hands:
 By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has bestow'd
 His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the God.
 And can ye see this righteous chief atone 345
 With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?

Ver. 335.] These rhymes are not unexceptionably accurate, and were borrowed from Ogilby:

At which Achilles furiously comes on
 With his drawn sword: Æneas takes a stone.

Ver. 338.] After this verse our translator has passed over *three* lines of his author, to the following effect:

Him rushing then Æneas with the stone
 Had smitten helm or shield, his guards from death;
 But him had robb'd of life Pelides' sword.

Ver. 339. *But Ocean's God, &c.*] The conduct of the poet in making Æneas owe his safety to Neptune in this place is remarkable: Neptune is an enemy to the Trojans, yet he dares not suffer so pious a man to fall, lest Jupiter should be offended: this shews, says Eustathius, that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are sometimes conferred, not out of kindness, but to prevent a greater detriment; thus Neptune preserves Æneas, lest Jupiter should revenge his death upon the Grecians. P.

Ver. 345. *And can ye see this righteous chief, &c.*] Though Æneas is represented as a man of great courage, yet his piety is

To all the Gods his constant vows were paid:
 Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
 Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
 The future father of the Dardan line: 350
 The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
 And still his love descends on all the race.
 For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
 At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind;
 On great Æneas shall devolve the reign, 355
 And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.

his most shining character: this is the reason why he is always the care of the Gods, and they favour him constantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection.

It is in this light that Virgil has presented him to the view of the reader; his valour bears but the second place in the Æneis. In the Ilias indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the Æneis at full length; but there are the same features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the same Æneas in Rome as he was in Troy. P.

Ver. 348.] This verse is a mere interpolation. The following substitution is more congenial to the spirit of the passage:

His grateful gifts on every altar laid.

Ver. 349.] This is not accurate. Take a literal translation:
 Come, let us snatch him from impending death,
 Lest Jove's resentment kindle, if he fall
 By Peleus' son: the Fates his life decree,
 That Dardan's race (whom Jove o'er all his sons,
 From him and mortal females born, carest)
 Not, lost and childless, in oblivion sink.

Ver. 355. *On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
 And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.*]

The story of Æneas's founding the Roman empire, gave Virgil the

The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes.

finest occasion imaginable of paying a compliment to Augustus, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the descendants of Troy. He has translated these two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of Æneas's sailing into Italy, imagine Homer's to be:

Αἰνεῖαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει

Καὶ παῖδες παίδων τοὶ κεν μελόπισθε γένωνται.

“Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,

“Et nati natorum & qui nascentur ab illis.”

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as Strabo observes) in these two lines, by substituting *πάλλεσσι* in the room of *τρώεσσι*. It is not improbable but Virgil might give occasion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

Eustathius does not entirely discountenance this story: if it be understood, says he, as a prophecy, the poet might take it from the Sibylline oracles. He farther remarks, that the poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the prosecution of the Trojan war; but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a conclusion. Thus for instance, we have here a piece of history not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the house of Æneas succeeded to the crown of Troas, and to the kingdom of Priam. Eustathius.

This passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the Roman empire, and of the family of the Cæsars, who both pretended to deduce their original from Venus by Æneas, alledging that after the taking of Troy, Æneas came into Italy: and this pretension is hereby actually destroyed. This testimony of Homer ought to be looked upon as an authentick act, the fidelity and verity thereof cannot be questioned. Neptune, as much an enemy as he is to the Trojans, declares that Æneas, and after him his posterity, shall reign over the Trojans. Would Homer have put this prophecy in Neptune's mouth, if he had not known that Æneas did not leave Troy, but that he reigned there, and if he had not seen in his time the descendants of that Prince reign there likewise? That poet wrote two hundred and sixty years, or thereabouts, after the taking of

Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;

Troy; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in some of the towns of Ionia, that is to say, in the neighbourhood of Phrygia, so that the time and place gave such a weight to his deposition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the historians have written concerning Æneas's voyage into Italy, ought to be considered as a Romance, made on purpose to destroy all historical truth; for the most ancient of them is posterior to Homer by some ages. Before Dionysius of Halicarnassus, some writers being sensible of the strength of this passage of Homer, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this fable; and they said that Æneas, after having been in Italy, returned to Troy, and left his son Ascanius there. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, little satisfied with this solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another method: he would have it that by these words, "He shall reign over the Trojans," Homer meant, He shall reign over the Trojans whom he shall carry with him into Italy. "For is it not possible, says he, that Æneas should reign over the Trojans, whom he had taken with him, though settled elsewhere?"

That historian, who wrote in Rome itself, and in the reign of Augustus, was willing to make his court to that prince, by explaining this passage of Homer, so as to favour the chimera he was possessed with. And this is a reproach that may with some justice be cast on him; for poets may by their fictions flatter princes and welcome: it is their trade. But for historians to corrupt the gravity and severity of history, to substitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. Strabo was much more religious, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of Tiberius's reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this passage of Homer, and to aver, that this poet said, and meant, that Æneas remained at Troy, that he reigned therein, Priam's whole race being extinguished, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, lib. xiii. You may see this whole matter discussed in a letter from M. Bochart to M. de Segrain, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the translation of Virgil. P.

Dryden, at the parallel passage, *Æn.* iii. 131:

Through the wide world th' Ænean house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain.

Moreover, the note of our translator is from Dacier.

Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind, 361
 Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
 Not e'en an instant to protract their fate,
 Or save one member of the sinking state;
 'Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
 And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more. 366
 The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
 Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends,
 Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
 And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. 370
 From great Æneas shield the spear he drew,
 And at its master's feet the weapon threw.
 That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
 The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the sky,
 Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads 375
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:

Ver. 361.] This translation is spirited, but wide of his author, who runs thus :

For we by numerous oaths ourselves have bound
 With all th' immortals, Pallas and myself,
 Never to ward the day of fate from Troy;
 Though the whole city blaze with hostile fire,
 In full perdition, caught from Græcian brands.

Ver. 368.] Thus Chapman :

 Through all, the *whizzing speares* he past.

Ver. 371.] Our translator had his eye on Ogilby :
 Then from the Trojans shield the javelin *drew*,
 And just before its raging *master threw*.

Ver. 375.] The rhymes are not sufficiently correct. Thus ?

'Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the flow Caucons close the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd.

What pow'r, O prince, with force inferiour far
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war? 382

Smooth-gliding without step, *the chief he leads*
O'er warring heroes, and o'er bounding steeds.

Ver. 378. *Where the slow Caucons close the rear.*] The Caucons (says Eustathius) were of Paphlagonian extract: and this perhaps was the reason why they are not distinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of Paphlagonians: though two lines are quoted which are said to have been left out by some transcriber, and immediately followed this,

Κρῶμναν τ' Αἰγυαλόντε καὶ ὑψηλὰς Ἐρυθίνους.

Which verses are these,

Καύκωνας αὖτ' ἦγε πολυκλέος υἱὸς Ἀμύμων.

Or as others read it, Ἀμειβόμενοι.

Οἱ περὶ περθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματα ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματα ἔναιον.

Yet I believe these are not Homer's lines, but rather the addition of some transcriber, and it is evident by consulting the passage from which they are said to have been curtailed, that they would be absurd in that place; for the second line is actually there already, and as these Caucons are said to live upon the banks of the Parthenius, so are the Paphlagonians in the above-mentioned passage. It is therefore more probable that the Caucons are included in the Paphlagonians. P.

Ver. 379.] Thus our translator: but I do not find from any circumstances of his original, that Neptune appeared in his proper character to Æneas; nor have any of our poet's predecessors given countenance to this assertion.

Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
 Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
 But when the day decreed (for come it must)
 Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust, 386
 Let then the furies of that arm be known,
 Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.]

With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
 Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away: 390
 Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
 The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
 Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders strike my
 mind!
 My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
 Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord 395
 That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!

Ver. 384.] There is nothing like this in the original. And indeed the entire exordium of the speech may be more accurately represented thus:

What god impell'd thee, prince, inferiour far,
 By heaven less lov'd, to meet this chief in war?
 Shun his rencounter, lest unwilling Fate
 Send by his arm thy soul to Pluto's gate:
 which last are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 387.] More exactly thus:
 Then with the foremost warriors boldly stand,
 Safe from the rage of every Grecian hand.

Ver. 389.] More close:
His will declar'd, he left him as he lay.

Ver. 396.] Better, perhaps,
A destin'd victim! vanish'd from my sword.

I thought alone with mortals to contend,
 But pow'rs cœlestial fure this foe defend.
 Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
 Content for once, with all the Gods, to fly. 400
 Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud
 He vents his fury, and inflames the croud.
 O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
 Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
 'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the sky, 405
 Tomow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:

Ver. 397.] More faithfully,

With a vain boaster deem'd I to contend.

Or, with a correction of Ogilby :

*Protecting gods their favourite have redeem'd,
 Whilst I his vaunts but idle breath esteem'd.*

Ver. 399.] Thus, with more fidelity :

But let him go : nor henceforth will he try

Our arm, so glad from instant fate to fly.

Now will I see, first rous'd our Græcian train,

What Trojan else will meet me in the plain.

He spake ; and, springing to the ranks, aloud

He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd :

O ! Greeks, he cries, with files advancing go

Man against man, and charge at hand your foe.

Ver. 405.] Homer has no such assertion here. The couplet may be rendered accurate by this correction :

How great so-e'er my powers, 'tis not in me

To mow whole troops, and make whole armies flee.

By which an additional advantage is also gained from a greater variety of rhymes, on account of the late recurrence of those in our poet's couplet.

No God can singly such a host engage,
 Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
 But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
 Whate'er of active force, or acting fire; 410
 Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
 All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
 Thro' yon' wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
 And thin the squadrons with my single spear,
 He said: nor less elate with martial joy, 415
 The god-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
 Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
 Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
 Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words
 Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
 The weakest atheist-wretch all heav'n defies,
 But shrinks and shudders, when the thunder flies.

Ver. 409.] Or thus, more closely, in *two* couplets:

Far as my hands avail, my feet, my force,
 No slackness shall attend Achilles' course.
 I through yon ranks will urge my swift career;
 Nor joy those Trojans, that approach this spear.

Ver. 410.] This figure might be suggested by Chapman:

And all their strength to th' utmost nerve (though now I lost
 some play,
 By some strange miracle) no more, shall *burne* in vaine the
 day.

Ver. 421.] The English reader will, no doubt, be curious to know the tenour of this passage in the original. I shall offer, therefore, a plain version of the whole speech of Hector, in equal compass:

Nor from yon' boaster shall your chief retire,
 Not tho' his heart were steel, his hands were fire;
 That fire, that steel, your Hector shou'd with-
 stand, 425

And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said;
 A wood of lances rises round his head,
 Clamours on clamours tempest all the air, 429
 They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
 But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to shun
 The single fight with Thetis' god-like son;

Brave Trojans, shrink not back from Peleus' son:
 E'en 'gainst gods themselves cou'd fight with words,
 With arms 'twere arduous; so much mightier they.
 Nor shall Achilles all his vaunts perform;
 If some take place, some will fall frustrate through.
 Him will I meet, though arm'd with hands of fire,
 With hands of fire though arm'd, and hearts of steel.

And I now see that Mr. Cowper, as might be expected from his taste and accuracy, has properly preserved the beautiful and forcible repetition of his author at the conclusion of the speech. Nor was Milton inattentive to this poetical felicity of his master: *Par. Lost*, vii. 24:

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, *though fall'n on evil days,*
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.

Ver. 429.] The rhymes are inaccurate; and these *four* introductory verses correspond to *two* of his author; which may be represented, less poetically indeed, but much more faithfully, thus:

So spake the chearing chief: his troops oppose,
 In crouds, their list'd spears: loud clamours rose.

More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrours of his hand.

He hears, obedient to the God of light, 435
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.

First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;

Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;

From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood, 441

His mother was a Naïs of the flood;

Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with
snow,

From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.

Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;

The parted visage falls on equal sides: 446

Ver. 433.] The formal introduction of the speech, which may be judiciously avoided on some occasions, would be still more effectually recompensed by preserving the form of *personal address*, as follows:

“*In safety combat with the mingled band*”—.

Ver. 438.] His original prescribes,

In might array'd, on Troy's whole army flies:

thus Ogilby:

But on Achilles, like a *fury*, flew.

Ver. 440.] More exactly,

Brave was the chief, and *large* the *band* he led.

Ver. 445.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel passage, *Æn.* ix. 1018:

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel *divides*,

And *the shar'd visage* hangs on equal *sides*.

With loud-refounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain.

Lie there Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gygæ boast thy birth; 450
'Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are
roll'd,

And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore, 455
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel with full-descending sway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way. 460
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:

Ver. 449.] Chapman supplied this vicious pronunciation :

Th' art dead, Otryntides.

Ver. 451.] Thus, with more fidelity :

Where thy fire's lands the gulfy Hermus laves

And Hyllus rolls his fish-abounding waves.

Thus Peleus' son insults him as he lies,

And Death in gloom eternal veils his eyes.

The rhymes of the former couplet, I now see, are Ogilby's.

The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound 465
 The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
 He groans away his soul: not louder roars
 At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores
 The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
 And Ocean listens to the grateful sound, 470
 Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
 The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age:

Ver. 467. ————— *Not louder roars,*

At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores, &c.]

In Helice, a town of Achaia, three quarters of a league from the gulf of Corinth, Neptune had a magnificent temple, where the Ionians offered every year to him a sacrifice of a bull; and it was with these people an auspicious sign, and a certain mark that the sacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the Ionick migration, which happened about one hundred and forty years after the taking of Troy, the Ionians of Asia assembled in the fields of Priene to celebrate the same festival in honour of Heliconian Neptune; and as those of Priene valued themselves upon being originally of Helice, they chose for the King of the sacrifice a young Prienian. It is needless to dispute from whence the poet has taken his comparison; for as he lived a hundred or a hundred and twenty-one years after the Ionick migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the Asian Ionia, and at Priene itself; where he had probably often assisted at that sacrifice, and been witness of the ceremonies therein observed. This poet always appears strongly addicted to the customs of the Ionians, which makes some conjecture that he was an Ionian himself. Eustathius. Dacier. P.

Thus Chapman :

————— and dragge him round, about the hallowed shore;

To please the watry deitie, with forcing him to rore.

Ver. 471. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.]* Euripides in his Hecuba has followed another tradition, when he makes

(Whose feet for swiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
 Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
 To the forbidden field he takes his flight 475
 In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
 To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
 But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
 Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
 And golden rings the double back-plate join'd: 480
 Forth thro' the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
 And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
 The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
 His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
 When Hector view'd, all ghawtly in his gore 485
 Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore;
 A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his fight,
 His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
 Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
 And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame. 490

Polydorus the ſon of Priam and of Hecuba, and ſlain by Polym-
 neſtor King of Thrace, after the taking of Troy; for according to
 Homer, he is not the ſon of Hecuba, but of Laothoë, as he ſays in
 the following book, and is ſlain by Achilles. Virgil too has rather
 choſen to follow Euripides than Homer. P.

Ver. 479.] The rhymes are imperfect. Thus Ogilby, corrected:
He, where gold clasps uniting, cloſe the belt,
And folds the corſlet, the ſharp weapon felt.

Ver. 487.] So Chapman:
Darkeſorrow overcaſt his eyes.

Ver. 489. *Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came.*] The great

The son of Peleus fees, with joy posselt,
 His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
 And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
 The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
 No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear 495
 Turn from each other in the walks of war—
 Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
 Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

judgment of the Poet in keeping the character of his hero, is in this place very evident: when Achilles was to engage Æneas, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of Æneas: had he pursued the same method with Hector, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing passion in Achilles: he left the field in a rage against Agamemnon, and entered it again to be revenged of Hector: the Poet therefore judiciously makes him take fire at the sight of his enemy: he describes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a single line: his impatience to be revenged, would not suffer him to delay it by a length of words. P.

Ver. 490.] Our poet follows Ogilby, or at least took advantage of his ambiguity, in applying the comparison to the *spear*, and not to the man:

No longer could he hold, but out *he came*,
 His javelin brandishing like dreadfull *flame*.

Chapman is accurate:

—————but like fire, *he brake* out of the throng;
 Shooke his long lance, at Thetis sonne.

Ver. 491.] Thus his original:

—————but Peleus' son
 Saw and sprang forth; and thus exulting said:
 Nigh is the man, who most has wrung my soul;
 Who slew my honour'd friend: nor hence shall we
 Sculk from each other through the files of war.

Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
 To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy: 500
 Such we could give, defying and defy'd
 Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
 I know thy force to mine superiour far;
 But heav'n alone confers success in war:
 Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart, 505
 And give it ent'rance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly
 breath

Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
 The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
 And at the feet of its great master lies. 510

Achilles closes with his hated foe,
 His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
 But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
 The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.

Ver. 499.] The whole of this speech is rendered with equal elegance and fidelity.

Ver. 503.] So Chapman:

——— and well *know thy strength superior farre,*

To that my nerves hold; but the gods, (not nerves) determine
warre.

Ver. 512.] There is nothing correspondent to this sense in his author. The following attempt has more fidelity:

With horrid cries Achilles on his foe

Sprang; all on fire to strike the deadly blow.

Ver. 513. *But present to his aid, Apollo.*] It is a common observation, that a God should never be introduced into a poem but where his presence is necessary. And it may be asked why the life

Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart, 515
 Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:
 The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
 He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more
 thy flight
 Has fav'd thee, and the partial God of light. 520
 But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
 If any power assist Achilles' hand.
 Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

of Hector is of such importance that Apollo should rescue him from the hand of Achilles here, and yet suffer him to fall so soon after? Eustathius answers, that the Poet had not yet sufficiently exalted the valour of Achilles, he takes time to enlarge upon his achievements, and rises by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and resentment at one blow in the death of Hector. And the Poet, adds he, pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by shewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have saved Æneas and Hector from the hand of Achilles. P.

Similar rhymes occur too soon. Thus?

*That instant Phœbus, present to his aid,
 With ease enrapt him in a veil of shade.*

Ver. 515.] Ogilby's couplet is not despicable:

Three times he charg'd, and with his dreadfull spear
 Pierc'd the soft bosome of the yielding air.

Ver. 520.] After this, our poet drops a line of his author;
 To whom thy prayers, before the fight, are made.

Ver. 523.] This couplet is wrought from the following verse of Homer:

Now I assail what other foes I find.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
 Then Dryops tumbled to th' enfanguin'd plain, 526
 Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
 And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
 Gigantick chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
 And for the soul an ample passage made. 530
 Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
 The valiant sons of an unhappy fire;
 Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
 Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
 This diff'rence only their sad fates afford, 535
 That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
 Nor less unpity'd, young Alastor bleeds;
 In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:

Ver. 528.] More fully and correctly thus:

Demuchus' *knee*, Philetor's *son*, *his spear*
Transfixt; huge chief! then gasht the enormous blade.

Ver. 531.] Ogilby, slightly corrected, is tolerable, and more concise, with equal observance of his original:

On Laogon and Dardan, Bion's sons,
 Th' impetuous hero next, enraged, runs:
 Both, from their chariot *thrown*, he slaughters there;
 This his broad faulchion dyes, and that his spear.

Ver. 537.] This paragraph may be literally represented thus:

Then Tros, Alastor's son, approaching, clasp'd
 His knees; if chance in pity he might spare,
 Nor slay a youth of years that matcht his own.
 Fool! not to know such fond entreaties vain!
 No mild affections sway'd, nor temper sweet,
 This man, all fury! Whilst he toucht his *knees*.

In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
 To spare a form, an age so like thy own! 540
 Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,
 E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
 While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
 The ruthless falchion ope'd his tender side;
 The panting liver pours a flood of gore 545
 That drowns his bosom, 'till he pants no more.

Thro' Mutius' head then drove th' impetuous
 spear,
 The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.

Prepar'd to sue, the blade his liver pierc'd;
 And pour'd it forth: the purple current fill'd
 His vest embosom'd: darkness clos'd his eyes,
 Of life bereav'd.

Ver. 541. ——— *No pray'r, no moving art,
 E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!]*

I confess it is a satisfaction to me, to observe with what art the Poet pursues his subject: the opening of the poem professes to treat of the anger of Achilles; that anger draws on all the great events of the story: and Homer at every opportunity awakens the reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: so that when we see in this place the hero deaf to youth and compassion, it is what we expect: mercy in him would offend, because it is contrary to his character. Homer proposes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the poem which he designed the reader should draw from it, is, that we should avoid anger, since it is ever pernicious in the event. P.

Ver. 547.] Thus, Ogilby:

Next Mutius charging pierc'd *from ear to ear*,
 Stringing his head upon his reeking *spear*.

Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
 Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion
 cleaves ; 550

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
 The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
 Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
 Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
 He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight, 555
 And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
 Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,
 From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
 Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
 And sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies. 560
 Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia

came,

(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name,)
 Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
 Prone from his car the thund'ring chief descends:
 The squire, who saw expiring on the ground 565
 His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:

Ver. 553.] The following paragraph is translated with great ease and ingenuity, and considerable fidelity to his author. In the first couplet, a small imperfection in the rhiming of a *participle* with the *past tense* of a congenial *verb*, when the terminations should differ, might be adjusted with no great difficulty, if deemed as necessary by the reader, as by myself.

Ver. 554.] Thus Chapman:

— where the *nerves*, about the elbow *knit*.

Ver. 558.] Thus exactly:

The chief at distance cast his crested head.

His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian jav'lin gor'd,
 And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
 As when a flame the winding valley fills, 569
 And runs-on crackling shrubs between the hills;
 Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
 Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
 This way and that, the spreading torrent roars;
 So sweeps the hero thro' the wasted shores:
 Around him wide, immense destruction pours, 575
 And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
 As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
 And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
 When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
 The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd
 grain : 580

Ver. 568.] So Chapman :

That threw him to his lord :

whom our poet follows also in his omission. The paragraph in the original stands thus :

———— Areithous his 'squire,
 Turning his car, between his shoulders pierc'd
 The lance, and tumbled off. The coursers start.

Ver. 580. *The trampling steers beat out th' un-number'd grain.*
 In Greece, instead of threshing the corn as we do, they caused it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewise practised in Judea, as is seen by the law of God, who forbid the Jews to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn. *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in area fruges tuas.* Deut. xxv. Dacier.

The same practice is still preserved among the Turks and modern Greeks. P.

The similes at the end.] It is usual with our author to heap his similes very thick together at the conclusion of a book. He has

So the fierce courfers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes
souls.

Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore; 585
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still infatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never dying Fame! 590

done the same in the seventeenth: it is the natural discharge of a vast imagination, heated in the progress, and giving itself vent in this cloud of images.

I cannot close the notes upon this book, without observing the dreadful idea of Achilles, which the poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over shields, and mangled heaps of slain; the wheels, the axle-tree, and the horses are stained with blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with slaughter. A painter might form from this passage the picture of Mars in the fulness of his terrours, as well as Phidias is said to have drawn from another, that of Jupiter in all his majesty. P.

It is not the "conclusion of the book," according to the statement of our translator, which induced Homer to pour forth an abundance of *similies*, but the vigour and bustle of circumstances at that time; which may have happened to coincide with the termination of the book: nor injudiciously; that the reader's expectation might be raised, and a new book entered upon with eagerness.

Ver, 582.] More correctly thus:

Bruise scatter'd shields, and tread out heroes' souls.

Ver. 587.] Our translator, as usual in the sublimer passages, gives the reins to his imagination. His author runs simply thus:

———— Still rush't on in quest of fame

Pelides: gore distain'd his matchless hands.

So the horse counters, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush our heroes
Down from their hoofs while'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dyes:
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axes dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with gore, all horrible in blood:
Yet still intrepid, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lot of never dying fame!

done the same in the Iliad: it is the natural discharge of a
poet's imagination, heated in the progress, and giving itself vent in
this cloud of images.

I cannot close the notes upon this book, without observing the
dreadful idea of Achilles, which the poet leaves upon the mind of
the reader. He drives his chariot over heaps, and mangled heaps
of slain: the wheels, the axle-tree, and the spokes are stained with
blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with
laughter. A painter might form from this passage the picture of
Mars in the fulness of his terror, as well as Pluto is said to have
drawn from a picture, that of Jupiter in all his majesty.

It is not the "conclusion of the book," according to the state-
ment of our translator, which induced Homer to put forth an
abundance of words, but the vigour and battle of circumstances at
that time; which may have happened to coincide with the termina-
tion of the book; not injudiciously; that the reader's expectation
might be raised, and a new book carried upon with eagerness.

Ver. 581. More correctly thus:

Down from their hoofs, and tread our heroes' souls.
Ver. 583. Our translator, as usual in the Iliad, has
given the reins to his imagination. His author may reply thus:

Still rest on in quest of fame
Peltides: gore distains his mantles' hands.

THE ARGUMENT.

RECOMMENDED BY

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

THE Trojan by his fall, from records the
Iliad, others to the River Scamander: he falls upon
the latter with great numbers like a flood in arms,

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

and Achilles. Scamander attacks him with all his
waters: Neptune and Poseidon the hero; Greeks join
Scamander; at length Hector, by the instigation of Juno,

OF THE

drives up the river. This combat ended, the other
Gods rage each his way. Achilles kills the
slaughter, drives the rest of Troy; Hector only makes a
stand, and is carried away in a chariot by Apollo; who
(to punish Achilles) takes upon him Agamemnon's armor, and
while he garbues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an
opportunity of entering into their city.

The poem here concludes. The first is on the banks and
in the stream of Scamander.

P.

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book is entirely different from all the foregoing : though it be a battle, it is entirely of a new and surprising kind, diversified with a vast variety of imagery and description. The scene is totally changed : he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and describes a battle amidst an inundation. It is observable, that though the whole war of the Iliad was upon the banks of these rivers, Homer has artfully left out the machinery of the River-Gods in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhausted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this description of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contrast in that of the drought : the part of Achilles is admirably sustained, and the new strokes which Homer gives to his picture are such as are derived from the very source of his character, and finish the entire draught of this hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this episode, may be reconciled to probability, truth and natural reason, will be considered in a distinct note on that head : the reader may find it on ver. 447. P.

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they
drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,

Ver. 1.] I have elsewhere proved, at a similar passage, that
our poet should have rendered, as follows, to express the language
of his author :

And now to Xanthus' *rapid* stream they drove,
To *gulfy* Xanthus, progeny of Jove.

Ver. 2. *Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.*] The river is
here said to be the son of Jupiter, on account of its being supplied
with waters that fall from Jupiter, that is, from heaven. Eusta-
thius. P.

Ver. 3.] His original runs thus :

Then parting, there, some through the plain he drives
To Troy, what way the Greeks in wild rout fled,
That day, when Hector put forth all his rage ;
There in dismay they pour'd.

Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
 The clust'ring legions rush into the flood:
 So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside, 20
 (Which spreading tam'risks on the margin hide)
 Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
 Arm'd with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the
 waves:

the locusts to avoid the intense heat were forced to cast themselves into the water. From this observation the poet draws his allusion, which is very much to the honour of Achilles, since it represents the Trojans with respect to him as no more than so many insects.

The same commentator takes notice, that because the island of Cyprus in particular was used to practise this method with the locusts, some authors have conjectured that Homer was of that country. But if this were a sufficient reason for such a supposition, he might be said to be born in almost all the countries of the world, since he draws his observations from the customs of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of these locusts, mentioned among the plagues of Ægypt, without having recourse to an immediate creation, as some good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed consists in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the Ægyptians. I have often observed with pleasure the similitude which many of Homer's expressions bear with the holy scriptures, and that the most ancient heathen writer in the world, often speaks in the idiom of Moses: thus as the locusts in Exodus are said to be driven into the *sea*, so in Homer they are forced into *a river*. P.

Thus Ogilby:

As locusts scorcht from burning camps retire,
 Pursu'd by eager flames and hungry fire.

Ver. 16.] The rhymes are incorrect. Thus?

To 'scape destruction from the driving gleam,
 The trembling legions rush into the stream,

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
 Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd, 26
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.
 Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
 So the huge Dolphin tempesting the main, 30
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
 Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land; 35

Ver. 24.] His original would dictate this alteration :

There, bent on slaughter, whirls the faulchion round.

Ver. 30. *So the huge Dolphin, &c.*] It is observable with what justness the author diversifies his comparisons according to the different scenes and elements he is engaged in. Achilles has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, &c. Now he is in the water, the poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. Eustathius. P.

This fine expression was taken from Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 412 :

part huge of bulk

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate,

Tempest the ocean.

And our translator indulges his fancy in this comparison, which may be simply represented thus :

As from th' enormous Dolphin fly the tribes

Of fish, and trembling seek the cavern'd depths

Of a smooth harbour: sure to die if caught—.

Ver. 34. *Now tir'd with slaughter,*] This is admirably well suited to the character of Achilles, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppose him, and stops not, till nature

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their
chains.)

itself could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reserve twelve noble youths to sacrifice them to the Manes of Patroclus, but his resentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his passion abates, and he is tired with slaughter: without this circumstance, I think an objection might naturally be raised, that in the time of a pursuit Achilles gave the enemy too much leisure to escape, while he busied himself with tying these prisoners: though it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he tied them with his own hands. P.

Ver. 35. *Twelve chosen youths,*] This piece of cruelty in Achilles has appeared shocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excused by considering the ferocious and vindictive spirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exercised on enemies in war were authorised by the military laws of those times; nay, religion itself became a sanction to them. It is not only the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to sacrifice them to the Manes of his favourite hero. Æn. x. ver. 517:

“ ————— Sulmone creatos

“ Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens,

“ Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,

“ Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammam.”

And Æn. xi. ver. 81:

“ Vinxerat & post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris

“ Inferias, cæso sparsuros sanguine flammam.”

And (what is very particular) the Latin poet expresses no disapprobation of this action, which the Grecian does in plain terms, speaking of this in Iliad xxiii. ver. 176:

————— Κανὸς δὲ φρεσὶ μὴδέ τοι ἔρσσε.

P.

As the circumstances of the action sufficiently shew, that these youths were *alive*, the omission of that idea would have been preferable to the suppression of another, which may be introduced thus:

Twelve chosen youths he drags, *like fawns*, to land.

These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the
flood,

The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel)

Ver. 41. *The young Lycaon, &c.*] Homer has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving such incidents as set the characteristick qualities of his heroes in the highest point of light. There is hardly any in the whole Iliad more proper to move pity than this circumstance of Lycaon; or to raise terrour, than this view of Achilles. It is also the finest picture of them both imaginable. We see the different attitude of their persons, and the different passions which appeared in their countenances: at first Achilles stands erect, with surprize in his looks at the sight of one whom he thought it impossible to find there; while Lycaon is in the posture of a suppliant, with looks that plead for compassion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he lets go the spear, and places himself on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how strongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this passage, and allows that poetry (at least in Homer) is truly a speaking picture. P.

Ver. 44.] Thus Ogilby:

Whom busie cutting down with well-edg'd *steell*
Wild fig-tree branches for a chariot *wheel*—.

Ver. 45.] Some thoughts of his original, not included in this version, might be thus introduced here:

The busied youth, when night had curtain'd round
The globe an unthought ill! Achilles found.

To Lemnos' isle he fold the royal slave, 46
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave ;
 But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
 The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign 50
 He felt the sweets of liberty again ;
 Thenext, that God whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;
 Now never to return ! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the shades below. 55
 His well-known face when great Achilles eyed,
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
 His uselefs lance and unavailing shield.)
 As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled, 60
 And knock'd his salt'ring knees, the hero said.

Ye mighty Gods ! what wonders strike my
 view !

Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue ?
 Sure I shall see yon' heaps of Trojans kill'd,
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field :

Ver. 59.] These *epithets* tend in some measure to convey a wrong notion of the passage. I should prefer, as more conformable to the purpose of his author, something like the following verse :

His *ponderous* lance and his *oppressive* shield.
 The youth had thrown off his armour to expedite his escape : and this *naked* appearance principally constitutes the propriety of Achilles' pretended suspicion, that he was a ghost, escaped from the regions of Pluto.

As now the captive, whom so late I bound 66
 And fold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
 That bar such numbers from their native plain:
 Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear! 70
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
 If Earth at length this active prince can seize,
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Ver. 64.] The rhymes are insufferable. We might easily rectify the couplet by this alteration:

Sure I shall see yon' heaps of Trojans *slain*
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the *plain*.

And then below, to obviate a too quick recurrence of the same sound,

Not barr'd by ocean, who with boundless tides
 Such numerous exiles from their homes divides.

Ver. 69.] Thus Chapman:

————— and that (that many a man doth keepe
 From his lov'd countrie) *barres* not him.

Ver. 71.] A poor rhyme! Thus, in every respect better; with more elegance, I think, and superiour vigour:

Try, if the grave can *keep* the wanderer *here*.

Ver. 73.] *Grammar* requires *holden*, the proper participle of *hold*. This inaccuracy might be thus avoided:

Earth, whose strong grasp *holds* down *e'en* Hercules:
 but the whole is interpolation; since his original says merely,

Whether he thence too will return, or earth
 Will hold, all-fostering; who the strongest holds.

For our translator was pleased with Chapman's invention, and adopted it accordingly:

————— or kind earth *can* any furer *seise*
 On his flie person; *whose strong armes, have held down*
Hercules.

Thus while he spake, the Trojan pale with fears
 Approach'd, and fought his knees with suppliant
 tears ;

75

Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
 And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.
 Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound ;
 He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground :
 And while, above, the spear suspended stood, 80
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
 One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the
 dart,

While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Ver. 79.] More correctly thus :

He *graspt* his *knees low-crouching* on the ground.

Plung'd in the field the frustrate weapon stood.—

The other English translators are right, except Chapman, who
 misl'd our poet on this occasion :

His foe

Observ'd all this ; and up he rais'd, his lance, *as he would*
throw.

Dacier also misconceives the passage : “ Achille leve sa pique, et
 “ *la lance* de toute sa force pour le percer :” which destroys the
 propriety of the author, in making Lycaon afterwards lay his hand
 on the spear. I shall give a literal translation of the original :

Then his long lance Achilles lifted up,
 Prepar'd to strike : he, stooping, ran beneath,
 And seiz'd his knees : above his back the spear
 Plung'd in the ground, athirst for human blood.

And our translator has taken into this verse Chapman's phrase
 below, at the beginning of Lycaon's speech :

But thus besought : I *kisse* thy knees, divine Æacides.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
 Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee. 85
 Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
 Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
 Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
 Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
 A hundred oxen were his price that day, 90
 Now fums immense thy mercy shall repay.
 Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
 And scarce twelve morning fums have seen me here;

Ver. 84. *The speeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impossible for any thing to be better imagined than these two speeches: that of Lycaon is moving and compassionate, that of Achilles haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmost tenderness, the other denies with the utmost sternness: one would think it impossible to amass so many moving arguments in so few words as those of Lycaon: he forgets no circumstance to soften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of Patroclus, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to Hector, and would willingly put himself upon him as a suppliant, and consequently as an inviolable person: but Achilles is immoveable, his resentment makes him deaf to entreaties, and it must be remembered that anger, not mercy is his character.

I must confess I could have wished Achilles had spared him: there are so many circumstances that speak in his favour, that he deserved his life, had he not asked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatness in the conclusion of the speech of Achilles, which strikes me very much: he speaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for asking life so earnestly, a life that was of so much less importance than his own. P.

Ver. 84.] The first edition has *trembling*: as well.

Ver. 86.] His author dictates,

Some *reverence* to a suppliant's name afford:

or, as the *reverence* is claimed on the ground of former *hospitality*,

Some *grace*, some *reverence* to my prayer afford:

Ver. 92.] A miserable line in my opinion. Thus? more exactly:

Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
 Again, her victim cruel Fate demands! 95
 I sprung from Priam, and Laothœe fair,
 (Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
 Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
 And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd)
 Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore; 100
 For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
 How from that arm of terrour shall I fly?
 Some Dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
 If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind, 105
 Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
 With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus'
 death.

*Scarce have my sorrows clos'd their long career:
 Scarce the twelfth morning's sun beholds me here.*

Ver. 95.] More closely,
Her short liv'd victim Fate again demands.

Ver. 97.] Lelege, if I mistake not, was the name of the
 country; and not Lelegia.

Ver. 99.] Homer gives no *epithet* to the river: it was furnished
 by Chapman:

In height of upper Pedasus, neare Satnius silver flood.

Ver. 107.] This appears to me a wretched line. I cannot
 presume to attempt every passage that appears exceptionable to my
 judgement; but propose the following couplet on this occasion, as
 not less fully expressive of Homer's sense, than our poet's more
 amplified version:

These words, attended with a show'r of tears,
 The youth addrest to unrelenting ears : 110
 Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies :
 In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
 But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.

Yet the same womb (ah! think on this, and spare!)
 Not thy friend's murderer and this suppliant bare :
 which indeed are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 110.] These *tears* our translator found convenient, and above at verse 75, equally unauthorised by his author at both places. *Tears* are no effort of Nature at a crisis like this. The learned reader may compare my note on the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides, v. 448.

But our poet might take a wrong direction from Chapman just below :

Die, die, (my friend) what *teares* are these? what sad
 lookes spoil thy face?

Where Ogilby and Mr. Cowper also are erroneous, if erroneous.

Ver. 111.] Thus Ogilby :

Talk not to me of pleas, and ransome, fool!

But our translator makes too short dispatch with his author on this occasion; who may be plainly represented thus :

Talk not to me of ransoms, simple wretch!

Before Patroclus' fatal day arriv'd,

To spare the Trojans then my soul prefer'd,

And many a living captive sold for gain.

But now not one 'scapes death, by fortune thrown

Into these hands, near Ilium's wall; not one

Of all the Trojans, least of Priam's sons.

Ver. 113.] Thus Ogilby :

None shall escape, not one

That falls into my hands must hope *for* grace;

But least of all old Priam's *curst* race.

Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore? 115
 The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
 He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
 "And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality?"
 See'st thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
 Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born; 120
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
 By night, or day, by force or by design,
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.

Ver. 118.] The inverted commas, affixed by our poet to this verse, imply it to be borrowed. I have searched for the author in vain; and suppose it taken from some translation of the well-known passage in Lucretius, where that noble author has imitated Homer.

And accordingly I find it, upon the information of Mr. Steevens, in Dryden's version of that portion of Lucretius, improperly omitted in some subsequent collections of the great poet's works:

*Ancus, thy better far, was born to die:
 And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?*

Ver. 121.] *The day shall come ———
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart.]*

This is not spoken at random, but with an air of superiority; when Achilles says he shall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a spear, he insinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a close fight, or engage him hand to hand. Eustathius. P.

I should prefer a version, that attempted to represent more faithfully the remarkable simplicity of his original. Thus?

E'en me resistless Death will make his prey,
 At early dawn, at twilight, or mid-day.
 Some lance shall pierce me, or some feather'd dart,
 Twang'd from the fatal bow, transfix my heart;
 for the rhymes of our translator's *second* couplet are inadmissible.

Die then—He said: and as the word he spoke 125
 The fainting stripling sunk, before the stroke:
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear;
 While all his trembling frame confess his fear.
 Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade. 130
 Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand:
 The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
 And thus insults him, floating on the wave.

Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround 135
 Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound:
 There no sad mother shall thy fun'rals weep,
 But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
 Whose ev'ry wave some wat'ry monster brings,
 To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. 140

Ver. 127.] More exactly thus:

His *hands*, stretch'd out for mercy, left the spear.

Ogilby, corrected, is accurate and not contemptible:

The youth, despairing, let the *javelin* go,

And sits with hands *displaid* to move the foe.

Ver. 135.] Our poet in this fine translation treads in the steps of Ogilby; below criticism, perhaps, but not imitation:

Lycaon, lye thou there, till fish *surround*

Thy soaking *corps* and suck thy bleeding *wound*:

Nor shall thy mother at thy *fun'rals* weep,

But thee *swift* Xanthus hurry to the *deep*.

Ver. 139.] Our poet has not been careful to ennoble his translation with the significant and delicate phraseology of his original. The reader must acquiesce in an humble substitute from myself:

So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
 Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
 What boots ye now Scamander's worship'd
 stream,
 His earthly honours, and immortal name;
 In vain your immolated bulls are slain, 145
 Your living courfers glut his gulphs in vain:

Soon to the black wave's rippling edge shall spring
 The lurking fish, to gorge Lycaon's fat.

Our poet might get his *monster* from *Ogilby* :

Thy juicie flesh shall scalie *monsters* gorge :
 or from *Dacier* : “ Oû quelque *monstre marin* s' élançant sur la
 “ surface des flots.—” *Hobbes* is not amiss:

Where to the curled water leaps a fish,
 Upon Lycaon's dainty fat to feed.

Ver. 140.] The reader is here furnished with another proof of
 our poet's relish for a lick at *Kings* : which humour of his has been
 pointed out before, and is finely taken off in that imitation of *Pope*
 on a “ Pipe of Tobacco :”

Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by *kings* :

so that our translator's character of *Thersites* may be deemed by some
 not unsuitable to himself :

Ulysses or *Achilles* still his theme ;
 But *royal scandal* his delight supreme.

Ver. 143.] The rhyme is not to be tolerated. Thus, more
 faithfully :

What boots you swift Scamander's honour'd wave ?
 His ample stream no votary now shall save.

Ver. 146. *Your living courfers glut his gulphs in vain.*] It was
 an ancient custom to cast living horses into the sea, and into rivers,
 to honour, as it were, by these victims, the rapidity of their streams.
 This practice continued a long time, and history supplies us with

Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
 Thus, 'till the Grecian vengeance is compleat:
 Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
 And the short absence of Achilles paid. 150

These boastful words provoke the raging God;
 With fury swells the violated flood.
 What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
 To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
 Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare 155
 The great Afteropeus to mortal war;
 The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
 Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
 (Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
 With all his reflux waters circled round) 160

examples of it: Aurelius Victor says of Pompey the younger, *Cum mari feliciter uteretur, Neptuni se filium confessus est, cumque bobus auratis & equo placavit.* He offered oxen in sacrifice, and threw a living horse into the sea, as appears from Dion, which is perfectly conformable to this of Homer. Eustathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 148.] The rhyme is vicious. I will propose a substitution:

'Till my tired vengeance general carnage fate.

Others, no less faulty, soon follow; but the correction of all were endless.

Ver. 152. *With fury swells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the episode of the river Xanthus ever since the beginning of the last book: and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon Achilles: it is not only because he is a river of Troas, but, as Eustathius remarks, because it is in defence of a man that was descended from a brother River-God: he was angry too with Achilles on another account, because he had choked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the Trojans. P.

Ver. 160.] This line is added by our translator.

On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
 And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
 The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
 T'avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
 Near as they drew, Achilles thus began. 165

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the fire,
 Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
 (Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race? 170
 From rich Pæonia's vallies I command
 Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;

Ver. 164.] This elision is ungraceful. Thus, with more fidelity:
 The flood, with slaughter fill'd and swell'n with rage,
 Impell'd the ruthless warrior to engage.

Ver. 166.] Homer says only,
 Who, and whence, art thou, that dar'st thus oppose?
 Sons of unhappy fires resist my rage:

so that our translator had in view a former passage at Iliad vi. ver. 152. where he employs the same verse.

Ver. 171. *From rich Pæonia's—&c.*] In the Catalogue Pyrræchmes is said to be commander of the Pæonians, where they are described as bow-men; but here they are said to be armed with spears, and to have Asteropus for their general. Eustathius tells us, some critics asserted that this line in the Cat. ver. 355:

Πηλεγόνῳ δ' υἱὸς περιδείξει Ἀστεροπαῖος,
 followed

Ἀνὴρ Πυρραΐχμης ἄγει Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξας.

but I see no reason for such an assertion. Homer has expressly told us in this speech that it was but ten days since he came to the aid of

Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: 174

Axius, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threat'ning he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Afteropeus discharg'd each lance, 180
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance cou'd
wield)

One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;

Troy; he might be made general of the Pæonians upon the death of
Pyræchmes, who was killed in the sixteenth book. Why also might
not the Pæonians, as well as Teucer, excel in the management both
of the bow and the spear?

Ver. 173.] Thus Chapman, less studious of his own ease than
our poet:

————— and here th' *eleventh* faire light
Shines on us, since we entered Troy.

Ver. 176.] He might here have preserved the beautiful repetition
of his author:

Axius, who round the floated region fills.

A good couplet may be made from Ogilby:

*Axius my grandfire, who with spreading waves
The region round, delicious current! laves.*

Ver. 177.] This couplet is executed with an ingenuity and
fidelity truly admirable. The literal sense is this:

Who spear-fam'd Pelegon begat, he me.
Prepare we now, illustrious chief! to fight.

Ver. 181.] Thus Ogilby:

But he, whose either hand a spear *could* wield,
Straight both discharg'd; one lights upon his *shield*.

One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
 Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
 Like light'ning next the Pelian javelin flies: 185
 Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
 Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
 Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
 And on his foe with doubled fury flew. 190
 The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted
 wood;
 Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
 The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain;
 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;

Ver. 184.] So Chapman :

——— forth, the blacke blood *spunne*.

And our poet might have preserved a lost idea of his author thus :

——— in earth the *thirsting* weapon stood.

Ver. 187. *Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd;—*]

It was impossible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the strength of Achilles, than he has by this circumstance: his spear pierced so deep into the ground, that another hero of great strength could not disengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmost ease: how prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a spear half way into the earth, and then with a touch release it? P.

Ver. 192.] To prevent a misconception of this passage, which is too ambiguous to be decisively apprehended in this translation, I would propose:

His efforts thrice the Pelian lance withstood.

His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, 195
 The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
 Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
 And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
 While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
 His radiant armour tearing from the dead: 200

So ends thy glory! such the fate they prove
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a River didst thou boast thy line?
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny? 205
 Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
 The race of these superiour far to those,
 As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son. 210
 Ev'n Achelöus might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.
 Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,

Ver. 199.] More accurately thus:

His *arms* the victor tearing from the dead,
 Trod on his breast, and thus insulting said.

Ver. 208.] This is very happy and noble. His original says merely,

Streams, that to Ocean flow, Jove far exceeds.

Perhaps our poet took a hint from Chapman:

Thunder-voic't Jove farre passeth floods.

The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear, 215
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.

He ſaid; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathleſs warriour in his gore.

The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave; 220

'Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.

All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)

Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:

He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225

Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſus flew;

Ver. 215.] An admirable couplet: and ſo indeed is the whole ſpeech. The rhymes here might be got from Ogilby, and the neceſſity of variation lead him to the original thought before us;

For he Jove's lightning and dire thunder fear'd,

When in the ſky ſuch diſmal cracks he heard.

Homer, literally tranſlated, runs thus:

E'en him the bolts of mighty Jove affright,

And horrid thunder, when from heaven it roars.

Ver. 222.] This is ſufficiently faithful to his author, but the diſtinction between *eels* and *fiſhes* does not ſound well in modern language. I ſhould prefer:

Of eels, and *every native* of the flood.

Chapman has well expreſſed a thought of his author, on which our tranſlator, more ſtudioſous of delicacy and dignity, could not venture:

———about which fauſens, and other fiſh,

Did ſhole, to *nibble at the fat*, which his ſweet *kidneys* hid.

Ver. 223.] Thus Ogilby, very well:

Who fled *amaz'd*, their valiant leader *ſlain*.

Mydon, Therfilochus, with Ænius fell;
 And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
 But from the bottom of his gulfs profound, 229
 Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound.

O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
 In valour matchless, and in force divine!
 If Jove have given thee ev'ry Trojan head,
 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
 See! my chok'd streams no more their course
 can keep, 235

Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
 Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
 Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.

In human form, confess'd before his eyes,
 The river thus; and thus the chief replies. 240
 O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
 But not 'till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay,
 Not 'till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
 Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
 Not 'till proud Hector, guardian of her wall, 245
 Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.

He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
 Then to the Godhead of the silver bow

Ver. 23c.] The finishing clause is a commodious insertion of the translator, kept ready by him for every opportunity of this kind, and employed perpetually without scruple.

The yellow Flood began : O son of Jove!
 Was not the mandate of the fire above 250
 Full and exprefs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
 His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
 And make her conquer, 'till Hyperion's fall
 In awful darkneſs hide the face of all? 254

He ſpoke in vain—the chief without diſmay
 Ploughs thro' the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
 Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
 Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt, 259
 And round the banks the ghafly dead are toſt.
 While all before, the billows rang'd on high
 (A wat'ry bulwark) ſcreen the bands who fly.

Ver. 253.] Thus, with more fidelity to Homer's language :

'Till the late lamp of day had run his race,
 And Earth in twilight veil obſcur'd her face.

Ver. 255.] A ſublime paſſage, in the tranſlation, as well as the original; but an image, or two, is dropped by our poet, which add conſiderably to the animation of the deſcription. Thus?

He ſpake : *the warrior ſprang with furious force*
Off the ſteep bank, and urg'd his deſperate courſe,
 From all his deep the boiling River roars,
And foamy ſurges laſh the bellowing ſhores.

Ver. 256.] Thus Chapman :

—— then ſweld his waves, then rag'd, then boyld againe.

Ver. 260.] The rhymes are not ſufficiently correct. Thus?

Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges *from his bed,*
 And e'er the banks *foams out* the ghafly dead.

Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,
 The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide; 265
 His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,
 Slidd'ring, and stagg'ring. On the border stood
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
 He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay;
 The plant uprooted to his weight gave way, 270
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall

Ogilby preserves (as Chapman also) the *simile* of his author:

Then bodies, roaring like a bull, *disgorg'd*;
 and probably supplied our poet with this emphatical and sonorous
 term so well adapted to the majesty of the description.

Ver. 263. *Now bursting on his head, &c.*] There is a great
 beauty in the versification of this whole passage in Homer: some
 of the verses run hoarse, full and sonorous, like the torrent they
 describe; others by their broken cadences, and sudden stops, image
 the difficulty, labour and interruption of the hero's march against it.
 The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the rushing of the
 branches in the water, are all put into such words, that almost every
 letter corresponds in its sound, and echoes to the sense, of each
 particular. P.

Ver. 264.] Or, more correctly and faithfully,

An eddying deluge—.

Ver. 265.] There is too much amplification here. I should
 prefer an expulsion of the couplet, with this adjustment of the
 passage, and with no sacrifice to fidelity:

Now, bursting on his *shield* with thundering sound,
An eddying deluge whirls the hero round,
 His feet *all buoyant*. On the border stood—.

Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood acrofs: the hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand, 275
 Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.

Ver. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood acrofs:—*] If we had no other account of the river Xanthus but this, it were alone sufficient to shew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here says that the elm stretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: the suddenness of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river. P.

We may banish a superfluous word, and introduce a neglected, but important, idea of his author, with improvement to the numbers, thus:

Bridg'd the rough flood: th' *affrighted* hero stay'd—.

Ver. 276. *Leapt from the channel.*] Eustathius recites a criticism on this verse, in the original the word *Λίμνη* signifies *Stagnum, Palus*, a *standing water*; now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current*: to solve this, says that author, some have supposed that the tree which lay acrofs the river stopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to spread as it were into a pool. Others, dissatisfied with this solution, think that a mistake has crept into the text, and that instead of *ἐκ Λίμνης*, should be inserted *ἐκ Δίνης*. But I do not see the necessity of having recourse to either of these solutions; for why may not the word *Λίμνη* signify here the *channel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verse of the original? And nothing being more common than to substitute a part for the whole, why may not the channel be supposed to imply the whole river? P.

Exactly thus:

Leapt from the *stream* to *fly* along the land.

But the full sense of Homer may be thus exhibited:

He from the channel sprang, and rusht to flight,
 Alarm'd, with all his swiftnefs through the plain.

Chapman is poetical:

—————the rage did terrifie,
 Even his great spirit, and made him adde wings to his swiftest
 feet:

Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
 The God pursues, a huger billow throws,
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy. 280
 He, like the warlike eagle speeds his pace,
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' ærial race)
 Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
 At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side, 285
 And winds his course before the following tide;

which *Paradise Lost*, ii. 700. resembles:

—————back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and *to thy speed add wings*:
 but is originally found in Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 224:
 —————pedibus timor addidit alas.

Ver. 277.] More accurately, thus:

*Nor rests the mighty flood, but blackening rose,
 And a huge billow at the warrior throws.*

Ver. 278.] This elegance our poet might derive from Chapman:

—————And yet not there, the flood left his retreat:
 But *thrust his billowes after him*, and blackt them all at top.

Ver. 280.] I should like better—"the *bane* of Troy."

Ver. 284.] There is a similar superfluity in Ogilby:

Upon his breast his *rattling arms resound*:

May I venture to propose a substitution?

Far as a brandish'd lance, each effort spring
 His bounding feet: his arms, terrific, ring.

Ver. 285.] These are fine verses, and display astonishing ingenuity; but I leave the reader to judge, whether the sublimity of the description be not broken by such minute and studied expansion of his author; whose entire sense is concentrated in the following couplet:

The waves flow after, wherefoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs, 290
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his
 bow'rs
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and
 flow'rs ;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,

Now here, now there, *his course oblique* he wheels;
Close swells the stream, and bellows at his heels.

Ver. 289. *So when a peasant to his garden brings, &c.*] This changing of the character is very beautiful; no poet ever knew, like Homer, to pass from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; such transitions, when properly made, give a singular pleasure, as when in musick a master passes from the rough to the tender. Demetrius Phalereus, who only praises this comparison for its clearness, has not sufficiently recommended its beauty and value. Virgil has transferred it into his first book of the Georgicks, ver. 106:

“ Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentes :
 “ Et cùm exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
 “ Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
 “ Elicit : illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
 “ Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.” Dacier. P.

Thus Ogilby :

“ As when a skilful gard'ner water brings
 “ His plants to comfort from refreshing springs.

Ver. 291.] Our poet imitates Dryden in a couplet, which introduces the parallel description in Virgil, Georg. i. 155 :

*And call the floods from high, to rush amain
 With pregnant streams to swell the teeming grain.*

Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills 295
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
 Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes 299
 Still swift Scamander rolls where-e'er he flies :
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods ;
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
 Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes ;
 So oft' the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread, 305
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.

Ver. 295.] Ogilby renders,

The *purling* stream, o'er murm'ring *pebbles rowl'd*.

Ver. 298.] This verse is a fancy of our translator; nor does the couplet in general give a satisfactory likeness of the author. Chapman's translation is distinct, and correspondent to his original:

under it, the pebbles all give way,
 And where it finds a fall, runnes swift : nor can the leader
 stay,
 His current then : before himselfe, full pac't, it murmures
 on.

Ver. 299.] Thus, with perfect accuracy :

Still flies *the warrior swift* ; before his eyes
The surge, more swift, still swells where'er he flies.

Ver. 304.] Better, perhaps, as more explicit,
 And try, if all th' *immortals* were *his* foes.

Ver. 305.] A glorious couplet ! Thus his original, to a word :
 So oft th' ætherial stream's enormous wave
 High o'er his shoulders wander'd.

In my opinion, this description of the conflict of Achilles and

Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy foil; 310
 When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown)
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date, 315
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.

Scamander, from first to last, for sublimity of thought, an exquisite propriety of expression, felicity of description, noble imagery, and a continued succession of glowing scenery, exceeds, beyond all competition, every passage in the Iliad.

Ver. 307.] This open vowel would, perhaps, be well superseded thus:

Yet dauntless still th' *opposing* flood he braves.

Ver. 309.] There is an unpleasant superfluity in this verse. Thus?

Beat by the tides——.

Ver. 314.] The removal of this inelegant and harsh elision may be effected thus:

And will no god Achilles *then* befriend,
 No pow'r avert his miserable end?

Ver. 315.] This couplet represents the last of ver. 274, in the original; and in this sense editors, translators, and the *scholiast* agree; but are all, I apprehend, mistaken. The words are *ἐπεὶ τε καὶ τι παθούμι*: *atque adeo mihi vel acciderit aliquid*: “and accordingly I may even die in this river:” for the *euphemismus* of *τι παθεῖν* for *ἀποθνήσκειν* is too common to need illustration or proof. This couplet therefore might be expunged, were the *first* verse of this address thus adjusted:

Will then no god Achilles, Jove! befriend?

Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of Thetis must her son complain ;
 By Phœbus darts she prophesy'd my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall. 320
 Oh ! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm !
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!

Ver. 321. *Oh ! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm, &c.*] Nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroick character of Achilles : glory is his prevailing passion ; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. Virgil has made use of the same thought in the same circumstance, where Æneas is in danger of being drowned, Æn. i. ver. 98 :

“ ——— O terque quaterque beati,
 “ Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
 “ Contigit oppetere ! O Danaûm fortissime gentis
 “ Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
 “ Non potuisse ? tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ ?”

Lucan in the fifth book of his *Pharsalia*, representing Cæsar in the same circumstance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundless thirst of glory, in his hero ; when, after he has repined in the same manner with Achilles, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired :

“ ——— Licet ingentes abruperit actus
 “ Festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi.
 “ Arctoas domui gentes : inimica subegi
 “ Arma manu : vidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum.”

And only wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might still fear and respect him :

“ ——— Lacerum retinete cadaver
 “ Fluctibus in mediis ; desint mihi busta, rogosque,
 “ Dum metuar semper, terrâque expecter ab omni.”

Ver. 324.] This thought is interpolated by the translator.

Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate, 325
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase to the sea. }

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief, 330
 And thus in human form address'd the chief:
 The pow'r of Ocean first. Forbear thy fear,
 O son of Peleus! Lo thy Gods appear!
 Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eye'd maid. 335

Indeed, he might fashion this couplet by Dryden's translation of the parallel place in Virgil, *Æn.* i. 139:

Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
 Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain?

Ver. 329.] An excellent verse, singly considered; but the rhyme is vicious, and the sense unauthorized: it might, therefore, be expunged without any injustice to the fidelity of translation. Chapman is pointed:

————— One, heaven borne, shall like a hog-herd
 die,
 Drown'd in a durtie torrents rage:
 and Ogilby, with trivial alteration, will gratify the reader:
*But now the Fates determine to destroy
 By death ignoble, like a shepherd's boy,
 Drown'd in a swelling flood, when muster'd rills
 In gutt'ring torrents tumble from the hills.*

Ver. 330.] Here the following line of the author is passed over in silence:

Each graspt his hand, and cheer'd with soothing words.

Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
 But thou, the counsel heav'n suggests, attend!
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
 'Till Troy receive her flying sons, 'till all 340
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes. 345
 Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n
 impell'd,

He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
 Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of
 gold 350
 And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

Ver. 336.] His original would prescribe:

Soon shalt thou see the torrent cease to rave.

Ver. 342.] The term *chance* has no other object than to facilitate the rhyme; and there seems to be vulgarity in the expression. Thus?

Hector alone *to meet thee* shall advance:

or,

Hector alone *to combat* shall advance.

Ver. 347.] The rhyme is vicious, or rather none. Thus? with the words *plain* and *field* transposed:

His course impetuous to the plain he held.

Ver. 350.] Or thus? to avoid an expression, not sufficiently dignified, perhaps, for such a noble passage:

High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
 He wades, and mounts; the parted wave refounds.
 Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force. 355
 With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
 And check this mortal that controlls a God:
 Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight, 360
 And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
 Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
 From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store,
 With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
 Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head. 365

'Midst scatter'd *armour* floating, casques of gold,
 And *shields inverted*, glittering as they roll'd.

Ver. 352.] I have not discovered the distinction between
leaps and *bounds*; and would therefore presume on some alteration
 of the passage:

High o'er the surging *stream* the warrior bounds,
 And *stems* the tide: the parting wave refounds.

Ver. 357.] Better, perhaps, as more forcible:
 Still lifts his billows.—

Thus Sandys in his *Travels*, p. 17:

Nor shrunk Scamander, but inrag'd the more,
 A climbing billow high in air up-bore.

Ver. 358.] May the vicious rhyme be superseded thus?
 Then *calls* to Simois: Brother! haste, *engage*
 With *waves united* this bold mortal's rage.

Ver. 364.] The conclusion of this verse is a sublime effusion of
 the translator's enthusiastic fancy, set on fire by the subject.

Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes,
 And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes !
 But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
 Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
 Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall
 lie, 370

That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
 And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
 Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
 Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,
 No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relicks grace, 375
 No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
 These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.

Ver. 367.] This is very grand and animated: his original says only,

Who lords it now, and godlike feats presumes:
 but our translator was indebted to Ogilby for this noble effort:

Who now, victorious, *dares the gods assail.*

Chapman's version is accurate enough:

He dares things fitter for a god.

Ver. 369.] More accurately thus:

Nor arms shall help him, if our rage unite.

Ver. 371.] This verse is due to the translator only, as also verse 373. The following attempt to the end of the speech is literal:

himself will I
 With sands involve, and plenteous rubbish pour
 Around him; nor shall Greece his bones select,
 Distinguish'd from the mass; such filth shall hide!
 Here will I raise his tomb, and save the Greeks
 The charge of rites funereal for their chief.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
 Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
 Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
 And a foam whitens on the purple waves: 381
 At ev'ry step, before Achilles stood
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
 Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: she saw dis-
 may'd,

She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid. 385

Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
 Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!

Ver. 378.] Considering the vigour and grandeur of his author, our translator has not kept pace with his customary animation. Thus? more closely and exactly:

He said, and *pours his boiling tides* amain,
Roaring with foam, and blood, and heaps of slain.
The darkling stream in swelling mountains raves,
Nor 'scapes the chief the fury of his waves.

Ver. 382.] An admirable couplet! representative of *three* words only in his author:

————— and Achilles overtook.

Ver. 384.] Thus Ogilby:

But Juno for Achilles much *dismaid*,
 'Gainst this assault call'd Vulcan to his *aid*.

Ver. 386.] I shall venture a literal version of this speech, to shew the deviations of our translator:

Vulcan, my son, arise; we think, in fight
 The gulfy Xanthus is a match for thee.
 Bring instant aid, and light a copious flame;
 Whilst I depart a furious storm to raise
 From ocean, with swift winds from west and south,
 To parch the Trojans, and their armour burn;

While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
 Rush the swift Eastern and the Western wind:
 These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
 Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe, 391
 Corfes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
 Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r, 394
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.
 Scorch all the banks! and ('till our voice reclaim)
 Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!

The Pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil; 400
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
 While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around. 405

Winds, instinct with perdition. Wither thou
 The trees on Xanthus' banks, and fire his bed;
 By soothing words alike unmov'd, and threats.
 Nor stop thy fury, 'till a shout from me
 Give signal; then th' unwearied flame may cease.

Ver. 398.] I cannot admire the word ignipotent! Thus?
 The *god of fire* her *sovereign* word obeys.

Ver. 401. Thus Chapman:
 ————— the quite drown'd field it dried,
 And *shrunke* the flood up.

Ver. 404.] The following description, though not perfectly

Swift on the fedy reeds the ruin preys;
 Along the margin winds the running blaze:
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
 The flow'ry Lotos, and the Tam'risk burn,
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire; 410
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
 Or gasping, turn their bellies to the sky. 415

correspondent to the original in all its circumstances, is replete with elegance and ingenuity; and exhibits, I think, one of the finest specimens of our translator's extraordinary powers.

Ver. 405. *While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.*] It is in the original, ver. 355:

Πνοῖν τεϊρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστιο.

The epithet given to Vulcan in this verse (as well as in the 367th) Ἡφαίστιο πολύφρονος, has no sort of allusion to the action described: for what has *wisdom* or *knowledge* to do with burning up the river Xanthus? This is usual in our author, and much exclaimed against by his modern antagonists, whom Mr. Boileau very well answers. "It is not so strange in Homer to give these epithets to persons upon occasions which can have no reference to them; the same is frequent in modern languages, in which we call a man by the name of Saint, when we speak of any action of his that has not the least regard to his sanctity: as when we say, for example, that St. Paul held the garments of those who stoned St. Stephen." P.

Ver. 413.] An open vowel, particularly unpleasant, I would discard by substituting simply, *And eels* —.

Ver. 415.] This verse is entirely the production of the translator, not assisted by Ogilby:

And fishes which 'mongst silver billows glide
 Beneath his boiling waters *gasping* dy'd:

At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said.

Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall; if Fate decree— 420
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise.
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice, 425
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:

or, probably, by Hobbes;

And eels and fishes in the water hote
Tumbled and *turn'd their bellies* up with heat.

Ver. 416.] We are indebted for this imagery to the translator.
His original says only,

The stream, in pain with heat, bespake the god.

Ver. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron rise.*] It is impossible to render literally such passages with any tolerable beauty. These ideas can never be made to shine in English, some particularities cannot be preserved; but the Greek language gives them lustre, the words are noble and musical;

Ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,

Κνίσσῃ μελδόμενος ἀπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,

Πάνιοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται.

All therefore that can be expected from a translator is to preserve the meaning of the simile, and embellish it with some words of affinity that carry nothing low in the sense or sound. P.

Ver. 426.] This elegant verse might be suggested by Chapman's version:

Till all the caldron be *engirt* with a consuming blaze:
for the *simile* may be thus literally represented:

As boils a caldron, hasten'd by the blaze
Of copious fire from well-dried wood, while seeths
A melting well-fed brawn, all-bubbling round.

So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
 And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
 To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air, 430
 The burning River sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
 On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
 For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy. 435
 Submissive I desist, if thou command;
 But ah! with-draw this all-destroying hand.
 Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
 Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
 'Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
 And in one ruin sink the Trojan name. 441

His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
 She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
 Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
 Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws: 445

Ver. 427.] The concluding clause is from the parallel passage in Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 466:

_____ volat vapor ater ad auras:
 _____ black vapours rise in air:

Ver. 431.] More exactly thus:

The *Stream in anguish* sends his earnest pray'r.

Ver. 437.] His author prescribes,

For *other* gods *more aid* the cause of Troy.

Ver. 444.] The passage would receive equal animation and fidelity by a very slight alteration, thus:

Recall *thy* flame.

Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

Ver. 446. A comparison of this couplet with that of Ogilby,
This said, grim Vulcan quench'd his raging flame,
And back the river to his channell came :

will very happily point out the difference between a mere formal versifier and a genuine poet. The production of one translator is such as myself, or a thousand others, could hammer out, and perhaps with some improvement, after no very painful effort: but the production of the other would defy all the strainings of us vulgar artists to eternity, and can only be stricken off by the felicity of true genius with unelaborate inspiration. Just in the same manner, I would engage to give in a variety of instances, and without much difficulty, a more concise, and smooth, and harmonious version, than Mr. Cowper's: but my version, on the whole would be flat and insipid compared with his: a mere twilight, neither night nor day; unilluminated by those frequent coruscations of fancy, which throw a lustre over the whole performance of that elegant translator.

Ver. 447. *And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the *episode* of the *river-fight*; and I must here lay before the reader my thoughts upon the whole of it; which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true history. Nothing can give a better idea of Homer's manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plainest and simplest incidents noble and poetical, than to consider the whole passage in the common historical sense, which I suppose to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river Xanthus during the siege, which very much incommoded the assailants: this gave occasion for the fiction of an engagement between Achilles and the River-God: Xanthus calling Simois to assist him, implies that these two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation: Pallas and Neptune relieve Achilles; that is, Pallas, or the *wisdom* of Achilles, found some means to divert the waters, and turn them into the sea; wherefore Neptune the God of it, is feigned to assist him. Jupiter and Juno (by which are understood the aerial regions) consent to aid Achilles; that may signify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy season, which assuaged the waters, and dried the ground:

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
 The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
 Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms; 450
 With horrid clangor shock'd the æthereal arms:
 Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
 Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes.

and what makes this in a manner plain, is, that Juno (which signifies the air) promises to send the *north* and *west winds* to distress the river. Xanthus being consumed by Vulcan, that is dried up with heat, prays to Juno to relieve him: what is this, but that the drought having drunk up his streams, he has recourse to the *air* for rains to re-supply his current? Or, perhaps, the whole may signify no more, than that Achilles being on the farther side of the river, plunged himself in to pursue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the risk of being drowned; that to save himself, he laid hold of a fallen tree, which served to keep him a-float; that he was still carried down the stream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expressed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the sea [Neptune] he found means by his prudence [Pallas] to save himself from his danger.

If the reader still should think the fiction of rivers, speaking and fighting, is too bold; the objection will vanish by considering, how much the heathen mythology authorises the representation of rivers as persons: nay, even in old historians nothing is more common than stories of rapes committed by River-Gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the same nature so well known, as the engagement between Hercules and the river Achelous.

P.

Ver. 454. *Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes.*]

I was at a loss for the reason why Jupiter is said to smile at the discord of the Gods, till I found it in Eustathius; Jupiter, says he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleased with the war of the

The Pow'r of battles lifts his brazen spear, 456
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War.

Gods, that is, of earth, sea, and air, &c. because the harmony of all beings arises from that discord: thus earth is opposite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this opposition arises that discordant concord by which all nature subsists. Thus heat and cold, moist and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that Jupiter, who according to the Greeks, is the soul of all, may well be said to smile at this contention. P.

Ver. 455.] This epithet *careless* is, perhaps, scarcely consistent with the tenour of the preceding verse. I would propose an alteration of the passage on this account:

Jove from Olympus sees the tumult rise,
And views contending gods with raptur'd eyes.

Ver. 456. *The pow'r of battles, &c.*] The combat of Mars and Pallas is plainly allegorical: Justice and Wisdom demanded that an end should be put to this terrible war: the God of war opposes this, but is worsted. Eustathius says that this holds forth the opposition of Rage and Wisdom; and no sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, as Venus succours Mars. The poet seems farther to insinuate, that Reason when it resists a temptation vigorously, easily overcomes it: so it is with the utmost facility, that Pallas conquers both Mars and Venus. He adds, that Pallas retreated from Mars in order to conquer him: this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it. P.

The rhymes are imperfect, and the version too concise. The following attempt is plain and faithful:

Nor long apart they stood: fell Mars began,
Mars, shield-destroyer; and at Pallas ran.
Thus, while the god protends his brazen spear,
With words contemptuous he assails her ear.

The former rhymes, I since see, are those of Chapman: whose version will probably draw a smile from the reader:

——Of them all, thump-buckler Mars began;
And at Minerva with a lance, of brasse he headlong ran—.

What mov'd thy madness, thus to dis-unite
 Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
 What wonder this, when in thy frantick mood
 Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God? 461
 Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
 And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
 Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
 The adamantine Ægis of her fire, 466
 That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
 Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,

Ver. 463.] After this verse, a line is dropped by our poet to the following purport:

Now wilt thou rue, I think, thy late misdeeds.

Ver. 464.] His original runs accurately thus:

He spake; and, spear in hand, her Ægis smites,
 Deep-fring'd, terrific; 'gainst Jove's thunder proof:
 There with long lance smote blood-polluted Mars.

Ver. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone, &c.]*

The poet has described many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing stones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he rises in his image: he is describing a goddess, and has found a way to make that action excel all human strength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this passage in his twelfth book, and applied it to Turnus; but I cannot help thinking that the action in a mortal is somewhat extravagantly imagined: what principally renders it so, is an addition of two lines to this simile which he borrows from another part of Homer, only with this difference, that whereas Homer says no two men could raise such a stone, Virgil extends it to twelve.

There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
 This, at the heav'nly homicide she cast. 471
 Thund'ring he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
 And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
 The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
 Loud o'er the field his ringing arms resound:
 The scornful dame her conquests views with
 smiles, 476
 And glorying thus, the prostrate God reviles.

Hast thou not yet, insatiate Fury! known
 How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
 Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
 Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand; 481

“ ————— Saxum circumspicit ingens
 “ Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
 “ Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.”

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *saxum ingens*, in the second line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leisure to consider the vastness of the stone :) the other two lines are as follow :

“ Vix illud, lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
 “ Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.”

May I be allowed to think too, they are not so well introduced in Virgil? For it is just after Turnus is described as weakened and oppressed with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epick poem. P.

Ver. 471.] Exactly, thus:

This on the neck of the fierce God she cast.

Ver. 475.] Thus, more faithfully:

Soil'd were his locks: his ringing arms resound.

Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.

The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes
away,

That beaming round, diffus'd celestial day. 485
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright empress of the heav'ns survey'd,
And scoffing, thus, to war's victorious Maid. 491

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles and Love's unconquerable queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 495

Ver. 484.] His author may be given in a single couplet:

The goddess spake, and turn'd her *radiant* eyes:

Jove's *beauteous* daughter aids him as he lies.

Much in the same manner his Eloisa:

Those smiling eyes, attempt'ring ev'ry ray.

Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.

Ver. 489.] The conclusion of this verse has nothing correspondent in the original; but so Chapman:

_____but *from the prease* of death

Kind Aphrodite was his guide:

and Hobbes:

_____Then to him went

Venus, and led him groaning *from the place*—.

Ver. 492.] This form of the *genitive* in *two* syllables Mars's, is bad, I think, even in these colloquial and unadorned passages.

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
 And flightly on her breast the wanton strook:
 She, unresisting, fell; (her spirits fled)
 On earth together lay the lovers spread.
 And like these heroes, be the fate of all 500
 (Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
 To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygian be,
 So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
 Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
 Thus she, and Juno with a smile approv'd. 505
 Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
 The God of ocean dares the God of light.

Ver. 497.] Rather,
With her rude hand the wanton's bosom strook:
 as Chapman :

Strooke with her hard hand, her soft breast.

Ver. 499.] Homer says only :
 And thus, they both on earth, all-fostering, lay :
 so that the satirical interpolation was derived from Ogilby :
 And thrusting Venus on the bosome, casts
 Down with her *paramour*.

Ver. 500.] I shall give a literal version of this speech, to assist
 the reader in his judgement of our translator :

Just such may all, that aid the Trojans, prove,
 When pitch'd in battle with the warrior Greeks;
 So bold and hardy they, as Venus now,
 Whilst Mars she succours, and opposes me.
 Sure then our war long since had seen an end,
 And we in ruins well-built Troy had laid.

Ver. 506.] This couplet seems to have been constructed from
 Chapman :

What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns
the sound ?

Next, Neptune and Apollo stood, upon the point of field;
And thus spake Neptune :

for that portion of Homer, which corresponds to this and the following distich, runs thus :

Then thus th' earth-shaking Power to Phœbus spake :
Why stand we thus apart ? it fits not us,
Whilst others have begun.

Ver. 507. *The God of ocean dares the God of light.*] The interview between Neptune and Apollo is very judiciously in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a conclusion, the Trojans are to be punished for their perjury and violence: Homer accordingly with a poetical justice sums up the evidence against them, and represents the very founder of Troy as an injurious person. There have been several references to this story since the beginning of the poem, but he forebore to give it at large till near the end of it ; that it might be fresh upon the memory, and shew, the Trojans deserve the punishment they are going to suffer.

Eustathius gives the reason why Apollo assists the Trojans, though he had been equally with Neptune affronted by Laomedon : this proceeded from the honours which Apollo received from the posterity of Laomedon ; Troy paid him no less worship than Cilla, or Tenedos ; and by these means won him over to a forgiveness : but Neptune still was slighted, and consequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The same author gives us various opinions why Neptune is said to have built the Trojan wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages ; some say that Laomedon sacrilegiously took away the treasures out of the temples of Apollo and Neptune, to carry on the fortifications ; from whence it was fabled that Neptune and Apollo built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to Apollo and Neptune ; and that Laomedon detained them : so that he might in some sense be said to defraud the deities themselves, by with-holding what was dedicated to their temples.

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire, 510
 No deed perform'd, to our Olympian fire?
 Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
 Suits not my greatness, or superiour age:
 Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
 (Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) 515 }
 And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
 Hast thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?

The reason why Apollo is said to have kept the herds of Laomedon, is not so clear. Eustathius observes that all plagues first seize upon the four-footed creation, and are supposed to arise from this deity: thus Apollo in the first book sends the plague into the Grecian army; the ancients therefore made him to preside over cattle, that by preserving them from the plague, mankind might be safe from infectious diseases. Others tell us, that this employment is ascribed to Apollo, because he signifies the sun: now the sun cloaths the pastures with grass and herbs; so that Apollo may be said himself to feed the cattle, by supplying them with food. Upon either of these accounts Laomedon may be said to be ungrateful to that deity, for raising no temple to his honour.

It is observable that Homer, in this story, ascribes the building of the wall to Neptune only: I should conjecture the reason might be, that Troy being a sea-port town, the chief strength depended upon its situation, so that the sea was in a manner a wall to it: upon this account Neptune may not improbably be said to have built the wall. p.

Ver. 512.] Thus Ogilby:

Begin, thou younger art; first to engage
 Suits not with my experience nor age.

Ver. 518.] An aggravating clause of his original is here omitted:

and he, imperious! orders gave.

Troy walls I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands)

And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:

Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves 521

Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.

But when the circling seasons in their train

Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;

With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd 525

Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,

And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.

Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,

And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 530

Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,

And not like us, infest the faithless race;

Like us, their present, future sons destroy,

And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Ver. 527.] The taste of Ogilby was less squeamish, than that of our author, and has expressed all his original:

Vowing that he would bind thy hands and feet,

And send to isles far distant in his fleet;

Nay with his pruning knife our ears to crop.

Ver. 533.] His author says,

Like us, their *children and their wives* destroy.

Ogilby is not much amiss; and seems to have been followed by Pope:

Rather than joyn with us 'gainst perjur'd Troy,

And *root and branch* that cursed race destroy?

Apollo thus : To combat for mankind 535
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind :
 For what is man ? Calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth ;
 Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
 Smile on the sun ; now, wither on the ground. 540
 To their own hands commit the frantick scene,
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
 And from the senior Pow'r, submits retires ;

Ver. 535.] More accurately as follows :

Apollo thus : To combat for mankind

Might well impeach the wisdom of my mind.

But the whole speech is executed with incomparable skill.

Ver. 537. *For what is man ? &c.*] The poet is very happy in interspersing his poem with moral sentences ; in this place he steals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. “ Shall I (says Apollo) contend “ with thee for the sake of man ? man, who is no more than a leaf “ of a tree, now green and flourishing, but soon withered away and “ gone ? ” The son of Sirach has an expression, which very much resembles this, Ecclus. xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, some fall, and some grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.* P.

Ver. 544. *And from the senior Pow'r, submits retires.*] Two things hinder Homer from making Neptune and Apollo fight. First, because having already described the fight between Vulcan and Xanthus, he has nothing farther to say here, for it is the same conflict between humidity and dryness. Secondly, Apollo being the same with Destiny, and the ruin of the Trojans being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. Dacier. P.

Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 545
The quiver'd huntress of the Sylvan shades.

And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary fire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 550
Now boast no more in yon' celestial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
Pow'r.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What insolence has driv'n 555
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart? 560

Ver. 557. *The female plague* ———

Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind, &c.]

The words in the original are, *Though Jupiter has made you a lion to women.* The meaning of this is, that Diana was terrible to that sex, as being the same with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth: or else that the ancients attributed all sudden deaths of women to the darts of Diana, as of men to those of Apollo: which opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 560.] Our translator, I presume, thought one of the scolding *cat-tribe* the most suitable resemblance of a *celestial vixen*,

What tho' tremendous in the woodland chafe,
 Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
 How dares thy rashness on the pow'rs divine
 Employ those arms, or match thy force with
 mine?

Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—565
 She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;

against the dictates of his author, (as indeed he himself informs us)
 who may be sufficiently seen through the medium of Hobbes:

I know to women you a *lion* are.

Ver. 566. *She said, and seiz'd her wrists, &c.*] I must confess I am at a loss how to justify Homer in every point of these combats with the Gods: when Diana and Juno are to fight, Juno calls her *an impudent bitch*, *καὶ ἄδελφός*: when they fight, she boxes her soundly, and sends her crying and trembling to heaven: as soon as she comes thither, Jupiter falls a laughing at her: indeed the rest of the deities seem to be in a merry vein during all the action: Pallas beats Mars, and laughs at him: Jupiter sees them in the same merry mood: Juno, when she had cuffed Diana, is not more serious: in short, unless there be some depths that I am not able to fathom, Homer never better deserved than in this place the censure past upon him by the ancients, that as he raised the characters of his men up to gods, so he sunk those of gods down to men.

Yet I think it but reasonable to conclude, from the very absurdity of all this, (supposing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there must therefore certainly be some. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obscure for us to find out: the remoteness of our times must necessarily darken yet more and more such things as were mysterious at first. Not that it is at all impossible, notwithstanding their present darkness, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain, Allegories ought to be disguised, but not obscured: an allegory should be like a veil over a beautiful face, so fine and transparent, as to shew the very charms it covers.

P.

These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
 The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.
 About her temples flies the busy bow;
 Now here, now there, she winds her from the
 blow; 570

The scattering arrows rattling from the case,
 Drop round and idly mark the dusty place.
 Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
 And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:
 So, when the falcon wings her way above, 575
 To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
 (Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
 Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

Our translator, I presume, had his eye on Chapman, who is in some respects more exact:

————— Sodainly, with her left hand she catcht
 Both Cythia's palmes, *lockt* fingers fast; and with her right,
 she snatcht
 From her faire shoulder, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid
 it on,
 About her eares.

Ver. 571.] This couplet is imagined from *three* words of his author:

————— and the swift shafts fell out,

Ver. 573.] Thus, conformably to Homer:

Without her bow the baffled huntress flies.

Ver. 578.] This fine effort of poetical enthusiasm is entirely the production of our translator.

To her, Latona hastes with tender care;
 Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war. 580
 How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
 To him whose thunders blacken heav'n with
 night?

Go matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
 And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 585
 Collects the scatter'd shafts and fallen bow,
 That glitt'ring on the dust, lay here and there;
 Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.

Then swift pursu'd her to her blest abode, 589
 Where, all confus'd, she fought the sov'reign God;
 Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
 Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire, superiour smil'd; and bade her show
 What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's
 woe?

Ver. 579.] No part of this line also is authoris'd by his original.

Ver. 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impossible that Mercury should encounter Latona: such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and she representing the night; for the planets owe all their lustre to the shades of the night, and then only become visible to the world. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 588.] An interpolated verse, with a vicious rhyme; as is that also of the next couplet.

Ver. 594.] Our translator banishes the dialogue-form of his author, and gives full scope to his fancy. The tenour of the original may be seen from Ogilby's version:

Who, dearest daughter! thus unkindly us'd,
 And like a malefactor thee abus'd?

Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse; 595
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:

The Guardian-God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.

Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms, 601

Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;

Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;

And take their thrones around th' ætherial fire.

Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still pro-
ceeds, 605

O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.

As when avenging flames with fury driv'n

On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;

She fighting then reply'd; Juno thy wife,
Who still foment's contention here and strife.

Whence the reader will discover, that most elegant poetical fancy in
verse 596 to be the pure device of our poet.

Ver. 597.] Our admirable translator seems to have forgot, that
the Gods were not on Olympus, but on the *dusty fields* of Troy, as
verse 587 and 601. Homer says only:

Thus with each other they conversing sat:
Meanwhile, Apollo goes to sacred Troy.

Ver. 607. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n.*
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.]

This passage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable.
First, by taking this fire for a real fire, sent from heaven to punish a
criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we

The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
 And the red vapours purple all the sky: 610
 So rag'd Achilles: death and dire dismay,
 And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day,
 High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
 And marks the waste of his destructive hands;

find that Homer had a notion of this great truth, that God sometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this signal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other sense, simply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who assault it, (and only expressed thus by the author in the same manner as Jeremy makes the city of Jerusalem say, when the Chaldæans burnt the temple, (*The Lord from above hath sent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13.) Yet still thus much will appear understood by Homer, that the fire which is cast into a city comes not, properly speaking, from men, but from God, who delivers it up to their fury. Dacier. P.

Ver. 610.] This beautiful image was probably suggested by Chapman's version; for Homer stands literally thus:

As when aspiring smoak high heaven ascends:

but thus our poet's predecessor in translation:

————— And as a citie fir'd

Casts up a heate, that *purples* heaven.

Ver. 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam, &c.*] The poet still raises the idea of the courage and strength of his hero, by making Priam in a terrour that he should enter the town after the routed troops: for if he had not surpassed all mortals, what could have been more desirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then destroyed him?

Here again there was need of another machine to hinder him from entering the city; for Achilles being vastly speedier than those he pursued, he must necessarily overtake some of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmost. The story of Agenor is therefore admirably contrived, and Apollo, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees should be punctually executed) interposes both to save Agenor and

Views, from his arm, the Trojans scatter'd
flight, 615

And the near hero rising on his fight!
No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could, he fighting quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls. 620

You to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:

Troy; for Achilles might have killed Agenor, and still entered with the troops, if Apollo had not diverted him by the pursuit of that phantom. Agenor opposed himself to Achilles only because he could not do better; for he sees himself reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriously to perish among the fugitives, or hide himself in the forest; both which were equally unsafe; therefore he is purposely inspired with a generous resolution to try to save his countrymen, and as the reward of that service, is at last saved himself. P.

Ver. 616.] This verse, excellent as it is, seems capable of improvement. Our translator should have written, not only from fidelity to his author, but with a view to the natural exaggeration of *fear* in these circumstances, in which respect the passage is truly sublime; our translator, I say, should have written thus:

And the *huge* hero rising on his fight.
For a further and circumstantial elucidation of this beauty, I beg leave to refer the reader to my remarks on the Eumenides of Æschylus, verse 44. where he may gratify his taste by a profusion of poetical luxuries from some fine writers of antiquity.

Ver. 617.] This string of little words certainly enfeebles and degrades the passage. I should prefer something of this complexion:

All strength, all courage gone.

Ver. 619.] Thus Ogilby:

Thence straight *descending* hastens to the walls,
And thus to th' out-guards and bold warders calls.

For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
 He comes, and Desolation marks his way! 624
 But when within the walls our troops take breath,
 Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
 Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were
 flung
 The opening folds; the founding hinges rung.
 Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
 Struck Slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat. 630

Ver. 624.] Chapman might suggest this sublime personification:
Destruction comes.

And among the grandest and most successful images of this character may be justly numbered, I think, one in a very classical allusion to a custom of the ancient Romans, by Dr. Young in his *Consolation*:

Stars rush; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives
 Her plowshare o'er creation!

Ver. 626.] The latter clause represents this verse of his author:
 I fear, this baneful man may leap the wall.

Ver. 627.] The proper *grammatical* forms may easily be restored in this place: and, however unpleasant they may appear at first, we should inure our ears to the sound, if we wish to recover, and establish with additional accuracy, the *analogical* proprieties of our language. At the same time, I shall propose further substitutions:

Thus charg'd the reverend monarch. Wide *they flang*
 Th' *unfolding gates*: *their massive* hinges rang.

Ver. 630.] This at least is plainly derived from Chapman:
 Had not Apollo fallied out, and *strooke Destruction*
 (Brought by Achilles in their neckes) *backe*:

Homer says literally:

but forth Apollo sprang
 Against him, warding ruin off from Troy.

On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
 And gladsome see their last escape from Fate.
 Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
 Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
 And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 635
 With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the
 town.

Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
 Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
 And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd; 640
 But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
 Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
 To young Agenor force divine he gave,
 (Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
 In aid of him, beside the beech he sat, 645
 And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
 When now the gen'rous youth Achilles spies,
 Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,

Ver. 631.] Our translator gives full scope through this passage to the luxuriance of his fancy. The following attempt exhibits a plain representation of the original to his conclusion of the paragraph :

Straight fled they to the city and high wall,
 Parching with thirst, all-dusty, from the plain;
 He with his lance close-following. Fury fell
 Seiz'd all his soul, and rag'd to reap renown.

Ver. 642.] There seems to be, in the former clause of this verse, the same impropriety as that mentioned at verse 597.

* Apollo.

(So e'er a storm, the waters heave and roll)
 He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul. 650
 What, shall I fly this terrour of the plain?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain?
 Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
 Yon' line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
 No: with the common heap I scorn to fall— 655
 What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
 While I decline to yonder path, that leads
 To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?

Ver. 649.] Our translator has expanded to a *simile* the metaphorical language of his author, which may be thus displayed in an English dress:

His heart with gloomy fluctuation wav'd:
 but he took Dacier's version for his guide on this occasion: "Agenor,
 "voyant approcher le furieux Achille, sent son cœur agité
 "d'autant de divers mouvemens que la mer est agitée de vents
 "contraires pendant la tempête."

Ver. 651. *What, shall I fly? &c.*] This is a very beautiful soliloquy of Agenor, such a one as would naturally arise in the soul of a brave man, going upon a desperate enterprise: he weighs every thing in the balance of reason; he sets before himself the baseness of flight, and the courage of his enemy, till at last the thirst of glory preponderates all other considerations. From the conclusion of this speech it is evident, that the story of Achilles's being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages; for had he been so, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 658.] The rhymes are vicious: both they will be improved, and greater attention to the original preserved, by this alteration:

To Ida's forests and *entangled meads*.

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
 From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood, 660
 As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
 Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
 What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
 Ev'n now perhaps, e'er yet I turn the wall, 665
 The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
 Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
 And such his valour, that who stands must die.
 Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
 Here, and in publick view, to meet my fate. 670
 Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel
 (Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
 One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
 And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said, and stood, collected in his might; 675
 And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
 So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
 Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:

Ver. 659.] Chapman has the same rhymes, but deserves not quotation.

Ver. 674.] More agreeably to the spirit and language of his author, thus:

Though Jove's high favour give him all this fame.

Ver. 675.] Milton, in similar language, Par. Lost, iv. 985:

—————On t' other side Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood.

Ver. 677.] So Chapman:

—————and stares forth, from out some deepe-growne wood.

Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
 Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds; 680
 Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the
 pain;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
 On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;
 And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.

Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir 685
 Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
 Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
 His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
 Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
 The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe. 690

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
 And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
 Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
 A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
 Parents and children our just arms employ, 695
 And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.

Ver. 681.] Again the same translator, and very faithfully to his model:

*Though strooke, though wounded; though quite through, she
 feels the mortal speare.*

Ver. 685.] The incorrectness of the rhyme may be remedied by the following adjustment of the passage; whence the original also is more faithfully expressed, and grammatical accuracy attained:

*Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant son
 Confronts Achilles, and disdains to run
 From trial of his prowess: rais'd before—*

Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung 700
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in th' ætherial arms.

Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:

But jealous of his fame Apollo shrouds 705
The god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.

Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth with-
drew.

Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape, 710
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.

Ver. 697.] Homer does not express the *possibility* of this event, but it's *certainty*: and I would propose this correction of the passage, as more conformable to the original:

Thee, bold and dreadful as thou art, this day
Shall, on this spot, a breathless carcase lay.

Ver. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape, &c.*] The poet makes a double use of this fiction of Apollo's deceiving Achilles in the shape of Agenor; by these means he draws him from the pursuit, and gives the Trojans time to enter the city, and at the same time brings Agenor handsomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that destiny would not yet suffer Troy to fall.

Eustathius fancies that the occasion of the fiction 'might' be this: Agenor fled from Achilles to the banks of Xanthus, and might there conceal himself from the pursuer behind some covert

Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd
 strides,
 Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
 The God now distant scarce a stride before, 715
 Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
 While all the flying troops their speed employ,
 And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
 No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
 Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell. 720
 'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
 And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
 Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
 And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

that grew on the shores; this perhaps might be the whole of the story. So plain a narration would have passed in the mouth of the historian, but the poet dresses it in fiction, and tells us that Apollo (or Destiny) concealed him in a cloud from the sight of his enemy.

The same author farther observes, that Achilles by an unseasonable piece of vain glory, in pursuing a single enemy, gives time to a whole army to escape: he neither kills Agenor, nor overtakes the Trojans. P.

Ver. 719.] This, as indeed the whole conclusion of this book, is finely executed, but not with scrupulous attention to his author; who may be accurately represented thus:

Nor ventur'd one without the city-walls
 To wait his neighbour's coming, and observe,
 Who 'scap'd, and who had died: all gladly pour'd
 Tumultuous in, whom strength and swiftness sav'd.

END OF VOL. V.

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